

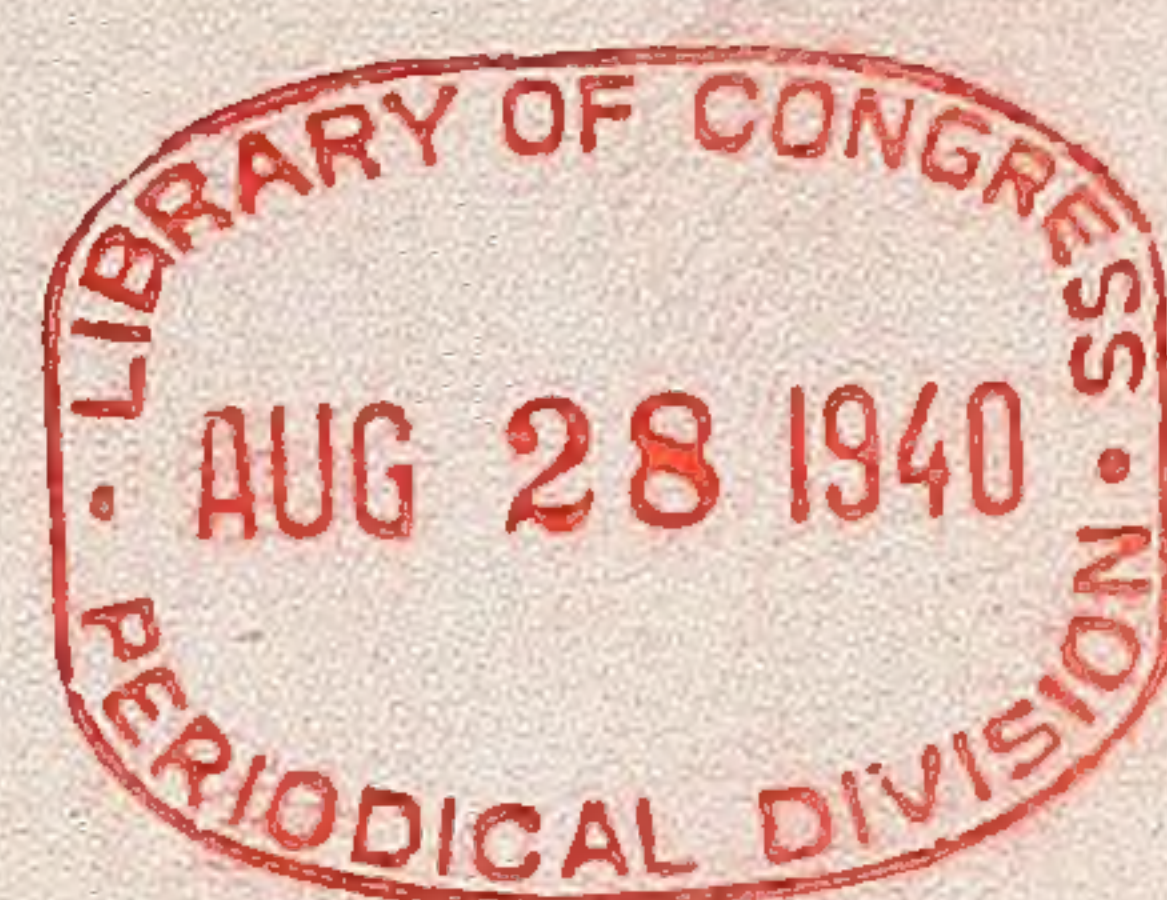
MODERN SCREEN

SEPTEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



INTRODUCING

Fall Fashions

FOR YOUNG BUDGETEERS



AUDETTE
COLBERT

Exciting!

Like BLOSSOMS from HEAVEN this NEW COLOGNE THRILLS

There seems to be heavenly magic in the *new* Spicy Apple Blossom Cologne. Magic that makes you seem lovely as an angel — like love's young dream! For the fragrance of apple blossoms recalls the golden days of Spring — when love's in the air . . . and hearts draw closer in Springtime madness! Yet the dash of spice in this exquisite cologne hints of Oriental mystery . . . makes a man wonder — are you siren or saint? Use Spicy Apple Blossom Cologne like a precious perfume — a few drops seductively. Or, at its amazing low price, thrill to the luxury of a glorious body rub with this glamorous cologne!



You can enjoy the same divine fragrance in Spicy Apple Blossom Talc. Or try any one of the Lander's Talcs . . . famous for their flower fragrance blends. Cool — refreshing — creamy-soft on your skin.



SOLD ONLY AT
ALL 10¢ STORES

LANDER'S TALCS

10¢
EACH

HIS HEART SANG:
"YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME!"
 UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

HER HEART TOLD HER the moment had come...the magic moment when she would hear from his lips what she had read in his glance: "You're beautiful—beautiful."

But then, alas, her lips parted in a smile! And with that smile—so dull, so dingy, so lifeless—the spell of her beauty was broken.

HOW TRAGIC A DULL AND DINGY SMILE!



Better by far than beauty is the glamour of a radiant smile! But—what a tragic handicap to any woman if she lets her smile be ruined by dull teeth and dingy gums.

Don't run this needless risk yourself! Give



your gums as well as your teeth the constant care they need. And never—never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush!"

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is designed not only to clean teeth, but to aid the

gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice a delightful "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means that gum circulation is improving...helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. That tinge of "pink" may not be a sign of serious

trouble. But it's a warning just the same. When you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that today's soft foods have robbed your gums of hard chewing, made them weak, tender. And frequently, like many dentists, he will suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice a delightful "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means that gum circulation is improving...helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Let the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more sparkling smile!



And while you're at your druggist's get the new D.D. Tooth Brush, too! It's specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleaning and more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



Pearl H. Finley
Editor

Zaila Seguin
Associate Editor

Althea Rickert
Fashion Editor

Vol. 21, No. 4, September, 1940. Copyright, 1940, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price 10c in U. S. and Canada; U. S. subscription price \$1.00 a year; Canadian subscription \$1.20 a year; foreign subscription \$2.20 a year. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 18, 1930, at the Postoffice, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash.; San Francisco, Calif.; Houston, Texas; Savannah, Ga., and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.

Modern Screen

STORIES

Time Out for Comedy

Life for Roz Russell is just one side-splitting laugh after another! 22

Under All Flags

In Hollywood, there's an army-without-a-country that knows no armistice 24

Why Did I Slip?

Bob Taylor's bewildered—and only you fans can straighten him out 26

Temperament At Two

Exposing the little tricks the studio uses to put Sandy through her paces 28

Joyce: 1940 Model

Proving that the Hollywood shady lady is as obsolete as the Model T 32

Is Hollywood Getting Sensible?

Those famous razzle dazzle parties are passé, Elsa Maxwell would have you know 36

Claudette Colbert's Forgotten Legs

Claudette still belongs to the school that calls a leg a limb! 40

Brent's New Design for Living

Will that long-anticipated vacation turn into an Hawaiian honeymoon? 42

Headlines From Hollywood

It's easy as pie to change "just hair" to a heavenly halo! 44

FASHIONS

Going Places?

Suit yourself in colorful herringbone if you're angling for a return engagement 53

Fabric Sets the Stage

For dresses that are as pretty and practical as they are penny-wise 54

Style Scene

Gay colors, straight 'n' narrow silhouettes, classic fabrics and young accessories 55

Autumn Stars

An all-season Harris type tweed coat heads this four-star lineup of wardrobe "musts" 56

Close-Ups

Lady-of-leisure lingerie at a mere pittance! 57

Prop Shop

Froth and frivolity to give you that extra sparkle and dash 58

FEATURES

Information Desk

Questions answered 6

Movie Reviews

Previews and ratings 10

Cooling Beverages

It's fun to be thirsty with one of these tall, tinkling thirst-quenchers nearby! 14

Off to the Races

Take a peek through our binoculars at your favorites at play 30

On the Set

With the hilarious cast of "Rhythm on the River" 38

Good News

Our super-scooper covers the Hollywood front 49

COVER GIRL: Claudette Colbert, now working in Paramount's "Arise My Love;" photograph by Eugene Richee, clothes by I. Magnin, Hollywood, Calif.



IMAGINE !

They're all in one picture and it's a sensation!

**CLARK GABLE
SPENCER TRACY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEDY LAMARR**

in

BOOM TOWN



Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by
JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



YOUR PET STAR'S LIFE'S AN OPEN BOOK TO US! WRITE FOR DETAILS

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Patty Todd, York, Nebraska. Reed Hadley, that rough and ready hero of the Zorro serials, was born in Petrolia, Texas, on June 25, 1912, and his real name is Reed Herring. He's six feet two and one-half inches tall, weighs 187 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. There isn't a Mrs. Hadley yet, but Reed admits he's in the marriage market. Here's what he's looking for—a good sport who's outdoorsy without being an Amazon, attractive but not necessarily beautiful, who's crazy about animals and who has an extra-special sense of humor. Reed, who used to be a radio announcer before he was "discovered," is easy-going most of the time, but he gets positively violent on the subject of red finger nails, Hawaiian music and light novels. Things he says he couldn't do without are good biographies, Debussy's music, rare steaks and deep sea fishing.

"Sorority Girl," Kansas City, Missouri. Yes, you're right. That was a sorority pin you spied on Brenda Joyce. She's a Delta Gamma from U. C. L. A.

Jeanette Frenn, Okmulgee, Oklahoma. You and your skyscraper cronies should take heart, for there are loads and loads of tall actresses. Hedy Lamarr, Lucille Ball and Gail Patrick are all over five feet seven. Myrna Loy, Binnie Barnes, Rita Hayworth, Ellen Drew and dozens of others are five feet six. Miliza Korjus, Cora Witherspoon and Fanny Brice are nearly five feet eight. As long as a girl is a good actress, her height won't hinder her, unless, of course, she's so tall she'd dwarf her leading men. We've never heard that large feet were undesirable in an actress. Hedy Lamarr and Anita Louise are among the lassies whose feet are on the large side. You ask what a girl should have in order to get into the movies. Well, by far the most important thing is talent. Looks and personality are secondary. Yes, it's a help to be able to sing and dance, but not by any means essential.

Dorothy M., Chicago, Illinois. Yes, Miliza Korjus is being dropped by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She certainly has had a run of hard luck, between that terrific automobile accident and a long siege of illness. She's only made one picture, "The Great Waltz." Keep on writing her at M-G-M with a notation on the envelope to "Please forward."

Jim Shank, East St. Louis, Ill. Helen Parrish was just three years old when

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It's an event when a movie star can get by with his or her own name. If it's not too stagey—like Joan Crawford's and Anne Shirley's (they were Lucille Le Sueur and Dawn Paris, respectively), it's too stodgy, like Cary Grant's (Archibald Leach). Even our four-footed friends have their troubles. Rin-Tin-Tin's name was too lowbrow (he was Fido), and Mickey Mouse's was too high brow (Michael Mouseltoff). In Hollywood there's lots in a name!

Charles Edward Pratt is a name worthy of Britain's most solid citizen—and the studios wanted to ballyhoo him as the screen's No. 1 bogey man! Something drastic would have to be done about that confidence-inspiring monicker. Imagine cringing at a monster called Charlie! The studio dreamed up Boris Karloff, and our blood pressure's never been quite the same.

When Frederic Bickel went on the stage, his dad's side of the family was scandalized. A change of name was in order, and Fred decided to take his mother's maiden name. No, he thought, looking into a marquee-lighted future, Frederic Marcher's too long. He shortened the last name to March and discovered to his horror that his nom de stage had thirteen letters. He dropped an "e" and emerged Fredric March.

In 1923, a slick-haired, smouldering-eyed chap was signed by Paramount. A hot-blooded Latin if there ever was one, and his name—incredibly—was Jack Krantz! "That won't look so hot on a marquee," said one director. He pondered a minute, then announced—"He's got a new name! The only Spanish I know is what I read on my cigar bands, but how's this—Ricardo Cortez!" He'd combined the names of his two favorite smokes!

We'll print more stories next month. If you'd like one about your favorite, just let us know.

she was first recognized as star material. A casting director saw her puttering around his office one day and took an immediate fancy to her. It seems Mrs. Parrish was trying to get Helen's older sister into the movies, and Helen had just come along for the ride, so to speak. Sister never got to first base, but Helen, fourteen years later, is still going strong. An easy-going and fun-loving person, Helen nevertheless has very definite likes and dislikes; the former including roller skating, Frosty—her white Eskimo dog—New York City, fried chicken and roller coasters; and the latter—spinach in any disguise whatsoever and people who leer at her. She is seventeen years old, of Irish-English descent, and her one pride and joy is her long, brown hair, which she refuses to cut.

Peg Graham, Worcester, Mass. George Ernest is the Roger you fell in love with in the Jones Family pictures. You'll be disappointed to hear that Twentieth Century-Fox has decided to discontinue that series, but don't be too sad, for you'll be seeing George in "Four Sons" and other pictures. He's eighteen years old, and his birthday is November 20. His real name is George Ruud Hjorth, he's from Pittsfield, Mass., and his hobbies are collecting baseball stars' pictures and making model airplanes. You have a little competition, we are sorry to report, in the person of Jane Withers. Write to George at Twentieth Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Beverly Parker, Brookings, S. Dakota. The 1927-28 Academy Awards (the first presented by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences) went to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings. The 1928-29 awards were presented to Mary Pickford and Warner Baxter. Norma Shearer and George Arliss walked off with the 1929-30 trophies, and in 1930-31 Marie Dressler shared honors with Lionel Barrymore. Singled out for 1931-32 awards were Helen Hayes, Fredric March and Wallace Beery. Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton won them in 1932-33. 1933-34 winners were Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable—will you ever forget them in "It Happened One Night"? Bette Davis won an Oscar in 1934-35, as did Victor McLaglen. 1935-36's committee named Luise Rainer and Paul Muni as the year's finest, and Luise won another award in 1936-37, the year in which Spencer Tracy won his first. Bette Davis and Spencer carried them off in 1937-38, and, of course, you'll remember that Vivien Leigh and Robert Donat were this year's citations.

Rebecca Biggerstaff, Fallston, N. C. You can get autographed pictures of the stars

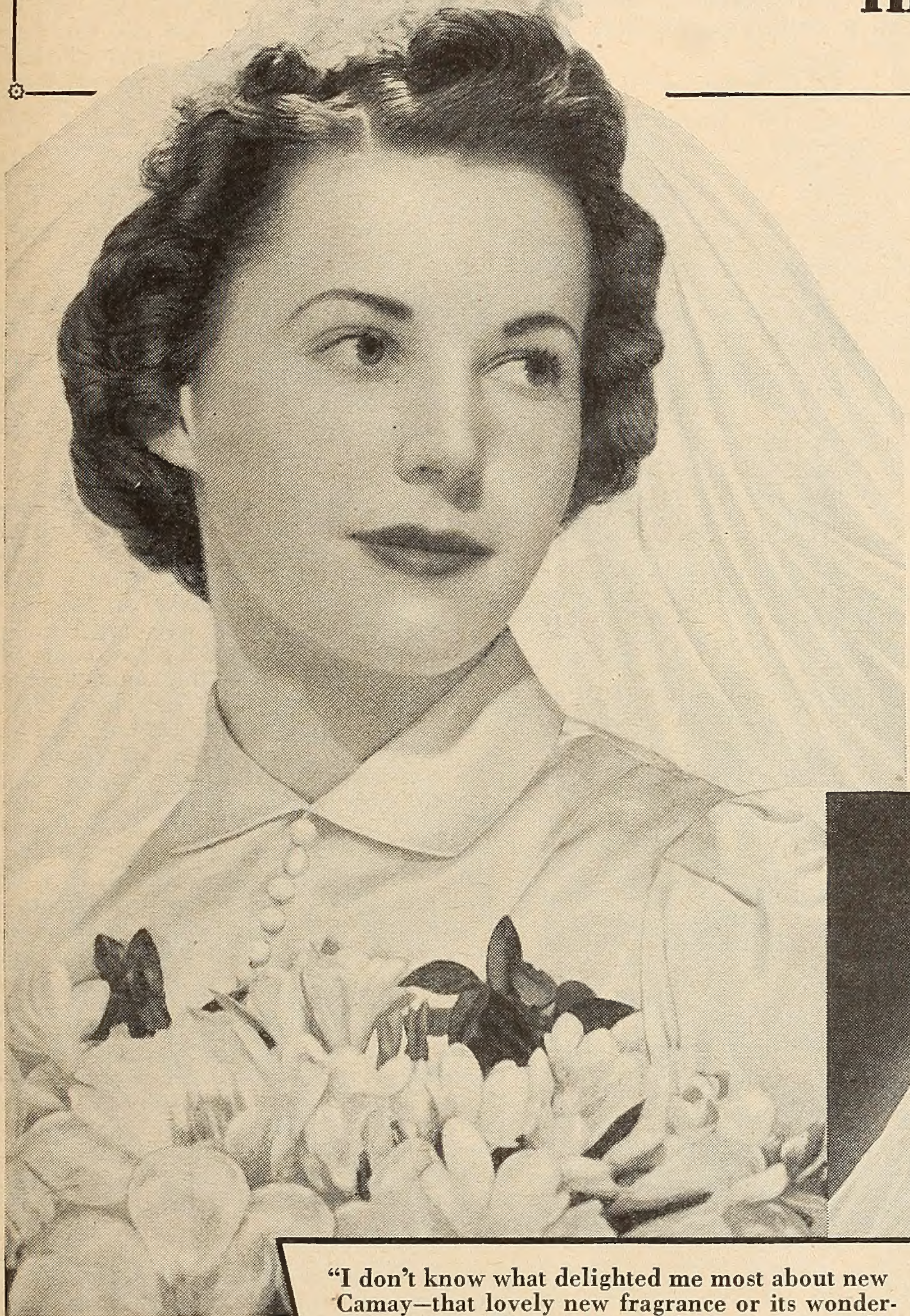
Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

*Camay now Milder than other
Leading Beauty Soaps!*

EVERYWHERE women are talking about this wonderful new Camay... finding in new Camay the beauty soap to help them in their search for greater loveliness!

And no wonder—for tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them... gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive try this wonderful new Camay... see for yourself how much its extra mildness... its more gentle, thorough cleansing... can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!



Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Alameda, Cal. "New Camay is so amazingly mild!" says Mrs. Richardson. "My skin is rather delicate—but new Camay is so gentle that it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses!"

"I don't know what delighted me most about new Camay—that lovely new fragrance or its wonderful mildness. Every woman who has sensitive skin ought to try Camay!"

Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr.,
Schenectady, N. Y.



Mrs. G. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."



The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

At your dealer's now—no change in wrapper.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)



Summer Charm starts with your HAIR

If there is one thing that attracts a man it is hair that sparkles with life. Be the center of attraction on the beach this summer. Glorify your hair with Nestle Colorinse. This magic-like rinse, created by Nestle . . . originators of Permanent Waving . . . gives your hair a beautiful, lustrous sheen, substitutes gleaming highlights for dull drabness. And if you want to see what a difference SHEEN makes in the appearance of hair look at the hair of women in any gathering. The Nestle color Chart . . . at Beauty counters . . . shows the 12 flattering Colorinse shades. Choose the one that matches the color of your hair. Wake up your hair with Nestle Colorinse.

10¢ for package of 2
rinses at 5 and 10¢
stores.



25¢ for 5 rinses
at drug and
department stores.

by requesting them from the various studios. When you write, enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of mailing and handling. If you need any star's address, why not drop us a line, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. We'll be glad to send you our free address list.

I. M. Wadding, New York, N. Y. Rita Johnson uses her own name. She is twenty-five years old and was born in Worcester, Mass., on August 13. Rita has blue eyes and hair that has been described as "burnished gold." She's five feet four, weighs 110 pounds and isn't married. She's been personal-appearing in the East, but is now hard at work on "Golden Fleecing." A producer has nothing to do with financing a picture—unless, as in the case of Charlie Chaplin—he is an independent one. The usual producer is employed by a studio to supervise the entire making of a picture. He passes on the casting choice, the costumes, the budget—everything. No, his duties aren't the same as a director's. The latter instructs the cast; tells them how to play each scene—frequently having been previously instructed himself by the producer. In a word, the producer is the power behind every movie you see.

Dottie Mitchell, Live Oak, Florida. Just as you thought, Bob Livingston and Jack Randall are brothers. Bob's real name is Bob Randall. Jack's real one is Addison Randall. Duncan Renaldo is American-born (he's from Camden, N. J.), was educated in France and is of Spanish descent. Bob, who collaborated on movie scripts and wrote songs before going into pictures, has appeared in the following films: "West Point of the Air," "Public Enemy Number 2," "The Band Plays On," "The Winning Ticket," "Baby Face Harrington," "Murder in the Fleet," "Three Godfathers," "Absolute Quiet," "The Three Mesquiteers," "The Bold Caballero," "Larceny on the Air," "Come on Cowboys," "Range Defenders," "Wild Horse Rodeo," "The Purple Vigilantes," "Call the Mesquiteers," "Arson Gang Busters," "Outlaws of Sonora," "Ladies in Distress," "Riders of the Black Hills," "Heroes of the Hills," "The Night Hawk," "Orphans of the Street," "Federal Manhunt," "The Kansas Terrors" and "Cowboys from Texas."

Mary Powendki, Lackawanna, N. Y. We're afraid we have a bit of a blow for you and other Roy Rogers fans. It's been kept secret for some time by the studio, but at last word has leaked out. Yes, Roy is very happily married! Elsie Lutz informs us that she's started a Roy Rogers fan club. Write her at 114 Stephens Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Roy's address is Republic Studios, 2024 Radford Avenue, N. Hollywood, California. He prefers not to receive fan mail at home.

Claire F. Wishbow, Jersey City, N. J. Lew Ayres was born on December 28, 1908. At thirty-one, he has two unsuccessful marriages behind him—one to Lola Lane and one to Ginger Rogers. Though he looks tall and slim on the screen, he's really rather short and stocky, being five feet nine in height and weighing 155 pounds. His latest pictures are "These Glamour Girls" and "Dr. Kildare's

Strange Case." You'll next be seeing him in M-G-M's "Golden Fleecing" with Rita Johnson and Virginia Grey.

Vicente Aguero, Cotulla, Texas. Judy Garland's next picture will be "Strike Up The Band." Here are the ten best pictures of 1939, listed in order of their selection by the 542 representative American critics and reviewers from 448 eligible pictures. "Goodbye Mr. Chips," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Pygmalion," "Wuthering Heights," "Dark Victory," "The Women," "The Wizard of Oz," "Juarez," "Stanley and Livingstone" and "The Old Maid."

Olga Sabat, Perth Amboy, N. J. There's a lot of talk that Freddie Bartholomew may renounce the screen for a legal career, but his plans are still indefinite. In any case, he'll be in the movies for several years to come, for he's only sixteen.

Anna Mae Gilligan, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dennis Morgan, who's popularity has grown to colossal proportions ever since he changed his name and his studio, was born in Prentice, Wisconsin, on December 20, 1910. When he was under contract to M-G-M, he used his real name of Stanley Morner, and the movie-going public barely knew he existed. They know now, though, and his fan mail is enormous. No, that athletic physique is not a result of padded suits and tricky camera shots. It's a bi-product of four college years of star baseball, football and basketball. Now Dennis, who's six feet two and weighs 195 pounds, keeps fit with strenuous tennis. He married at twenty-two, when but a struggling radio crooner, and Lillian Vedder is the lucky girl. As his hobbies Dennis lists his small son, Stanley, and playing the saxophone. You can write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California. All studios permit their stars to have fan clubs, but it just happens that Dennis has not yet been so honored. At any rate, no Dennis Morgan fan club is registered with us. If you feel brave enough to launch one, drop us a line and we'll tell you how to go about it.

Priscilla Morrison, Lincoln, Nebr. John Payne was born in Roanoke, Va., on May 28, 1912. He's six feet two—more than a foot taller than his tiny wife, Anne Shirley—weight 175 pounds and has green eyes and brown hair. Yes, he really sang in "Kid Nightingale." You see, John started out to be a singer and got sidetracked into the movies. His mother was an opera singer whose dream was that her son sing in the Metropolitan. John studied hard and won a scholarship to the Juilliard School of Music in New York. He left before his two years were up, though, and succumbed to the lure of radio. Featured singing spots brought him to Hollywood's attention and in 1936 he landed in Hollywood for a role in "Dodsworth." Not for two years did he get a chance to use his rich baritone, though. The chance came in "The Garden of the Moon." His most recent picture is "Tom Brown's School Days." No star's birthday coincides exactly with yours, but Victor Moore was born just one day earlier—on February 24, and Madeleine Carroll one day later—on the 26th.

**THIS
IS THE MATCHLESS ADVENTURE
THAT SETS A NEW EXCITEMENT-PEAK
FOR THE SCREEN!**

**ERROL
FLYNN**

in the thrill-swept story of 'The
Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New WARNER BROS. Success
With More than a Thousand Players, including
BRENDA MARSHALL
CLAUDE RAINS
DONALD CRISP • FLORA ROBSON
ALAN HALE

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**
Screen Play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★★ ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

REVIEW—"All This, and Heaven Too" is a marvelously made and directed film. There is Mr. Boyer, surely Hollywood's tenderest lover, giving his saddest, expert all; and Miss Davis, the little governess who is wrongly understood, but keeps her love for Boyer pure, has never been better—her diction and every gesture crisp and flawless. Barbara O'Neil, the voluptuous, jealous wife of Boyer, does a magnificent job, too, and the Praslin's four children, who dominate most of the action, are natural and charming, especially five-year-old Richard Nichols.

For the benefit of those who haven't read the book, the story revolves around Bette Davis, who becomes a governess in the unhappy, sumptuous household of the Praslins, the cream of Parisian society of the 1840's. The handsome Duchess, neurotically and insanely jealous of the Duc from 'way back, seizes on Miss Davis' innocent presence to become even more emotionally disturbed. And to further complicate matters, the Duc falls platonically in love with the governess, murders his wife and then takes poison.

Though this should make for nice, clean fun of a tragic sort, it only occasionally provides a heavy tug at the heartstrings. Maybe it's because never once do Boyer and Davis indulge in some real love-making; the story is kept so pure that Boyer confines all of his necking to Miss Davis' hands. But, despite this, you'll find "All This, and Heaven Too" a two-hour-and-twenty-minute-long cinema treat. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—*Warner Bros.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Authoress Rachel Field sold Warners her hit novel in galley proofs for around \$20,000. . . . Only half of the novel, the exciting half, is used in the picture. So impressed was she by the sumptuous plush background of picture, Barbara O'Neil moved to a big penthouse. She's married to Stage Director Josh Logan, has been for all of two months, now. . . . Bette Davis defied the "No Visitors on Set" rule (which actually barred the widespaced, gamey Elsa Maxwell) by greeting set crashers effusively. She ribbed continuously to get solemnity of the story off everyone's mind and nicknamed the solemn Boyer "Ducky." . . . Boyer's 41, still terribly happy with Mrs. Pat Paterson Boyer. He remained the isolationist throughout the picture, going off by himself to brood over the war. . . . Jeff Lynn, scared to death at the prospect of playing near Bette Davis, had to have his hand held by her to put him at ease. Once he got to like the idea, he grew very natural. . . . Five-year-old Richard Nichols, playing Boyer's youngest son, grew so interested in his death scene rites in film's most moving moment, he could only sit up and watch it—not act. . . . Expensive cast, glittering background and endless takes combined to put a \$2,000,000 strain on Warner Brothers' exchequer.

(Continued on page 12)



O'Neil, Davis, Boyer and Richard Nichols in "All This, and Heaven, Too."

La Sullavan watches as Bob Young talks persuasively to Jim Stewart in "The Mortal Storm."

★★★★ THE MORTAL STORM


REVIEW—Hollywood has declared war on Germany. Aimed like a Stukas dive-bomber at the Brutalitarian State, this beautiful anti-Nazi tragedy is one of the most powerful indictments I have ever seen. It minces no words, pulls no punches, names names in its one purpose—to show up Naziism as the great enemy of civilization.

As in Phyllis Bottome's fine novel, the Bavarian home of Professor Roth in 1933 is loving, peaceful, filled with old-fashioned German *gemütlichkeit*. But it is non-Aryan. Into its charming domesticity stalks the Nazi Movement, and step by step we see how the hobnailed, murderous boots of the Storm Troopers crush down all vestiges of human tolerance and love. "In the service of your country," a Nazi officer barks at Robert Young at one point, "there are no human relationships!" And one's heart aches as one watches the ruthless building of the great mechanized war spirit at the expense of everything normal beings hold precious. In the end the Professor and his family lie wrecked and dead—the victims of cold, hysteric inhumanity.

No one can accuse the film's makers of war hysteria, such as went into the making of such biliously war-mongering screen atrocities as "The Kaiser" and the "Beast of Berlin" back in 1916 or so. Hitler is an off-scene menace in this, and Director Borzage and his fine cast worked hard to keep the indictment calm, authentic and restrained. Fights, in which a dozen

Storm Troopers beat up an old Professor, are all off-stage, and not once do actors beat their breasts and emote heavily against Hitler. Even James Stewart, when he struggles across the Austrian border, carrying the dead body of his sweetheart, Margaret Sullavan, takes it with the dumb anguish of a dog who has been beaten for no reason he understands. Made against the beautiful background of Alpine snow, this "escape" into Austria is a tremendously moving climax, one that should bring tears of hot rage to the adult audience. Hollywood, I feel, has won its first encounter with Germany. Directed by Frank Borzage.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Nazi 5th Columnists and Consuls will try to hinder showing of this in South and Central America. . . . Margaret (Hollywood's Littlest Rebel) Sullavan knitted for the Allied soldiers throughout this and read about a dozen serious political books when not knitting. She works very hard at not being a "movie star," really hates glamour roles and genuinely enjoys sitting at home listening to her thousands of classical records or talking to serious-minded friends. . . . Frank Morgan was born a Wupperman in New York. . . . James Stewart is teaching Margaret Sullavan how to fly; he's Hollywood's best movie flier and has just invented a new airplane wing and motor de-icer. . . . Robert Young is very happily married, has two daughters, saves his money and has moved up from \$40 a week to about \$2500. . . . Skiing scenes were made in the "Alps" of Washington mountains; one camera toppled over a 2000-foot precipice, was recovered still grinding, holding excellent shots. . . .



SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO...

Where People are Ruled by LOVE!

Jon ("Hurricane") Hall making love to Shanghai Ruby (Frances Farmer) beneath those South Seas stars... Lovely Malia (Olympe Bradna), fighting for her man . . . Bucko Larson (Victor McLaglen), vicious captain of a pearl-greedy crew . . . Island girls dancing to the pulsing throb of native drums. It's primitive! It's exciting! It's "South of Pago-Pago"!

Edward Small presents

"SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO"

starring

VICTOR MCLAGLEN • JON HALL • FRANCES FARMER

with Olympe Bradna • Gene Lockhart • Douglas Dumbrille

Screenplay by George Bruce • Directed by Alfred E. Green

Released Thru United Artists

made for love...



the loveliest
thing in make-up

Chiffon

It's literally meant for love
—this alluring new Chiffon

Lipstick. New, smoother
texture that lends a soft
enchantment to your
lips. New, costlier perfume that adds a
rapturous ecstasy to each kiss.

Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these
exciting new shades. Your choice, only 10¢.

Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢



A new, entirely different cream,
the only cream you need
apply for cleansing, to help
clarify and soften the skin.
A fine foundation. You'll
be thrilled with the silken dewy
texture it lends to your face.

Chiffon Powder 10¢



"You'll look lovely in Chiffon"
—the face powder of finer,
longer-clinging texture—shine-
proof—cake-proof—in seven
high fashion shades:

Brunette	Natural
Dark Tan	Rose Petal
Beige	Rose Beige
	Rachel

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

★★★½ Susan and God

Having struggled for years to get herself loved for her acting ability as well as her good-looking legs, Joan Crawford has at last come through with a perfect performance as Susan, the rattle-brained, rattle-tongued, religion-struck wife who dominates this richly-mounted, high society comedy. Though heavily influenced by Gertrude Lawrence's stage version of Susan, Joan has never been better.

Silly Susan, you may remember, returns from abroad, laden with religious tracts and a desire to straighten out everyone's life—all in the name of God. That is, everyone's except her husband's and gangling daughter's. Utterly selfish, she has driven her husband to drink, and her daughter has grown to weeds with neglect. The story tells how she finally reforms herself.

Fredric March, back from the Broadway wars, again plays the drunk part he did so well in "A Star Is Born"; you can practically smell the brandy on his breath—and it's good to see him glower romantically on the screen again. The remainder of the cast is a jewel: Ruth Hussey, Bruce Cabot, Nigel Bruce, Ruth Hobart, Rita Hayworth and that sub-Gable, John Carroll, act exactly as the rich would like to act, if they had the money again. And if I were single again, I'd look up Ruth Hussey. She's left dangling at flicker's end, having given a wonderful performance—a tragic, lonely and pretty desirable gal. Directed by George Cukor.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Susan ran on Broadway, with God and Gertrude Lawrence's help, for almost a year and was bought by M-G-M for Miss Crawford for around \$125,000. . . . Joanie was determined to eschew Glamour in this, yet she

wears ten different hair-dos, about \$100,000 of her personal jewelry and more new clothes than a department store model. Püppchen and Stinky, those dachshunds she drags around in the film, are her own. They were hired by contract and their salary donated to the Actors' Relief. Joan directed them herself. . . . This is Fredric March Bickel's first return to the screen since "The American Way" played around the stages of the country. His salary, formerly \$125,000 per picture, shrank about \$25,000. He has refused a contract, wants to remain a free lance and may co-star with the ambitious Miss Crawford on Broadway this fall. . . . Plumpish, eye-glassed George Cukor's unmarried, gets \$375,000 per three pictures; last made "The Women" with Miss Crawford and agonizes throughout every production. Unbeknownst to him, Joan Crawford took hundreds of candid shots showing him waving his arms, lying down screaming, clutching hair, registering grief, agony, despair, remorse, wild delight, renunciation and coyness. The album would bring a fortune in a pic mag, but isn't for sale. . . . John Carroll, who is really Julian Lafaye of New Orleans, has led an Errol Flynnish life. Has been steel millhand, newspaper seller, unwitting Mexican border gunrunner, wiper on a freighter, dirt track driver, floorwalker, steeplejack, etc., and is officially married to Steffi Duna. . . . Rita Quigley's 16, debuts in this, and is the sister of baby starlet Juanita Quigley. . . . Ruth Hussey's from Providence, R. I., a Bachelor of Philosophy from Pembroke College, was talent-scouted for movies from road company of "Dead End" and used to be a radio fashion commentator. She hates early rising, lives simply in a Hollywood hotel, is pretty highbrow and artistic, too. . . . Rita Hayworth used to dance professionally as Rita Cansino.



In "Susan and God," Joan Crawford, as Susan, tries to throw Rita Hayworth and John Carroll together, while Rita's screen hubby, Nigel Bruce, boils!

★★★ The Ghost Breakers

If you want to get away from the headlines and have your pants (or panties) scared off you in a nice way, by all means look in on this Zombie Special. A rib-tickling, spine-tingling spook-comedy, it's a worthy follow-up to "The Cat and the Canary," and is done in the same madcap way—a chill and a laugh, a laugh and a chill, and where the chills interfere—laughs.

As in "The Cat and the Canary," the snub-snouted Mr. Bob Hope, he of the smooth face and smoother gag, ambles through the synthetic spookiness with a bright quip on his tongue, a fine disregard for danger and an eye for Miss Goddard's loveliness, generously on display at all times, in and out of drapes. Bob plays the part of a fast-talking radio Winchell, who gets himself tangled up in Miss Goddard's life when she inherits a castle off the coast of Cuba. Handily, the castle is filled with witches, sliding doors, a monster, a lot of mystery story gadgets and some plain, every day, unionized spooks. When Mr. Hope and his dangling-lipped, coal-black, jittery valet (Willie Best) come in contact with this creaky, blood-curdling collection of Bad Dreams, the picture grows very hilarious indeed, if not terribly jitter-making.

But it's the laughs that count in the end. For who wants to be scared these days? Mr. Hope's jokes have the freshness of youth in place of the whiskers of age, and Willie Best, a scared version of Stepin Fetchit, makes a wonderful chocolate stooge. In the scene where Mr. Best gets locked in with the Zombie, he almost swipes the picture from Mr. Hope's wit and Miss Goddard's beautiful legs. And the line which Willie cries as he knocks on a door: "Is you dare, Zombie?" will probably become a national password. Directed by George Marshall—Paramount.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Be it known that Paulette Goddard, born Paulette Levy at Whitestone Landing, N. Y., hates being dubbed "glamorous." She wants to be known for her acting, not for the figure she displays so generously in this. She has size 3½C feet, which, a psychologist says, are signs of a large brain. . . . Bob Hope ad-libbed his entire part, flanked by two writers and two secretaries to take it all down, so that no cracks would get lost. Hope says he dreams jokes—in double feature dreams; B jokes coming in B dreams. . . . Paul Lukas resents being congratulated on his "comeback." Says he's been busy around London since 1936; made "The Lady Vanishes" there among 14 others. Yet, he adds, he grew that beard to change his luck. Calls it a Fu Manchuer. . . . Richard Carlson got his first movie job because of his beautiful legs and knees. Selznick fell in love with them and cast Dick for the Scotsman's part in "The Young in Heart!" Willie Best rested four months prior to this, then slept continuously behind sets throughout it.

★★★ Brother Orchid

Edward G. Robinson, the Eminent Public Enemy, keeps threatening to reform and park his sub-machine gun forever and play only high-minded parts. After looking him over in this very funny gangster farce, a law should be passed immediately, restraining him.

Once again, Eddie is a rasp-voiced, I-loving, command-barking Mob Bigshot. This time he takes a trip to Europe to get himself a load of culture, finds him-

(Continued on page 15)

More Women prefer Mum— Saves Time . . . Clothes . . . Charm!



Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!



Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.



Wives, girls in love, make Mum a *daily* habit. Mum guards charm—popularity!



Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum!* In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools . . . Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty*, too . . . nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening!*

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that *lasting* charm! A bath may remove *past* perspiration, but *Mum* after your bath prevents risk of *future* odor.

Thousands of men, too, are using Mum . . . it's speedy, safe, *dependable!*

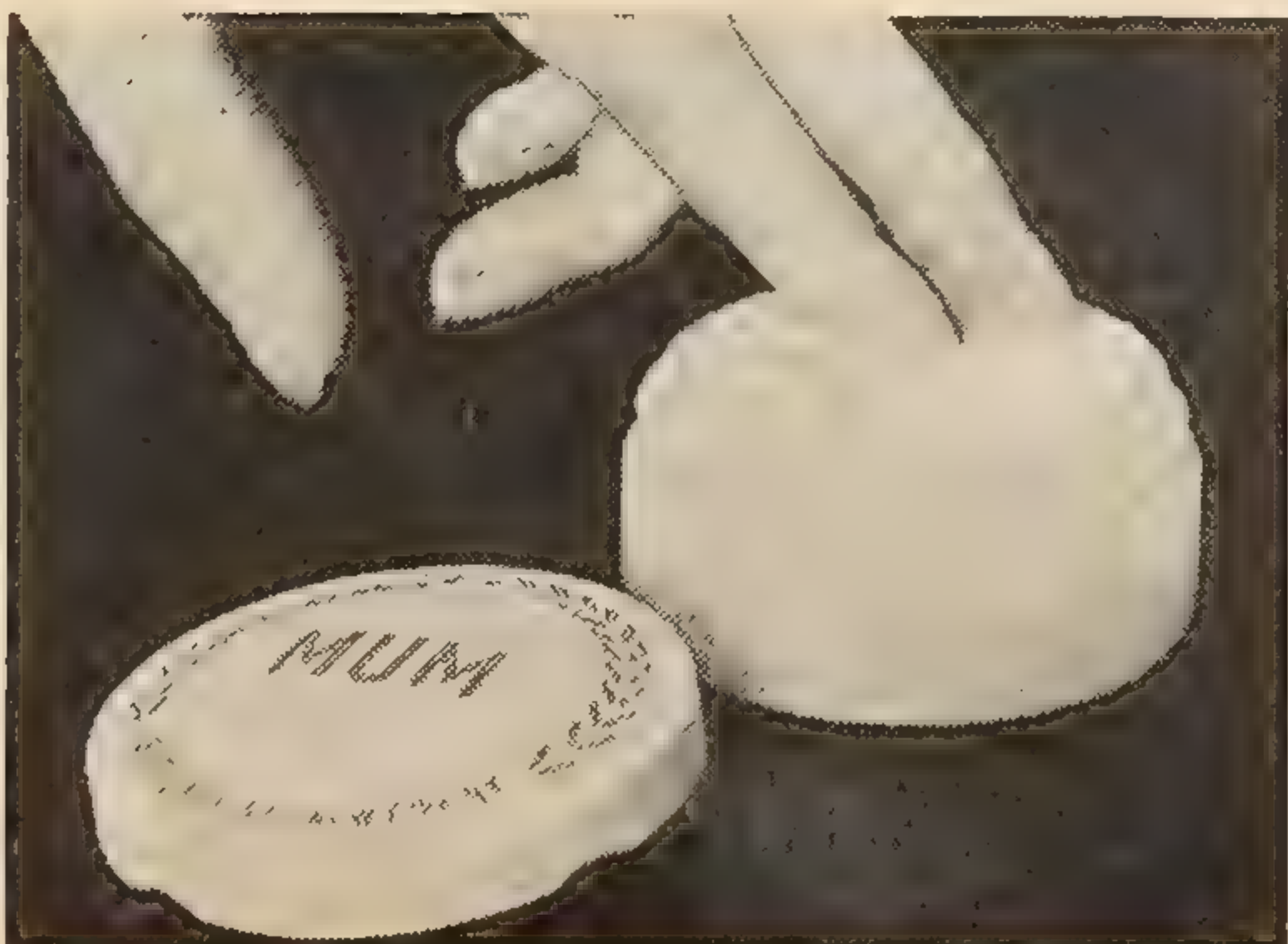
QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a *daily* habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—
More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle . . . guards against unpleasantness.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MODERN HOME COLUMN

Cooling Beverages

EXCITING SUMMER SUGGESTIONS by MARJORIE DEEN



WHAT TO SERVE



PEPSI COOLERS: Serve Pepsi-Cola—that marvelous and economical thirst quencher—plain, in tall glasses with plenty of cracked ice or ice cubes. Vary the flavor, occasionally, by placing one or two tablespoons of fruit juice (either lime, orange or pineapple) in each glass before adding Pepsi-Cola; or add two tablespoons of some fruit syrup if you enjoy a sweeter drink.

COLA QUENCHER—Combine 2 cups canned pineapple juice, 1 cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup powdered sugar. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving place mixture in pitcher with plenty of ice. Add 4 bottles ice cold Pepsi-Cola and stir well. Serves ten.

FROSTED COLA—For each person to be served, add $\frac{1}{4}$ pint vanilla ice cream to $\frac{1}{3}$ cup rich milk. Beat until creamy with egg beater or in beverage mixer. Pour into tall glass, add ice cold Pepsi-Cola to fill glass, stir with long-handled spoon and serve immediately. Can be prepared at home or made at soda fountains.



BEER: Among the most popular of hot weather thirst quenchers, and just about tops with the men, is a foam-topped glass of good, cold beer. Rules for chilling and serving are few, but important. Remember, first, not to over chill. This means, primarily, that beer should never be placed directly on ice, nor in the coldest parts of an automatic refrigerator. The regular storage section of the average modern refrigerator produces the desired temperature.

(Continued on page 76)



HOW TO SERVE

The degree of welcome accorded these cooling beverages depends upon these three factors: fine flavor, pleasing appearance and plenty of ice! The first of these is taken up in the adjoining column. Let's see, then, what can be done about the other two!

Appearance, for instance, doesn't mean that your cold beverage service need be expensive; but in order to have real eye-appeal it should be appropriate and, in most instances, colorful. So start out armed with a little imagination and with a determination to give real thought to your purchases. And you'll find you can now have a complete and gay appearing beverage service in perfect taste and at surprisingly small cost—thanks to the well-stocked counters of your local variety chain stores, from which source all the following suggestions were collected.

Start off by deciding which color scheme will go best with the place where your summer beverages are generally served. If it is in the dining-room, then the beverage set should harmonize with your table decorations and china. But if you frequently serve in living-room, on porch, in patio or garden, how much nicer it would be to match your beverage set to those surroundings! What if they won't go well with your dinner table appointments! Have other glassware at meals, since at nickel and dime prices you can "match 'em up" for both purposes without feeling that you are unduly extravagant!

With color scheme in mind, match or contrast your beverage set, but never allow it to clash. Why not be original and artistic as well when it costs so little? Here are some suggestions for choosing the things you really should have

GLASSES: For most summer iced drinks they should be both long and large. Straight sided glasses decorated with fish, balloons, flowers, scotties and the like are gay and can be used

(Continued on page 76)

(Continued from page 13)

self neatly "con-manned" by some slick foreigners and returns to America to find his position as the Mob's Capone usurped by Humph Bogart, the "Opposition." Wounded in a gang fight, Eddie takes refuge in a monastery, where hide-out facilities are so perfect he decides to stay—in monk's clothing.

The self-denying lives of the monks puzzle him at first, and he cannot understand what their racket is. Then he, himself, begins to perform miracles. By inserting a hose in the milk cans, he makes more milk appear—much to the monks' amazement. Placed in charge of the monastery zinnia beds, and named "Brother Orchid," he snoozes while he pays a garden expert to grow miraculously large zinnias.

It all sounds pretty irreverent and might be, except it's all so anti-gang, good-natured and funny no possible offense could be taken.

Since Mr. Robinson can teach gangsters how to act like gangsters, his performance as the culture-struck killer is beyond criticism and very laugh-provoking at all times. Ralph Bellamy, as the rich, dumb cowman is Ralph Bellamy all over; Bogart is as hateful as only Bogart can be; Ann Sothern, a bright gal off-screen, has never been more blonde-minded; while Allen Jenkins, as the mobster who hides out in an insane asylum, is his well-known sour self. And what more can you want? Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—Warner Brothers.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Despite his screen Capone-ism, Robinson is Hollywood's biggest highbrow. . . . His cigar consumption is about 4 an hour; he's been a chain cigar smoker for 20 years, yet his nerves and digestion are still intact. He makes around \$75,000 per picture, but he's no spendthrift. . . . Bad-man Humph Bogart says he's happily married to Mayo Methot because his screen roles take most of the meanness out of him. Earned \$200 a week first movie year, now earns near \$2000. He's nuts about golf, shoots in the low 80s, likes music and political talk, lives modestly, sleeps in the raw, doesn't want to own yachts, polo ponies or miles of orange groves—just act well. . . . Ann (Veddy Blonde) Sothern's really Harriet Lake of Valley City, N. D., and is happily married to Roger Pryor, maestro son of the maestro bandleader. She loves dogs, light comedy, goat's milk for dieting, music, tennis, backgammon and telling a long, good, life-of-the-party anecdote. . . . Scarface Allen Jenkins, born Allen McGonigal in New York's hard guy belt, changed it to Jenkins because he couldn't learn to spell McGonigal in New York's excellent schools. He hopes to be a Glamour Boy, he says, "even if he gets tryped!"

★★★ Four Sons

"Four Sons" is a picture that is at once tenderly poignant and brutally frank. Laid against the sombre background of Czechoslovakia in 1936, it minces no words in its portrayal of war. There are no gory battle scenes to turn your stomach, no mass murders of the young to shock you. There is only the deeply moving story of a mother and her four sons, caught in a war-torn, crazy world ruled by storm troopers and ruthless dictators.

The story takes you into the simple household of Frau Bernle near the border of Germany. Her husband is dead, killed in

(Continued on page 17)

"I lived in a haunted house..."



It was just like seeing a horrible ghost—everytime I opened that linen closet. There were my clothes all washed and ironed—and there was that dingy shadow of tattle-tale gray. It simply haunted me. I never dreamed my weak-kneed soap was to blame until . . .



The lady next door asked me to wash the Fels-Naptha way. "Try the golden bar or the golden chips," she told me. "Either way, Fels-Naptha Soap brings you richer, golden soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. And those two busy cleaners get the grimeiest, tattle-tale gray dirt."



Well, I was so frantic I rushed to the grocer's for that big, golden bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. And do I thank my lucky stars! My washes now look like a million—so sunny-white and sweet-smell-

ing! I'm so proud of my curtains and clothes and linens, I just love to have folks come into the house. And, Jim...well...if you could see how he hugged me last night, you'd know *he's* proud of me!

Golden bar or golden chips FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



P. S. Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for box-soap jobs. The crinkly flakes made of richer, golden soap and *naptha*. They're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. Wonderfully sudsy, too—thanks to a new added suds-builder!

Copyright, 1940, Fels & Co.

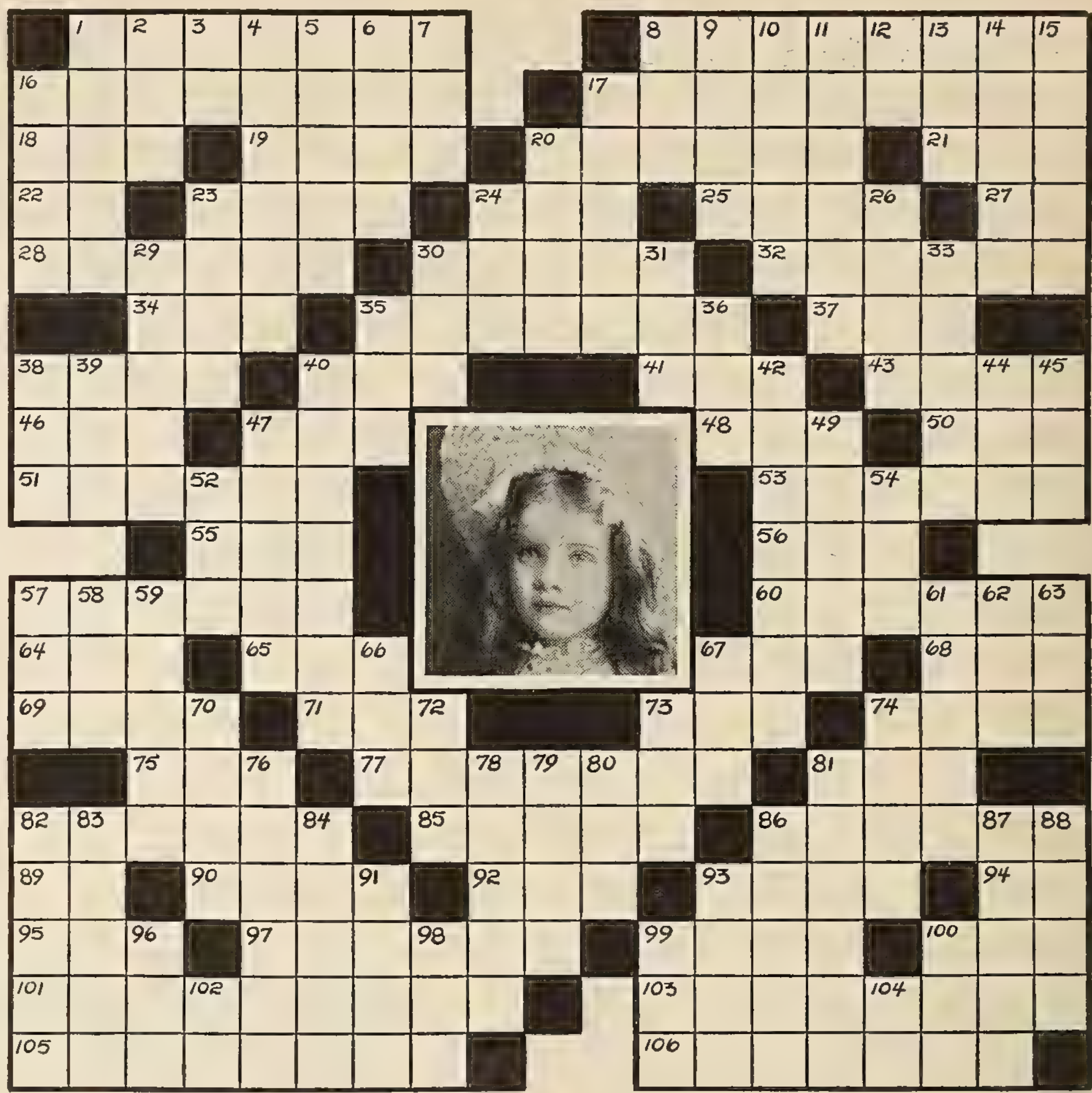


*Youthfully
Yours*

Wonderful things can happen to you! New popularity, new gaieties, a new YOU all brought about by doing the things the girls you've read about do . . . the girls you've seen on the screen . . . do. That poise, that casual, regal manner that is the very backbone of social sophistication. It begins with attention to little personal niceties . . . the assurance that you are lovely to behold, with body smooth as satin to the touch; exquisitely feminine with an aura of fragrance. Now, here's an inexpensive way to keep that morn'til dawn daintiness. Clothe your lovely body in Djer-Kiss Talcum. It's as soft as down and clings to your body like a caress. Djer-Kiss and glorifies You, Youthfully. At all Cosmetic Counters 75¢; 33¢; 25¢; 10¢.



OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 89

ACROSS

- 1 & 8. Glamorous actress
16. Heroine of "The Mortal Storm"
17. One of "Too Many Husbands"
18. Epoch
19. South sea canoe
20. "----- Woman"
21. "Dr. Cycl-----"
22. Lady of "Rio": init.
23. Lupe Velez' comedy co-star
24. Janet Gay---
25. "A Call on the Presi-----"
27. "Mo-----co"
28. Eldest boy in The Jones Family series
30. Russian actress in "Waterloo Bridge"
32. Actor in "Life of Knute Rockne"
34. Rita Hayworth's former name: C-----ino
35. Star of "House Across the Bay"
37. Studio that gives March of Time
38. "The----- from Syracuse"
40. Mrs. Rex Bell
41. Male lead of "Sandy Is a Lady"
43. ----- Rhodes
46. Mystery man in "Strange Cargo"
47. Eye
48. Mr. La Rocque
50. Wife of Louis Hayward
51. Hero of "I Was an Adventuress"
53. Star of "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"
55. Comedian Blue's first name
56. Stage and screen beauty
57. Girl with seven film successes
60. A Fairbanks-Carroll film
64. Miss Munson
65. Boy
67. A studio's territory
68. Actor in "One Million B. C."
69. Rival of 83 down
71. National Education Association: abbr.
73. Write
74. Old time comic: Hank-----
75. Soak
77. With 1 across in "Garden of Allah"
81. Obstruct
82. Husband of our star
85. Gibe
86. What Stewart is in "The Mortal Storm"
89. Father in "Saturday's Children": init.
90. "----- White and Seven Dwarfs"
92. Turn right
93. Hero in 27 across
94. "Road to Singa-----re"
95. Above: poet.
97. Spiked down
99. "----- of Chicago"
100. In behalf of
101. Studio that brought back our star
103. Star of "Brother Orchid"
105. Revokes
106. Dilute solution of nitro-glycerin

DOWN

1. Femme in "Miracle on Main Street"
2. "Spring P---de"
3. John in "The Dr. Takes a Wife": init.
4. Folds of a coat
5. Star of "The Sea Hawk"
6. Kind of electric light
7. Greek letter
8. Linda -----nell
9. Frosted
10. Arabian military ruler: var.
11. She's in "Two Girls on Broadway"
12. Young Buffalo Bill: init.
13. Hollywood gathering place: C-----s
14. Famous director
15. Variety of green tea
16. Network
17. Comedienne with a baby stare
20. Cereal grain
23. Part of a camera
24. Girl in "House of Seven Gables"
26. Filming of a scene
29. Jane's b. f. in "Flight Angels"
30. Cat's cry
31. Elizabeth P-----erson
33. Singer: Igor-----
35. Star of "The Ghost Breakers"
36. Craggy hill
38. Large
39. Scull
40. Actor in "Maryland"
42. Beauty in "Untamed"
44. "Destry R-----s Again"
45. --- Aldridge
47. Duchess in "All This, and Heaven Too"
49. Male lead in "Knight Without Armor"
52. "----- Tide"
54. Simpleton
57. Animal in "The Biscuit Eater"
58. Fights our star in 44 down
59. Lift
61. Scare
62. ---ald Colman
63. "Seven S-----ers"
66. Birth month of 1 across: abbr.
67. "----- Miserables"
70. Tennis strokes
72. Words of wonder
73. Through
74. Girl's name
76. Comedian in 38 across
78. "Blue-----"
79. Martha Raye's real name
80. Boy in "The Biscuit Eater"
81. Birthplace of our star
82. Scrub
83. Star of "My Favorite Wife"
84. What Leo does for M-G-M
86. "Ninotchka"
87. Protective garment
88. Middy
91. Clever
93. Prison
96. "P-----ate Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"
98. "-----t of the Mohicans"
99. Unit of work
100. Greek letter
102. ---ree Teasdale
104. Negative answer

the last war, and she lives peacefully and contentedly with her sons—Chris, Karl, Fritz and Joseph. Then, suddenly, there are rumblings of what is to come. Karl joins a German social club and becomes a Nazi. Hitler moves into the land of the Czechs with a lightning-like thrust in one of his first blitzkriegs. Chris goes off to defend his country, returning after a quick and humiliating defeat. Caught in a swamp by swastika-uniformed troops while warning friends of the German purge, Chris shoots his way out, unknowingly killing Karl, his own brother. But the Nazis take a life for a life, and Chris is mercilessly shot down in front of his mother's home. Then comes the Polish blitzkrieg, and Fritz Bernle, at eighteen, must go off to fight for a Germany he hates. Frau Bernle's only hope of happiness now lies in building a new life in America with her one remaining son, Joseph.

The entire cast gives superb characterizations. Eugenie Leontovich, as Frau Bernle, might well be the recipient of an Academy Award for her inspired performance. Don Ameche, Alan Curtis, George Ernest and Robert Lowery are excellent as the sons, and Mary Beth Hughes, as Karl's wife, is outstanding, too. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Six actresses were tested for the role of Frau Bernle before Eugenie Leontovich, Gregory Ratoff's wife, was signed for the part. . . . Before Czechoslovakia was blitzkrieged, studio representatives bought \$50,000 worth of furniture, bric-a-brac, lamps and chandeliers typical of the country. Later, with the help of various Czech societies, Twentieth Century-Fox was

(Continued from page 15)

also able to salvage authentic mobilization posters and other articles used in the picture. . . . The highest paid players in the film were not the stars, but the twin babies who portray little Karl Bernle. Since they are not yet six months old, they were permitted to work only twenty minutes a day and not more than twenty seconds consecutively. The infants—Carlo and Georgia Clarke—received \$150 a day, for twenty minutes of work!

★★★ Tom Brown's School Days

Though it's as English as Yorkshire pudding, "Tom Brown's School Days" will bring back with a rush memories of the days when you, too, were a kid in short pants (or pigtails).

The picture is built around a school-boy and a revolutionary educator who are both new to Rugby and hope to make good there. Though one is a student and one a professor, both must put up with dishonesty, cheating and lying. Tom, of course, gets much the worst of the deal, for he must endure beatings by the school bully without whimpering or snitching. The professor, on the other hand, must rid the school of corruption and vice and make, he hopes, "honest, God-fearing English gentlemen"

out of his pupils.

You'll be more than likely to relive your own school days while Tom Brown goes about trying to be a true Rugby-ite—and therein lies the charm of the picture. Jimmy Lydon, as Tom, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Dr. Arnold, give fine performances. Freddie Bartholomew, as Tom's snooty chum, and Billy Halop, as the bully, are very convincing. Josephine Hutchinson, Polly Moran, Hughie Green, Alec Craig, Ernest Cossart and Ian Fulton, are all good, too.—Directed by Robert Stevenson—*RKO-Radio.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: To insure co-operation of the school, the producers hired two Rugby graduates as technical advisers, cast Britain's knighted Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Dr. Arnold, and handed the directorial reins to Robert Stevenson, English director. . . . Every book known to have mentioned England's famed Rugby school was used by the research department during the filming of the picture, and forty different editions of "Tom Brown" formed the basis for the sets and decorations. . . . In this production Billy Halop goes English, wearing an Eton collar, pin striped trousers and a black silk topper. The first day on the set, he received a telegram. It read, "Traitor," and was signed by the other "Dead End" toughies. . . . The fight sequence between Billy and Jimmy Lydon was Billy's 27th screen fight. . . . 13-year-old Paul Matthews, who portrays one of the Rugby-ites in the picture, bore such a remarkable resemblance to Charles Laughton, that a meeting of the two was arranged. Laughton admitted the boy looked like him, and added, "Homely little blighter, isn't he?" (Continued on page 75)

Read the complete story of
"The Letter," starring
BETTE DAVIS
in October Modern Screen

I BOUGHT HIS LOVE

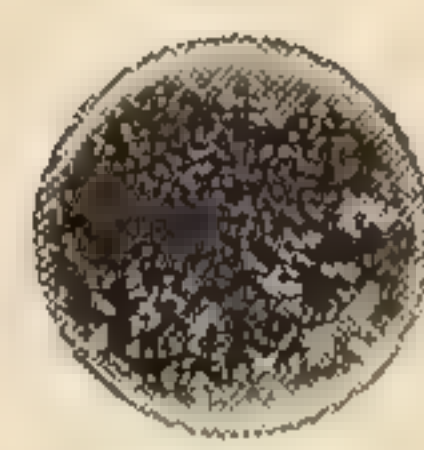


"NOT for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff instantly, in one application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on my weekly Fitch shampoo to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

WRITE TODAY to the F. W. Fitch Company, Dept. M55, Des Moines, Iowa for a generous FREE sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Copr. 1940 F. W. Fitch Co.



Fitch's

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

\$5,000⁰⁰
REWARD

Wanted by the State of Missouri

JESSE & FRANK JAMES
Robbery

"Jesse James was shot in the back! If the law won't take care of his murderers, I will—or my name's not Frank James!"

THE SPECTACULAR
CLIMAX TO THE
DARING EXPLOITS OF
THE WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS OUTLAWS!

**HENRY
FONDA**

in

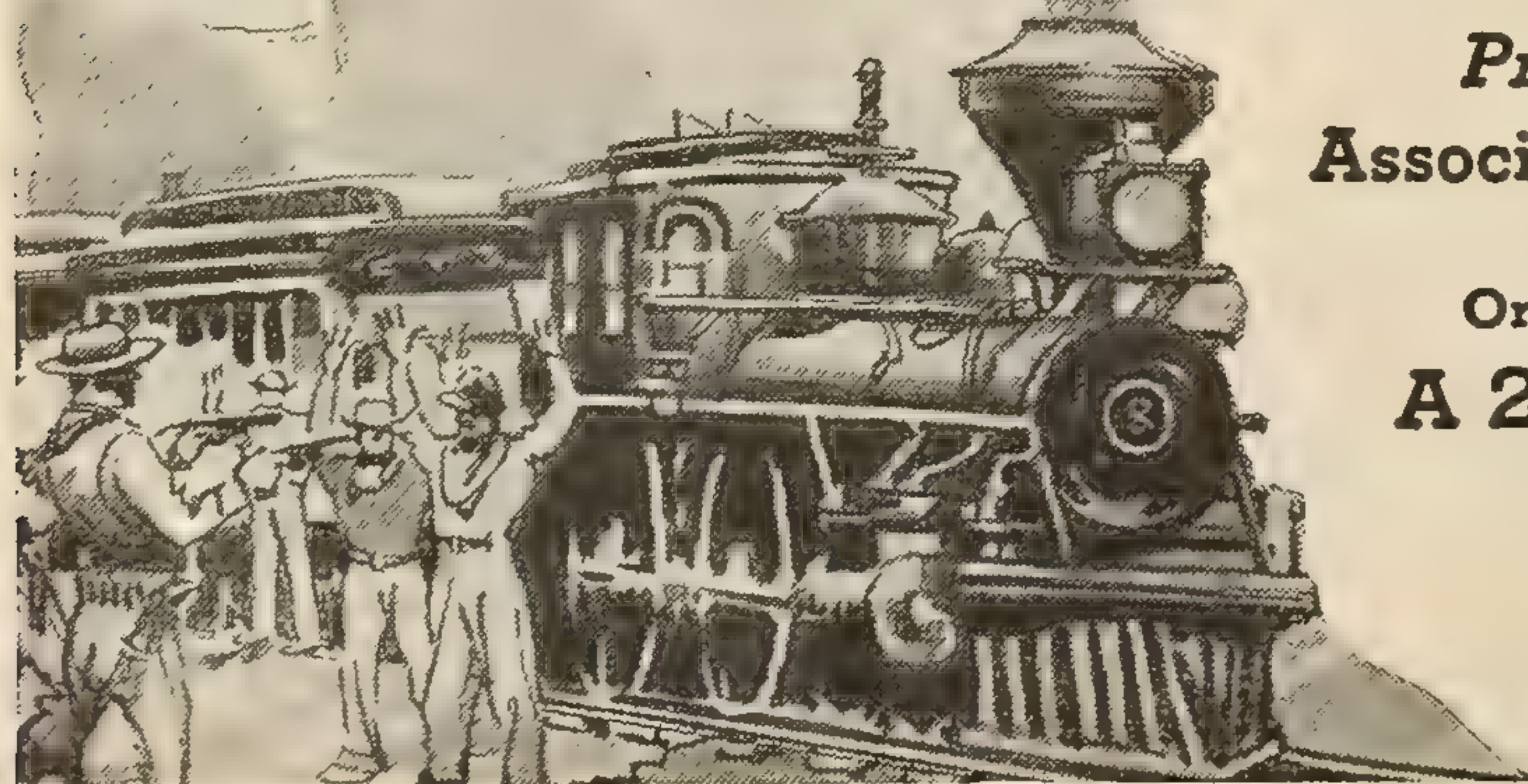
**THE RETURN OF
FRANK JAMES**

in
TECHNICOLOR

GENE JACKIE HENRY
TIERNEY • COOPER • HULL

John Carradine • J. Edward Bromberg
Donald Meek • Eddie Collins • George Barbier

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Directed by Fritz Lang
Original Screen Play by Sam Hellman
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



MORE EXCITING AND COLORFUL THAN THE UNFORGETTABLE "JESSE JAMES"!

Judy Garland...who sparkles as never

before in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's laugh-laden musical, *Strike Up the Band*



makes his début in Korda's *The Thief of Bagdad*

JOHN JUSTIN...21-year-old Britisher who



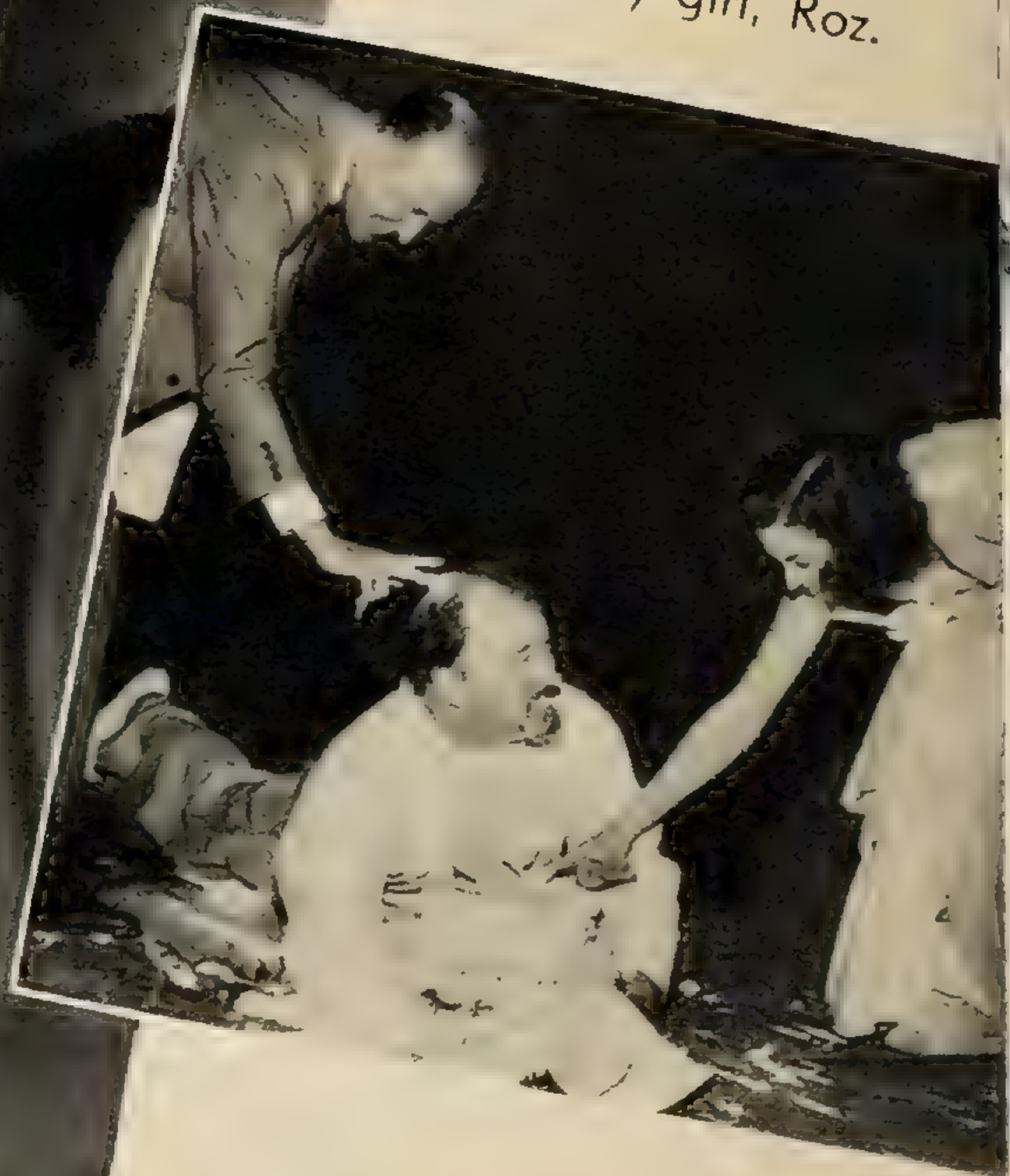
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
THE SHOW IMMENSE...

**Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew
of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a
Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring
Seven (count 'em, folks) Hit Tunes to make September
a Month you'll Remember!**





Jimmy Stewart hired a "chef" to bring a huge cake on the "No Time For Comedy" set, with instructions to trip as he neared birthday girl, Roz.



By James Carson

THE OTHER night in Hollywood Rosalind Russell had a dinner date with a visiting gentleman friend of her family's. He was an Eastern man, he was dignified and proper—and he was very late.

She awaited him with the best intentions, decorously clad in a black evening gown with the most conservative jewelry and accessories.

But as the minutes ticked off, instead of Rosalind drumming her fingernails daintily on the chair, her big, round eyes began to twinkle. She picked some glass grapes off the table and stuck them on her shoulder. She found some more artificial fruit that looked swell on her hat. She lost control. She rummaged recklessly around snatching bits of this and that from the room's *decor* and draping it in odd places over her respectably gowned figure.

When the tardy escort arrived, immaculate in white tie and tails, Rosalind looked something like a surrealist

Christmas tree designed by Dali. As she jingled out the door with her ornaments, noting her escort's lifted eyebrows, Russell thought an explanation might help. "You know," she confessed, "it's dangerous to leave me with time on my hands. Heaven only knows what I'll do!"

Maybe only Heaven really knows, but by now Hollywood has a pretty good idea. After six years' exposure to Mrs. Russell's acting daughter, Rosalind, they know it'll be something funny.

No comedienne has ever had such a real laugh out of a star's daily life, public and private, as Rosalind Russell. From the start, her cinema saga has been one long run of gorgeous gags, sly slapstick and merry monkey business, and there's no letup in sight. All of which makes "No Time For Comedy," the title of the picture she has just finished at Warner Brothers, a gross bit of cinema libel. Time for comedy, I maintain, is what Rosalind has nothing

Miss R., touched by Jimmy's thoughtfulness, ran to help the chef; whereupon she discovered that the cake and its bearer were just a couple of phonies!



Roz, who eventually did get a real cake, reacted in true Russell style—hooting with laughter—though, for a change, the joke was definitely on her.



Just-turned-28 Roz and the be-creamed one parted friends, and everyone concerned agreed that she should have a birthday much more often.



Time out for Comedy

SHE'S A SCREWBALL TO END ALL SCREWBALLS, BUT OH HOW WE LOVE OUR ROZ!

else but. Sometimes she sobers down when she's on the job—not often, of course, just sometimes. But when she's on the loose—well, the Russell record of comedy, from Mexico to Manhattan and across the seas, is not likely to be cracked in the near future. The last time Hollywood let Roz slip away from her make-up kit for any length of time, she even got tangled up between the Siegfried and Maginot lines—honest!

"I am a complete screwball," Russell herself admits, quite unashamed. But you don't have to take her word for it; it's obvious. As a guy who knows her better than I do, Reginald Gardiner, has stated shrewdly, "Rosalind Russell is really a serious girl afflicted with an uncontrollable impulse to clown."

She proved that years ago when she arrived in Hollywood. They let her sit around with time on her hands for a couple of weeks at Universal Studios and the results

were pretty terrifying. There was one gag after another.

One day Rosalind got one of those command studio memos. It said the boss, then Junior Laemmle, wanted to see her. "He shall see me," declared Rosalind, "and how!"

She delved into her trunk and dragged out a fright dress she used to wear to tacky parties back home. She took a lead pencil and traced every line in her face into dark, mossy wrinkles. She smeared lipstick around until she looked like strawberry jam. She wrinkled her stockings. She saturated her naturally curly tresses with vaseline until they hung in greasy strings about her neck. She even daubed a little dirt on her face. Then, rolling a wad of gum around her tongue, she ambled in to see Junior.

The resulting apparition, itself, was enough to make a strong man quail. But when Rosalind drooped in the chair, stared moronically at the floor and, talking through her nose, repeated, "I am very unhappy," (Cont'd on page 77)



When Voss was an extra in "The Big Parade," he never dreamed he'd someday be heading the strangest army in the world!

UNDER ALL
Flags

MEET CARL VOSS, EX- ARMY MAN—AND HIS AMAZING BAND OF PRO- FESSIONAL SOLDIERS

By Reginald Tavinier

IT WAS a motley army indeed. The troopers wore French pants, Russian tunics, German helmets; they marched with an exaggerated goose step and hauled a very, very big gun. A little guy with a padded chest covered with decorations stood reviewing the parade and inadvertently pulled the lanyard of the cannon. There was a deafening boom and the soldiers fell dead in all directions.

You may never see that scene upon the screen because, currently, Charlie Chaplin is a bit up in the air about his "The Dictator." Late events in Europe have made him feel that his facetious slant may not be quite the thing just now. In that case he will shelve a cool million dollars and probably the funniest picture he has ever made.

But it wasn't all fun for Carl Voss . . .

Carl Voss is the man who staged the battle stuff in the Chaplin film just as he has staged most of the battles in most of the films made since "The Big Parade." Voss is Hollywood's military generalissimo, and he has fought upwards of two hundred wars without losing a man. He has fought them in every known uniform and under all flags, and he has many times performed the inconceivable feat of fighting on both sides at once, thus being both victor and vanquished.

His "army" holds the record of having fought as many as five major engagements in one day, changing uniforms for each encounter and running the gamut of shot and shell from Bull Run to Belleau Wood between sunrise and sunset. The men were equally at home as backwoods frontiersmen in "Northwest Passage," as Foreign Legionnaires in "Beau Geste" or as British guardsmen in "Gunga Din." They were Russians in "The Cossacks," Italians in "White Sister," Swedes in "Queen Christina," Turks in "Stamboul Quest" and so on; they know the correct manuals of arms for every period of every country in the world. They will fight any producer's battles for \$8.25 a day, and they are the only enlisted men on earth who get steaks and chicken for lunch. They march through Hollywood, not Georgia, and to them war is swell, not hell.

They have just finished being Nazi troopers in "Four Sons" and "The Man I Married," and they know exactly how a real invader feels from the way the rest of the studio population looked at their uniforms when they stormed the commissary at noon each day. Some of the more imaginative stenographers actually thought it was a real Hollywood blitzkrieg and that the tablecloths were parachutes! But even Hitler's mechanized columns are slow compared with the speed Carl Voss sometimes has to show.

"Battle scenes cost the studios at least \$1000 an hour," he explained, "so naturally they're in a hurry. Many a time I've had to get an army all equipped and in the field in fifteen minutes."

It was during "The Man I Married," incidentally, that Voss had to train his only feminine army. They were little girls, from six to ten years old, who impersonated a platoon of Hitler Youth. There was a platoon of little boys, too, of the same ages, and now nobody can tell Voss that girls don't make far better soldiers than boys.

"Those little girls got the steps and the gestures right off," he said. "They had everything down pat in ten minutes, but the boys took two hours before they were good enough for the cameras. Even then, they weren't half as snappy as the girls."

Like so many things that happen in Hollywood, Voss' becoming a movie general was the result of a trifling incident. He is a regular American Army man who served in the 14th Infantry and, upon his discharge as sergeant, drifted into extra work. One day he got a call to shoulder a gun in "The Big Parade" and when he arrived on the set he found 800 other veterans milling around with nobody to tell them what to do.

All of Voss' instincts as a drill sergeant immediately rebelled at that. He went to the assistant director.

"Can I help?" he asked.

"If you know how to get these men lined up, you certainly can," he was told.

Voss stepped out in front of the men and clicked his heels.

"Shun!" he yelled.

The men fell in automatically. They heard a drill sergeant's voice and became soldiers again on the spot. For the duration of the picture, Voss remained in charge of military operations, and during the film he organized the nucleus of the movie army which has appeared as a unit in practically all war pictures since. Voss has kept the unit intact, found work and made (Continued on page 85)



BEAU GESTE

15 years ago, Voss' army went legionnaire for "Beau Geste," and many of them saw action in the remake.



NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Voss' veterans are better-disciplined than his youthful unit, and he uses them in films like "Northwest Passage."



FOUR SONS

The army wasn't keen on being Nazi-fied for "Four Sons," but a salary of \$8.25 a day isn't to be sneezed at.

Was it



bad acting,

bad stories or that "pretty boy"



publicity



that put Bob

on the



toboggan?

BY ROBERT TAYLOR

AS TOLD TO GLADYS HALL

ACTING is the most unstable of the professions. It and politics are the only two pursuits of man which depend solely upon public favor. In other lines of work, you fail or are fired because you are not efficient at your job. An actor may be completely efficient at his job but, if public favor veers away from him, that efficiency counts for nothing.

The question I want to ask my fans is this: What makes a star slip? What are the contributing factors that cause a star to fall? Do you get tired of his face? Is it a question of bad stories? How much does adverse publicity have to do with it? How great an influence is the star's private life? In other words, just what is it that *makes* a star and just what is it that *breaks* him?

Because I know my own case history best, I feel that if I can get the clue to my own toboggan, I can get the answer to the whole question. I don't know why I slipped. I know there are a dozen routine answers, but I'm not satisfied that they are the real ones.

I do know just when it all began. "They" said I was

slipping before I went to England to make "A Yank at Oxford." The bad publicity I got in New York before I sailed, the "pretty boy" shrapnel they let me have was, "they" said, my death-knell. But curfew did not ring that night. Because, if I'd started to slip then as disastrously as was predicted, "A Yank at Oxford" wouldn't have done the business it did.

No, I skidded when I made "Stand Up and Fight," and well I knew it. Don't think we stars don't realize when we begin to wobble. We don't soar around with our heads blandly in the blue while our feet are walking the plank. Why I slipped with this picture is one of the things that confuses me. It was a good picture and brought in the shekels, yet it was not good for me. Which seems to indicate that, for the individual actor, the play's not always "the thing." You can slip even when you have a good picture.

Now it may be argued that the picture was no good for me because I played a tough guy in it—fighting with Beery, biting the dust and all that. I bet some of you said, "It's



Why did I slip?

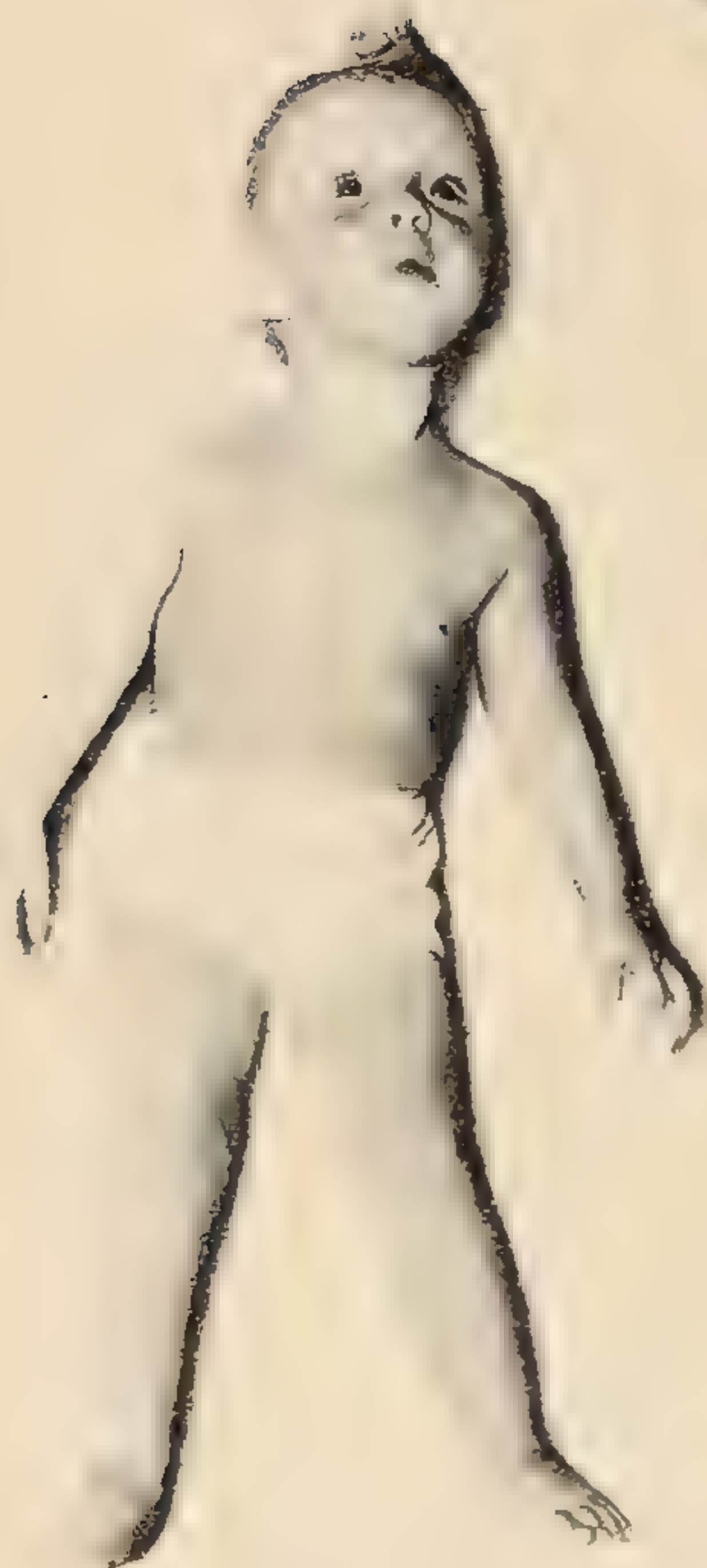
too obvious that the studio is trying to disprove the 'pretty boy' publicity by giving Taylor a part where he can exhibit some beef and brawn." I thought of that, too, but it isn't a good enough reason, because "The Crowd Roars" was made before "Stand Up and Fight" and in that, if anyone remembers, I was a pugilist who was no palooka in the ring. If any of you had wanted to give it the "Hee-haw-they're-trying-to-prove-that-Taylor-can-take-it," that was your chance. You didn't take it. That picture was both good Box Office and good for me.

So, to a certain extent, my pictures have kept me on a see-saw, now up, now down. "Three Comrades" was a good picture for me. "Stand Up and Fight," "Lucky Night,"

"Lady of the Tropics" and "Remember" were bad for me. "Waterloo Bridge" gave me a swing up again and now I have hopes that "Escape" will put me on the up-end of the teeter-totter once again. But it's the *why* of the ups and downs that I'm trying to get at.

In my case it may well be said that I skidded because I'm not a fine actor. I know I'm not. I had no experience behind me when I came to Hollywood. I still haven't had enough training—it takes study and time to perfect any art or craft. I have a whale of a lot to learn.

Yet, you can't say an actor loses public favor just because he's not a fine actor. Naming no names, for courtesy's sake, we all know actors who make no (Continued on page 68)



temperament at Two

THAT DUSE IN DIDIES, SANDY HENVILLE, IS NO ANGEL!

By Kirtley Baskette

THE BIG baby hunt at Universal studios had simmered down from three hundred hopeful infants to one, when Sandra Lee Henville was introduced to

the harried group of men in the studio testing room.

The lucky survivor was an angel-faced cherub with golden ringlets—too beautiful for words. Sandra Lee was puny, straight-haired and plain.

The beautiful baby sat before the camera and bawled. When anyone came near her she bawled louder. Bing Crosby and Director Dave Butler shook their heads sadly and sighed. "Let's have the other one," said Butler.

They put Sandra Lee on the chair and handed her a rattle. The camera rolled. So did Sandra's eyes. Her mouth opened, and her voice gurgled. She grabbed the rattle and cracked Dave Butler between the eyes. That's all there was to it.

"That kid," said Bing Crosby, "is dynamite in didies. She'll take the picture like Grant took Richmond!"

He wasn't kidding. Because all this happened over a year ago, when Bing was hunting for the cutest kid in Hollywood for his picture, "East Side of Heaven." There used to be an old movie-making maxim kicking around Hollywood that went like this: "When the picture drags, cut to a cat or a baby." That's what Bing Crosby had in mind originally. He didn't know he would discover a new star. But he certainly did.

Sandra Lee Henville—now Baby Sandy to an adoring world—was only eleven months old when fate lifted her out of her crib and made her a Hollywood star. Today, she's only a little over two years old. But already Baby Sandy has starred in three of her own pictures, besides the one she swiped from Bing. Yes, Sandy is Santa Claus to theatre owners all over the land and the pet of the nation. In fact, she stacks up as the greatest baby star Hollywood has ever had.

According to her studio, Universal, all of that is only the beginning. Sandy, at two, instead of being washed up as her burp-and-gurgle days pass, is just getting set to toddle to bigger and better things in expensive A pictures. She's going to be Hollywood's next Shirley Temple, the big shots say, or else.

The success story of Baby Sandra Henville is one of those incredible tales that happen only in Hollywood. Where else, for instance, would a multi-million-dollar company spend weeks hunting a boy baby and end up picking a girl to play a boy? Where else would a milkman's baby daughter leave her trundle bed and end up making \$1,000 a week?

Roy Henville and his pretty young wife, Eleanor, had a baby, like millions of other American couples. Their baby wasn't particularly beautiful or different from any other baby, except that she arrived in seven months and weighed only four pounds and twelve ounces when the stork brought her. Of course, they thought she was the most wonderful baby ever born, but they were modest enough about it not to bore their friends and neighbors.

They lived quietly, too, in a tiny bungalow in the low rent district between Glendale and Hollywood. They had to, because Roy was a milkman—and still is—and that's no quick road to riches, as everyone knows. Neither of them had ever been inside a movie studio or thought much about it. Roy was too busy getting up at the crack of dawn to peddle his milk. Eleanor was too busy around the house.

Then, one day, the Los Angeles papers printed a story like this: "Universal is looking for a blonde baby to play in Bing Crosby's picture, 'East Side of Heaven.' They want a six-month-old boy with curly hair who likes music. He has to listen to Bing sing and look happy about it."

Eleanor read it to Roy and laughed. "They certainly don't want Sandra," she chuckled. "The only thing that fits her is the blonde hair."

"Well, she likes to listen to the radio," said Roy. "Say, I've got a customer who works at Universal. He's a musical director or something. Where are those snapshots we took last Sunday? I think I'll show him what a cute baby really looks like—just for fun!"

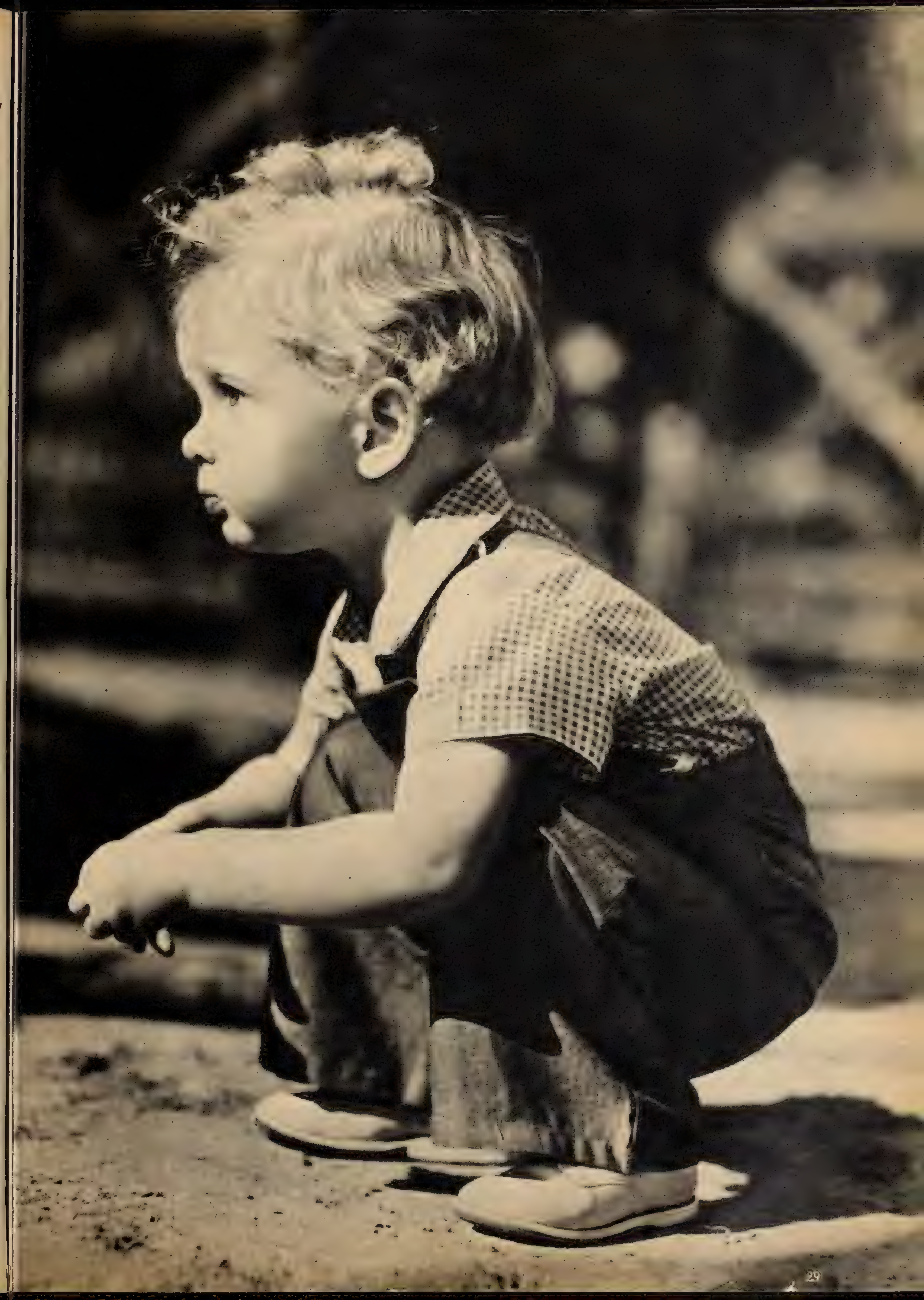
The story has already been told. When he left the two quarts of certified and the coffee cream next morning, Roy pulled out the tiny 2 x 3 inch snapshots of Sandra. When the musical director took them to Butler and Bing, already cross-eyed from looking at cute kids, they said they'd look at just one more.

One more was enough. Sandy got the job. But why? What does Baby Sandy have that thousands of other babies scattered through Hollywood pictures for the past thirty years don't have?

Sandy has temperament. "She," as Gil Vallee, her favorite assistant director, puts it, "reacts!" And how! It's bad enough, the Lord knows, if a grown-up star doesn't sparkle naturally. But for a baby to be relaxed is pure poison. Sandy isn't troubled that way. Instead, the trouble is often the other way round. She reacts too much.

Mischa Auer has played in every Baby Sandy picture except one. You'd think by now Sandy would be as familiar with Mischa's lugubrious personality as she is with her dollie stand-in.

Nothing of the sort. To this day (Continued on page 82)



SLAP THE geeters on Hysterical in the fourth to show" isn't exactly poetic. Escaping the soft lips of Virginia Bruce, it's enough to make a man bury his eyebrows in his hair. But to J. Walter Ruben those words are music. They mean that the bars are down again at Hollywood Park, that his wife's right in there "picking 'em" and that the day's going to be a great one!

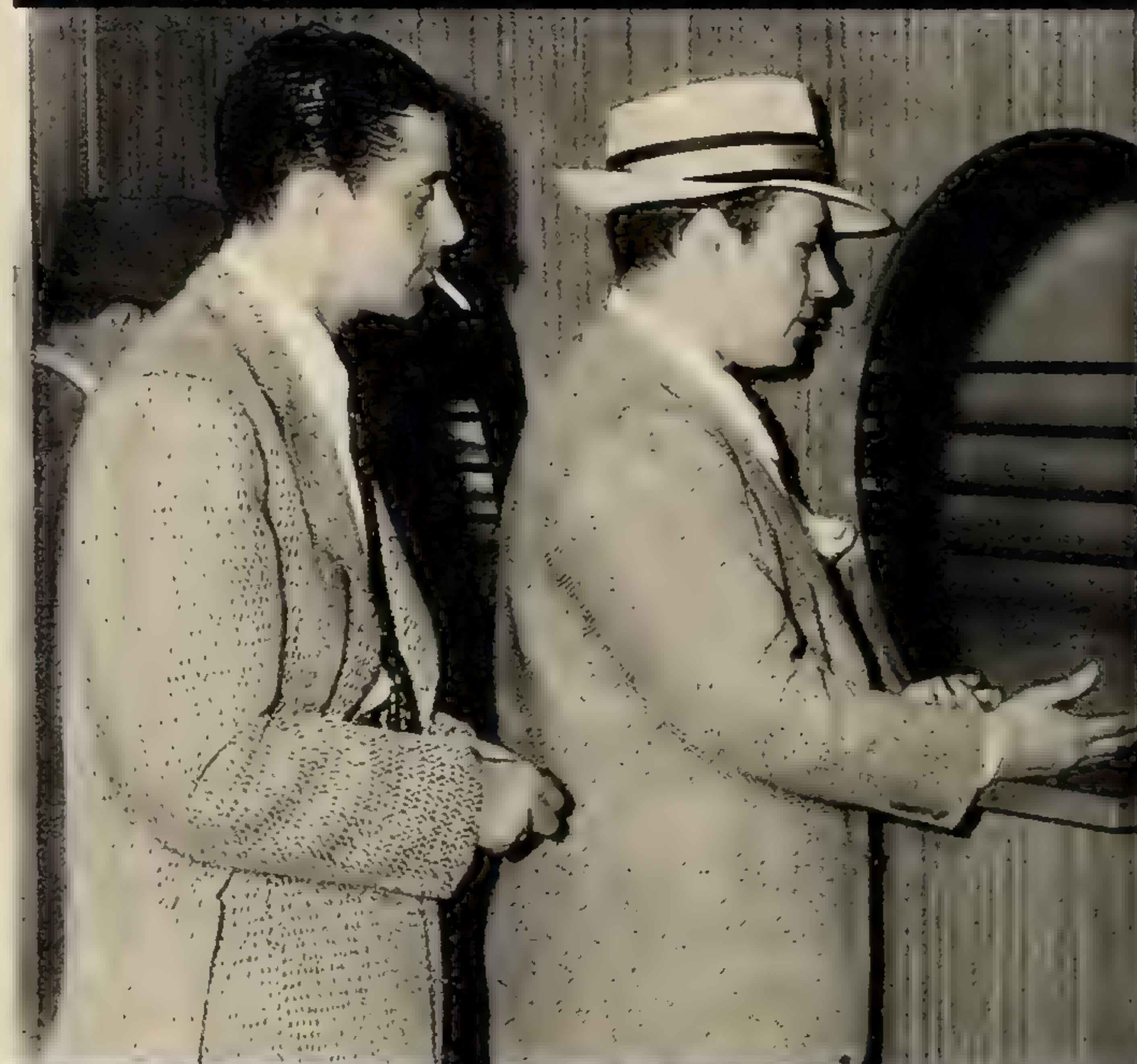
Currently, Hollywood Park is Movietown's pet betting ground. A sleek, streamlined race track, located at Inglewood, ten miles outside of Hollywood proper, it is the \$3,000,000 magnet that acts as an almost daily lure to the Rubens, Claudette Colbert, Sonja Henie, Irene Dunne and 50,000 others in whom the sporting blood flows free. It is the place where Don Ameche and Mickey Rooney race their own horses, where Marlene Dietrich and Constance Bennett come to lead the fashion parade, and where Bing Crosby and George Raft may bet between \$2,000 and \$3,000 in a single afternoon!

Like Santa Anita, whose season precedes it, and Del Mar, whose season will follow, Hollywood Park is divided into three sections: the grandstand, the regular club house and the exclusive hangout for people with money. In Inglewood, this "hangout" is known as the Turf Club—and the Turf Club, you guessed it, is where the movie stars gather. Here they sit in \$220 boxes, which they may purchase only after paying a \$220 membership fee. They are always dressed to the hilt and on their best behavior, for the club's standards, like its rates, are high. Slacks are taboo, and men in polo shirts or without ties are given an immediate heave-ho.

However, neither the stars that appear nor the horses that run are as colorful as the famous Goose Girl in the center of the track. Two years ago, when Hollywood Park was built, an imaginative landscape artist plunked a goose pond right in the middle of the oval, without realizing that the uninhibited birds might fly into the teeth of the horses and menace the jockeys. Hence the Goose Girl. Dressed in a costume furnished by the Warner Bros. Wardrobe Department, she is a perfectly incongruous figure, spending her afternoons keeping her silly charges in line. But you can save your pity for Mr. Crosby, whose horse is still running, and not worry about the Goose Girl. Her predecessor wound up in Earl Carroll's chorus!



Mike Frankovitch escorts Binnie Barnes, who allows herself only \$25 a day for betting.



When George Raft, a plunger, wins—he hands over that loot to Bodyguard Killer Grey.

MARLENE DIETRICH • CONSTANCE BENNETT



BING CROSBY



DAN TOPPING • SONJA HENIE





Jimmie Cagney and Ralph Bellamy are great cronies, and they co-own a box at the Park.



Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin are very small betters and rarely stand up and yell.



The quaintly costumed Goose Girl is a picturesque and essential feature of the track.



Here's the World's Fair-ish entrance to star-studded, \$3,000,000 Hollywood Park.

Photos by Jules Buck

J. W. RUBEN • VIRGINIA BRUCE



OFF TO THE RACES

They yell themselves hoarse, lose fat bank rolls, get terrific sunburns—and call it fun!

From cokes at "The Greasy Spoon" to champagne at Ciro's is a man-sized jump, but Brenda's arrived with her sense of values intact.



Joyce: 1940 MODEL

By Herb Stein

THEY TELL the story in Hollywood of the girl trying to crack pictures who was offered a scotch and sofa by a producer and reclined with thanks. But they don't tell that story about Brenda Joyce.

They don't tell it about Brenda because she represents something new in Hollywood. She represents the change from rootin', tootin', slightly-scarlet leading ladies, to youthful performers who are fresh, wholesome and clean as the wind



"Yes, Owen thinks I've changed, but he doesn't think it's enough to hurt yet. The minute I change that much, I'll quit pictures."

any more than he can see the value of dropping a girl into a bathtub of sparkling Burgundy. He'd rather hike over a mountain than do a rhumba to Emil Coleman. He prefers a mug of beer in a garden to a bucket of champagne at the Grove, and he'd sooner go through seven sets of tennis with the temperature above 100 than attend any one of the social functions 'necessarily' part of the Hollywood routine, and—" with her eyes twinkling, "them's my sentiments exactly!"

But while the public's taste has changed, publicity methods remain pretty much the same. Studio heads, ever eager to gain news space with the trumped-up romantic activities of their stars, still require them to be seen around. This is especially true of starlets whose names can best gain entrée to the columns through the simple ruse of being linked with an already established personality.

And so Brenda, who inwardly shuns night clubs and parties, occasionally turns up at them with other men. And it's largely as a result of these pre-arranged adventures into the colony's limelight that her pictures and name appear in the rotogravure sections and syndicated columns.

Typical example of what happens occurred the night of "The Grapes of Wrath" premiere. There wasn't a columnist there who didn't know that Brenda was madly in love with Owen, but when she walked into the theatre with George Montgomery, Twentieth Century-Fox player, gossipers and photographers made merry. Subsequent reporting carried all sorts of conjectures as to a new romance, but none of it was true. Brenda was there with Montgomery only because she had to attend her own studio's preview of an important picture, and Owen had refused to go because he hates the publicity connected with it.

There are (Continued on page 70)

INTRODUCING THE CO-ED WHO PROVED THAT GOOD GIRLS ALSO GO TO HOLLYWOOD, AND NOT JUST FOR THE RIDE!

Somewhere, recently, the movie-going public undraped members of the old order and found them a pretty sickly lot. They decided they wanted their 1940 sex appeal in the form of attractive little packages of the modern-American-girl variety. They wanted the kind of miss who could swim and ride, ski and play tennis. And they found her in Brenda Joyce. Brenda even has the kind of romance they hoped she'd have. He's Owen Ward, the twenty-one-year-old

boy she met at college—the boy she'll one day marry. And young though he is, he's the Gibraltar and encouragement behind her different-from-what-you-used-to-read-about-Hollywood characteristics.

"Owen hates Hollywood," Brenda told us during lunch at the Trocadero (her name for Twentieth Century-Zanuck's commissary), "but only because of its off-the-lot activities. He happens to be one of those people who can't stand a smoke-filled nitery

CARY GRANT



IDA LUPINO



Cary will soon be seen
in Columbia's "The
Howards of Virginia."
Ida's currently appear-
ing in Warners' "They
Drive by Night."

IS HOLLYWOOD



The Eddie Robinsons' buffet suppers and informal art exhibitions typify the new entertainment trend.

IT SEEMS like ages since the flamboyant days when such social pace-setters as Mabel Normand, Mary Pickford and Marion Davies queened it with regal extravagance on the Coast. The riotous good humor of Mabel established Hollywood's reputation as a madly irresponsible place. Remember when she spent five months and \$250,000 leading her pals a merry chase through Europe?

Then Hollywood grew terribly formal and dignified when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks turned Pickfair into a fascinating spot for titled visitors and a select group of stars who were correct enough to associate with them. And the lavish, huge balls given by Marion Davies wrote another spectacular chapter into Hollywood's personal history. But now, those days are over.

Even last year's most noted party-thrower, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, is no longer giving her famous elaborate affairs. She is devoting all of her energies to war relief. Now, Kay Francis wouldn't dream of renting a cafe for a big party as she has done in the past. The other night at Ciro's she went from table to table, collecting \$10 apiece for a war charity. At Lamaze's they are having a series of benefit nights for the Red Cross and Allied war relief. Stars like Marlene Dietrich, Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen, Alice Faye and Richard Greene donate their services as entertainers.

"Yes, Hollywood society isn't what it used to be. You would be more than surprised if you tried to crash the movie élite these days," says Elsa Maxwell.

Because Elsa Maxwell has created an international name for herself as the foremost authority on parties, her opinions on the manner in which Hollywood's social scene has altered are invaluable. It was she who made Monte Carlo, Cannes and Biarritz so popular with the gay, continental set of a decade ago. Assorted celebrities, ranging

from the Duke of Windsor, Queen Marie of Roumania, the former king of Spain, to all sorts of fun-loving folk with cash, eagerly attended the parties Elsa maneuvered. The scavenger and treasure hunts were her bright ideas, to say nothing of her come-as-someone-you-admire-or-hate invention. Returning to her native land, she pepped up New York's languishing society. No one has ever shown a better flair for amusing people than this short, fat dynamo of a woman who has never hesitated to say what she thinks.

"People who are not in Hollywood society are apt to have a false notion of what it takes to be among those present," she says. "First of all, you don't need a number of the things you might suppose are elementary. To be a social success in Hollywood you don't have to be beautiful or handsome. Most of the stars are distinguished in appearance, and they are not overwhelmed with what nature or a kind camera can do for a person. You don't have to be young and alluring. Look at me! I've always had a distressingly plain face. I tip the scales at two hundred pounds, so the less mention made of my figure the better. I began my own picture career a year ago, and I was beyond the finishing-school phase—I'm even seven years beyond fifty!"

"You don't have to possess a wonderful wardrobe. They've never described me as one of the best dressed women, but I have managed to get around just the same. You don't have to have money. Not very much, anyway. The social leaders here are so well fixed themselves that they don't have to worry about how much others have in the way of material wealth."

She isn't given to stalling on any point. "You don't need any background to click, either. Background is an impediment in Hollywood, thank God! Everyone is on his own here. Family names don't impress. There is no such thing as inherited position. Only what you are and do makes you shine in this set-up. But there are no longer "magic" names anywhere, socially speaking. In New York the Vanderbilts and the Astors are still important because the present generation amounts to something. A lot of their ancestral rivals are extinct because the members of the families no longer stand for anything significant.

"You don't have to be a splendid dancer to be popular in Hollywood. Dancing is rather silly when you can share an evening of vivid mental contact. If you were to join us, you would discover that you couldn't just sit and wait to be entertained. You'd find that we are sensitive people, and that we all talk our heads off. We do not try for effects, no matter what the Hollywood of yesterday may have been. We're much too busy. We have jobs which we must do well to hold on to, and we cannot sit by and just watch the suffering of those in Europe. Nine out of ten of us have survived bad times ourselves; we know what they mean.

"The first social commandment now is: Be amusing. The fundamental object of entertainment is a good time. Fascinate with your conversation and your adaptability, and you are very likely to be sought after here.

"The second social commandment is: Serve superb food. Hollywood women pay a great deal of attention to food. Hostesses here know more about food than all the current New York hostesses put together. And believe it or not, most of the top-notch hostesses can cook marvelously themselves!

"Most dining here is buffet (Continued on page 73)

GETTING SENSIBLE ?



Rog Pryor and Norm Foster dig deep for a worthy cause, while Sally Blane and Ann Sothern beam. At right, Elsa Maxwell with Mrs. Jack Warner and Norma Shearer.

BY BEN MADDOX

The original party girl, Elsa Maxwell, heralds a new social era

Bing Crosby passed his inter-scene moments putting a dog through its paces, riding his bike (marked "verboten" to scare off hitch-hikers) and studying all the racing forms.

Oscar Levant, Basil Rathbone and Bing Crosby josh between "takes." Levant, who makes \$250 a week on "Information, Please" went to Hollywood because he was "broke!"



One-armed Wingy Mannone, whose trumpet must be asbestos, hired a coach to help him with his ten lines!

Bing surveys some of the 10,000 objects provided by Ellis Mercantile Co. for the pawnshop scene.

ON THE SET WITH "RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

A FEW weeks ago, Bing Crosby put aside his golf game and his daily trips to the race track and made a picture. It won't further the progress of the American cinema and it won't be sealed in a time capsule to represent the genius of our generation. Nonetheless, it's slated to be one of the smash hits of the year. The reason? It's a daffy-dilly tale, acted out on cheerful stages by a gang of players who don't mind working for a living.

The story, called vaguely, "Rhythm on the River," busies itself chiefly with a bright-looking pair of lovers (Bing and Mary Martin) who, unbeknown to each other, are ghost-writing songs for the same creatively-exhausted composer (Basil Rathbone). Opening in a whirling New York City snowstorm (flaked ice blown about the set by huge electric fans), the action hops like a jack rabbit from one lively background to the next, pausing briefly at a snow-blanketed (bleached cornflakes) farmhouse known as "Nobody's Inn," and skipping on to a pawnshop, a \$200,000 night club set, and a dilapidated ferry boat which has bogged down on the ice-choked Hudson River (painted canvas, ridged and furrowed by the prop department).

But, however interesting they are, the sets and the story are not the biggest news of the picture. Neither is the fact that for the first time a sizzling "jam" session will be brought to the screen. Nor the fact that Ouida Rathbone was hired as technical adviser for party sequences, nor that Oscar, the Paramount bootblack, makes his debut in a Grand Central Station scene. The *real* sensation of "Rhythm on the River" is the most amazing assortment of human curios ever collected by a studio.

The first human curio is the pugnacious, precocious star of radio's "Information, Please," Oscar Levant, the man who spent three and one-half weeks in Hollywood and left a memory the town will never forget. Pouting, churlish and rude to anyone who crosses his path, Levant plays his unusual self and, incidentally, turns in the best performance in the picture! Curio No. 2 is Wingy Mannone, the one-armed sultan of swing who blows a hot trumpet, chews gum endlessly and can't even spell his own name. And completing this oddity aggregation is 200 lb. John Scott Trotter, the band leader recruited from Bing's air show to supply the background for the Crosby-Martin warblings.

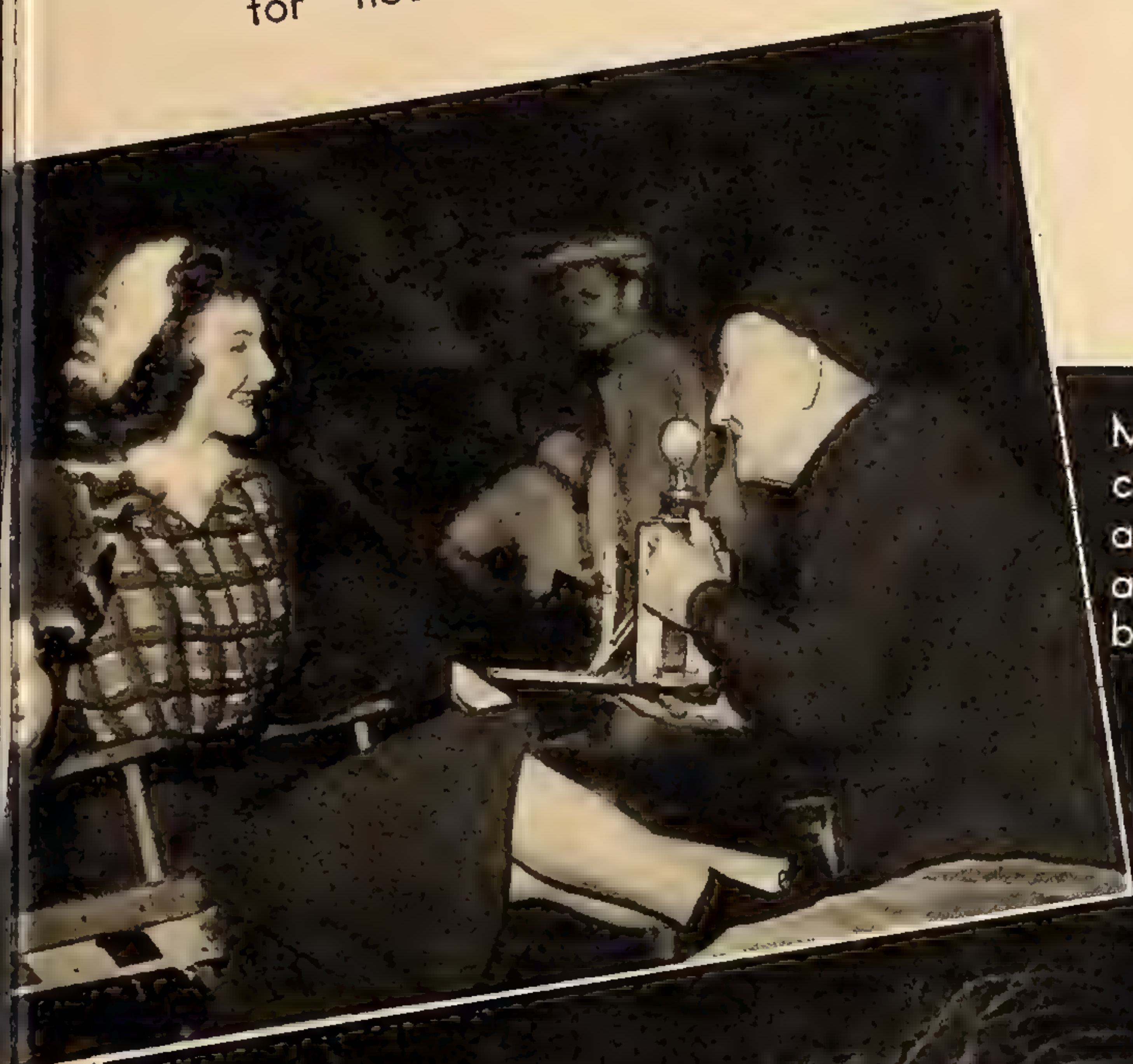
Left, Allan Jones, who played with Mary in her first picture, "The Great Victor Herbert," skipped off "The Boys from Syracuse" set to wish her marital happiness—with gestures!

Below, Mary, ensconced in Marlene Dietrich's elegant dressing-room, made a great hit with this cameraman because she'll beam for hours without one protest.

YOU'LL GET A MILLION LAUGHS FROM PARA-

MOUNT'S NEW MUSICAL, BUT THE MERRY CREW

THAT MADE IT WILL BE A COUPLE UP ON YOU



Mary kept missing cues till she discovered that Bing throws his script away and ad-libs his way through an entire picture. Here they are before the cornflake "snowstorm."



SOONER or later—usually sooner—every Hollywood party gets around to the subject of sex. This one had arrived at the topic of legs. There was a lively debate about who owned the prettiest pair in Filmdom. Marlene Dietrich had her defenders. Ann Sheridan had hers. Lana Turner had hers. Betty Grable, someone insisted, deserved the honor.

Up spoke a visitor from New York, "I remember a girl who came out here with the reputation of having the prettiest legs on Broadway. But no one out here seems a bit conscious of her very shapely pins."

"What's her name?" asked a chorus of disbelievers.

"Claudette Colbert," said the visitor from New York.

For a moment there was silence.

"I remember when Claudette arrived in Hollywood," conceded a director. "There *was* a bit of hullabaloo about her legs."

"What made it die down?" asked a newly-arrived blonde. "I didn't know press agents ever let anybody forget that a girl had legs." She crossed her own self-consciously.

"You certainly never see any Colbert bathing-suit art," commented a drama-page editor.

"Maybe she doesn't swim," someone cracked.

"Say," said the blonde, indignantly, "I don't swim, but I spend my life posing for bathing-suit art."

From a discussion of Hollywood legs in general, the conversation turned into a discussion of the Colbert legs in particular. Why had they been forgotten?

Here was a titillating mystery. This sort of thing just didn't happen in Hollywood. Either a girl showed her legs and people said she had sex appeal, or she didn't show her legs and people said she didn't have sex appeal. Claudette didn't go in for self-exposure, yet nobody said *she* lacked sex appeal.

The party didn't solve the mystery. Apparently only Claudette could explain it. So we went to Claudette.

We found her in the Guest Star dressing-room at M-G-M, where at the moment she was co-starring with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr in a super-special entitled "Boom Town." One entire corner of the room was window-glass, with a right-angle divan built into the corner. Sitting diagonally across from us on the divan, she looked trim and pert in a blue skirt, white blouse and checkered sports jacket.

Claudette laughed when told of the mystery we were there to solve.

"Come, come!" she said chidingly. "Don't make me out

an oddity. Don't tell me I'm the only actress in Hollywood who has refrained from leg art."

We challenged her to name any other actress who had refrained as she had.

"Well, there's Greta Garbo, for one," said Claudette, tentatively.

But Garbo, when she first came to Hollywood, posed smilingly in bathing suits and, believe it or not, in running trunks.

"There's Norma Shearer," said Claudette, hopefully.

But M-G-M has a whole file of early photos of Norma in a bathing suit—some of them even showing her poised on a diving tower.

She named several other actresses who, she thought, had avoided art beside a swimming pool. Every case she cited could be refuted, with the single exception of Luise Rainer. And Luise didn't come to Hollywood with the reputation of having "the most beautiful legs on Broadway."

"No," said Claudette, with mock ruefulness, "she was spared that embarrassment. And don't think I wasn't embarrassed about it."

Why?

Claudette temporarily dodged the question. She said, "You know how it all started, don't you? Walter Winchell started it. I opened in the play called 'The Barker.' It was the first big thing I had done, and Winchell was there, opening night, reviewing it. After the second act, my brother went to the men's lounge and bumped into Winchell, who didn't know that he was my brother.

"Charles said to Winchell, 'What do you think of the play?'"

"Winchell said, 'I can't keep my mind on the play. I can't take my eyes off that doll's legs.'"

"Charles waxed a bit huffy and said, 'That doll, as you call her, happens to be my sister!'"

"Winchell harrumphed and said, 'Now don't take it that way, Charlie. I meant it as a compliment,' and so forth, and eased out.

"If it hadn't been for that incident, probably he would never have printed anything about my legs. It amused him that he had almost stepped into something, wise-cracking about them. So he printed in his column that I had 'the prettiest legs on Broadway,' or some such thing. Whatever made him notice them in the first place has always been a puzzle to me."

(That's easily explained. At the time that Claudette made her hit in "The Barker," (Continued on page 64)

BY JAMES REID

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S FORGOTTEN

**They drew raves in the Broadway columns—
still Hollywood apparently ignores them. Why?**



"Heaven knows I'm no prude!" says rabidly anti-"leg art" Claudette—who'll next appear in Paramount's "Arise My Love." "But," she explains a bit enigmatically, "I *am* French."

LEGS





BRENT'S

IT MAY INVOLVE A NEW WIFE; IT MAY NOT. BUT ONE
IS CERTAIN, IT'LL BRING ESCAPE FROM HOLLYWOOD



NEW DESIGN FOR LIVING

By Irving Wallace

THE FIRST impression you get of George Brent is that he's awfully tired. And we don't mean anything as prosaic as suffering from lack of sleep.

We mean the tiredness that comes upon a person who has, for twenty solid years, made moon faces at an emotionless camera, who for two decades has blinked and grimaced at bright-white klieg lights, had the lipstick of various leading ladies smeared on his kisser and heard the garlic-seasoned wail of three dozen different directors.

Frankly, in confronting him, we expected a different Brent and a different story. Realizing that he has been living in a monotone of work, we expected him to be, well, a trifle dull and ordinary—and we decided in advance to write the usual run-of-the-mill story about Brent the Lone Wolf, Brent the Escapist, Brent the Recluse.

But instead, we got a pleasant surprise, for George Brent is not dull copy at all. Properly prompted, he will indulge in the best poolroom tirades on what he thinks is wrong with Hollywood, what's wrong with the state of the nation, and what's wrong with himself.

He will say, candidly, as he said to us, "Here's what's wrong with the stuff printed about me. Too much of that hermit nonsense."

As a result, there will be no hermit nonsense in this opus. There will be only the truth and the news about George Brent.

Next March, Mr. Brent, of the famed Dublin and County Galway Brents, will celebrate his thirty-seventh birthday. And shortly thereafter, he will forsake the dubious honor he holds of possessing the Burbank non-stop record for acting in the greatest quantity of unimportant pictures made on "A" budgets. His contract with Warners will be up. And on that morning, when his contract expires, Brent expects, walking under his own power, to remove his person—and his soul—from the Warner lot, from Hollywood and from California, for a much-needed vacation.

In brief, George Brent will transplant his person to Hawaii.

He will purchase acres and a house—and do the things that twenty years before the camera have kept him from doing. Nothing dramatic. He'll lie in the sun. Just relax in the sun. A poor man's pleasure, but he will enjoy it as much as a miner who has been two decades under the black earth. George Brent will read books. No comic sections. No zippy stories. No quick glances at headlines on the way to the studio. He'll read good honest fiction.

And no hermit stuff, either, mind you. He'll meet people, all colors, all kinds. And without autograph signing. He'll be with women and won't have a fear of gossip columnists. He'll talk and argue and debate on the subjects closest to his heart—the kind of talk that's more interesting to him than the usual movieland chatter about who's going out with whose wife.

"I want to buy a home in Hawaii," Brent explained. "And I want to stay there six months out of the year. The other six months I hope to go back to Hollywood to do two pictures. It'll be a relief making only two pictures a year after all these seasons of rushing from one camera to another, with no time to dress, study, relax, think. And as a result, in the future I think I'll do better work. I'll have the time to select important, well-constructed stories. No more fantasies hacked out in limited time!"

Then, Brent, with that travel pamphlet look gleaming from his big hazel-colored eyes, elaborated on his Pacific and tropical Shangri-La.

"Hawaii is really a convenient paradise—only an overnight airplane trip from Hollywood. Many of our folks are now buying homes there. John Halliday, for one. And Janet Gaynor and Jimmie Fidler. Of course, except for a green shack on the beach, it's expensive. The islands are small, and land is at a premium. But I have my eye on one large property, twenty-six (Continued on page 66)

HEADLINES FROM HOLLYWOOD

YOU CAN HAVE COIFFURES AS SMART AND
GLAMOROUS AS THE STARS' — IF YOU'LL
GIVE YOUR HAIR THE SAME CARE AND
GROOMING. HERE'S THE WAY THEY DO IT

By Carol Carter

OUT HOLLYWOOD way, pompadours—"broken," "split," halo, sculptured, à la Lillian Russell or just plain Gibson Girl—are sweeping the waves right up under those pert, new off-the-forehead hats that make girls look so wide-eyed one minute and so sophisticated the next.

But the 1940 versions aren't the round, bulging rolls that grandma used to wear. Oh no, the new pompadours are full in effect, but infinitely smarter and more becoming. Some have upswept, sculptured lines. In others one side boasts a full puffed contour while the other side is done in flat curls or smooth outline waves. They are really not a bit stiff, as were their predecessors, but soft and quite simple to manage. Remember Alice Faye as Lillian Russell? She did a great deal to launch this interesting hair fashion.

Another hair-do originated in the movies and apparently destined for popularity has a word for the Greek influence. Shaped waves flow backward from the face, round ringlets soften the temples over the ears and long curls hang from a back knot which balances the nose in profile. Irené Hervey wears such a coiffure in Universal's picture, "The Boys from Syracuse."

One famous hair stylist has created



Florence Rice, whose fame and popularity are increasing with every new role, arranges her lustrous locks in soft simplicity with upswept sides and broken forehead lines.

many light, feathery, rounded and artistic looking coiffures with not a vestige of that long sleek look. His hair-dos all look as if they had been shaken rather than combed out. Another creator of hair fashions insists on height over the brow, emphasized by clusters of tiny curls surrounding a crown left as sleek and smooth as possible. Still another stylist sings the praises of a front and side pompadour balanced by a medium low back arrangement. And so it goes.

There are as many "correct" and charming hair-dos as there are types of girls to wear them. The secret is to find a style becoming to your face and suitable to your way of living. For example, if your forehead is over-high or bulgy, don't take your hair straight back off your face. Wear it flat on top with an "up" treatment beneath a low side part. A high part or one just off-center makes a high forehead look positively endless. A low part shortens the entire facial contour. Hair clustered low emphasizes the lower half of the face. If that half is best in your case—with a flawless chin and throat line—all well and good, but if it's not, beware. An "up" hair line at both sides emphasizes and dramatizes fine eyes, brows and forehead and puts emphasis on the most important half of your face.

We could talk on and on about coiffures, but don't forget that the condition of your hair is even more important than the style in which you wear it. Neglected, unhealthy hair can not be arranged attractively no matter how long you fuss over it or how deft you may be with hair pins, bob pins, combs or any other similar gadgets. A beautiful, smart and becoming hair-do depends upon the quality and health of your hair and there is no substitute for these.

Even if you now have stringy, lifeless hair, with a little patient, regular care you can do wonders to strengthen and revive its body and lustre and improve its "arrangeability." Your hair is very sensitive to your general physical and nervous health and will show ill effects from upsets so slight as to have gone otherwise unnoticed. "Complexes" involving nervous or mental strain, fear, worry, jealousy, frustration or shock will actually play havoc with your hair. So if you would have really beautiful tresses, guard your health from undermining disturbances. Sufficient sleep, a well balanced diet and fresh air are also important.

But, supposing that all these are as they should be, you must still treat your hair to the local care it deserves. Stimulation, cleanliness and grooming

are your first watchwords. Stimulation in the form of massage, combing and brushing are continuous "musts." How can a tight, thin, rigid scalp be expected to produce lustrous, luxurious locks? It can't—and it won't. Massage it regularly with a deep firm rotary motion of the balls of your fingers. Five minutes a day for this is ideal. Let go of that tense, nervous attitude of yours. That alone will keep your scalp as tight as a drum.

Brush and comb your hair regularly, too. One hundred strokes a day take two or three minutes—but what a difference they make in its sheen and vitality! Brushing and combing not only polishes and cleans but also exercises every hair shaft, strengthening and beautifying as it goes. Brushing has a mysterious way of normalizing the flow of natural hair oils, too. Oil glands that have either dried up or become over active are helped back to normal functioning under the invigorating influence of a good, firm, long bristled brush.

Shampoo your hair as often as it gets dirty—whether that's every three days or every three weeks. Much depends upon the locality in which you live—whether it is a clean or sooty community—also upon the kind of work you do, etc. Oily hair needs more frequent. (Continued on page 81)



Lucile Fairbanks, Warner's promising young starlet, combines back curls with charmingly youthful front ringlets and "up" side lines for this fetching formal coiffure.

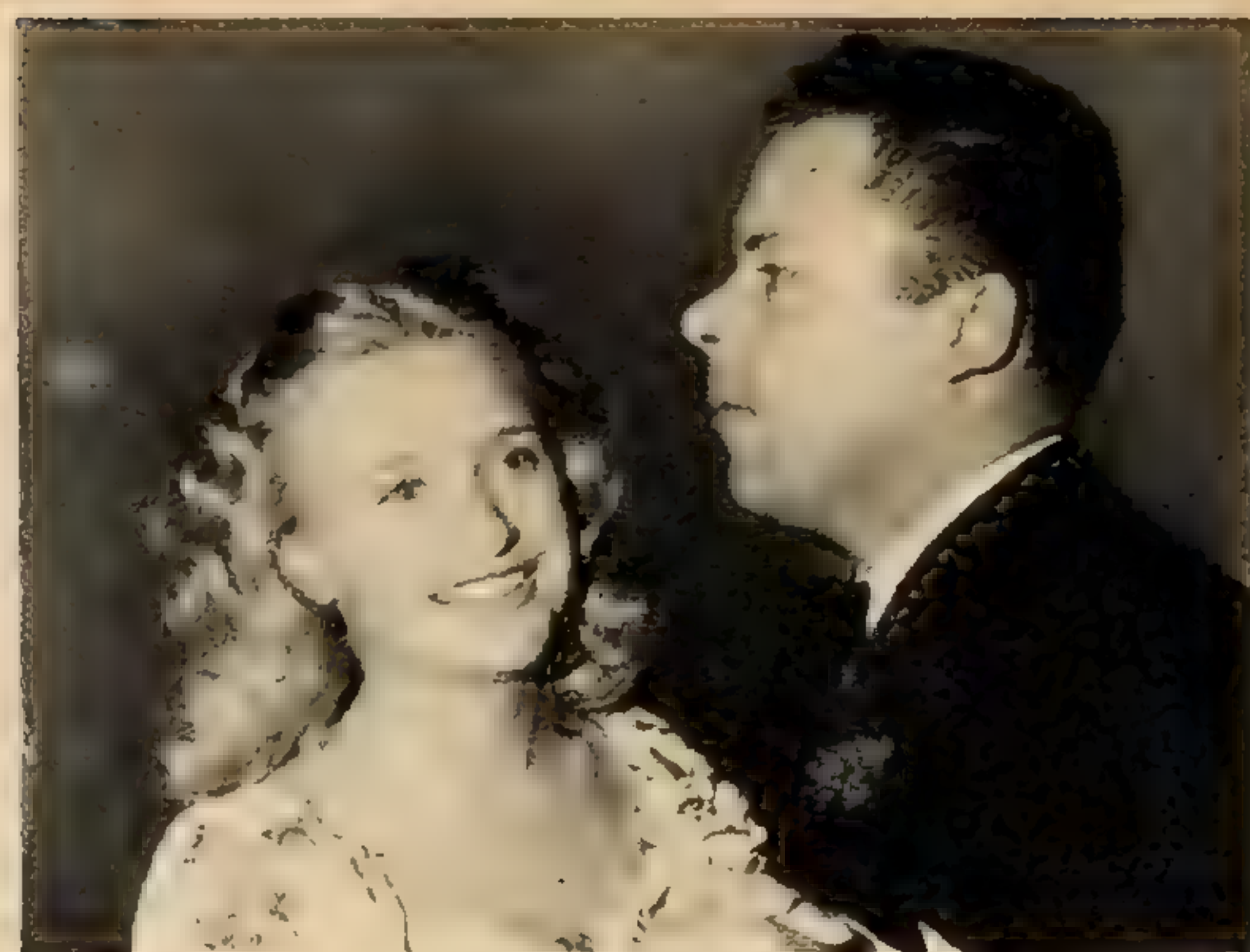


Mary Beth Hughes, whose blonde beauty would shine in any picture, wears just the suggestion of a front pompadour with flat curls on top and a modified page-boy roll.

Some new shots in
the Hollywood dark —
by that quick-clicking
stay-out, Jules Buck



Seems as if the curfew never rings for Bill Powell and his child bride, Diana Lewis, who's each night a-glitter with a new trinket from Hubby.



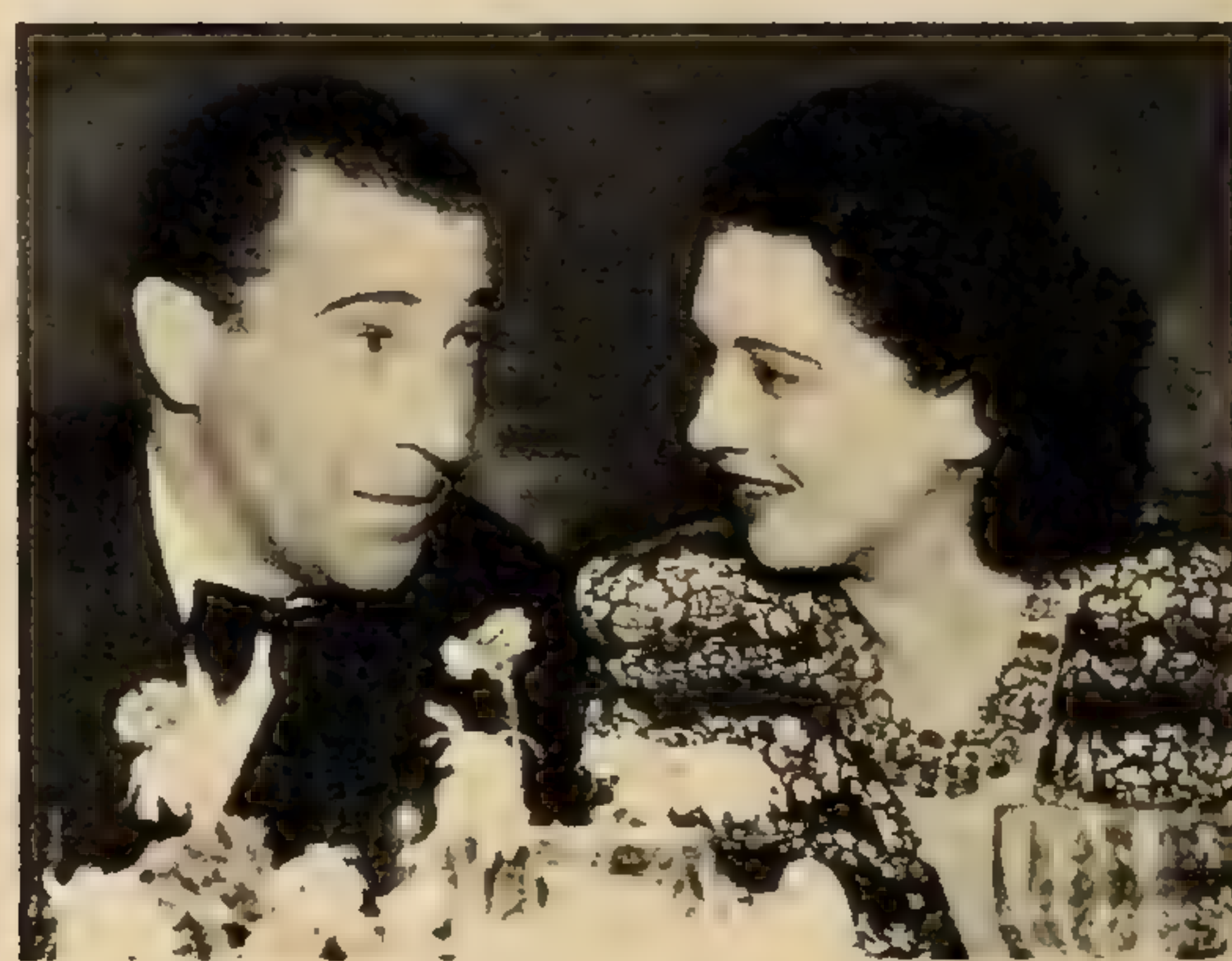
Perc Westmore helps Priscilla Lane celebrate her divorce from the husband nobody even knew she had—Assistant-director, Oren Haglund.



Alan Curtis, who looks every inch a collar ad and once was just that, wants to make lovely Ilona Massey Mrs. C. as soon as his divorce is final.



Lee Bowman—he of the Eddie Cantor-Mischa Auer expression—is peeved 'cause Maggie Lindsay and Bill Lundigan are cutting his coffee rations.



No one gets around like Kay Francis, who has a new dress and beau every night. This time it's a small print and a top designer, Bernard Newman.



Home from Hawaii but still in the torrid zone are Bette Davis and Bob Taplinger. Both whipped off their specs when they saw the cameraman!



Newlyweds Mary Martin and Dick Halliday have a terrific case of stars-in-the-eyes. Here, they're discussing plans for their brand new home.



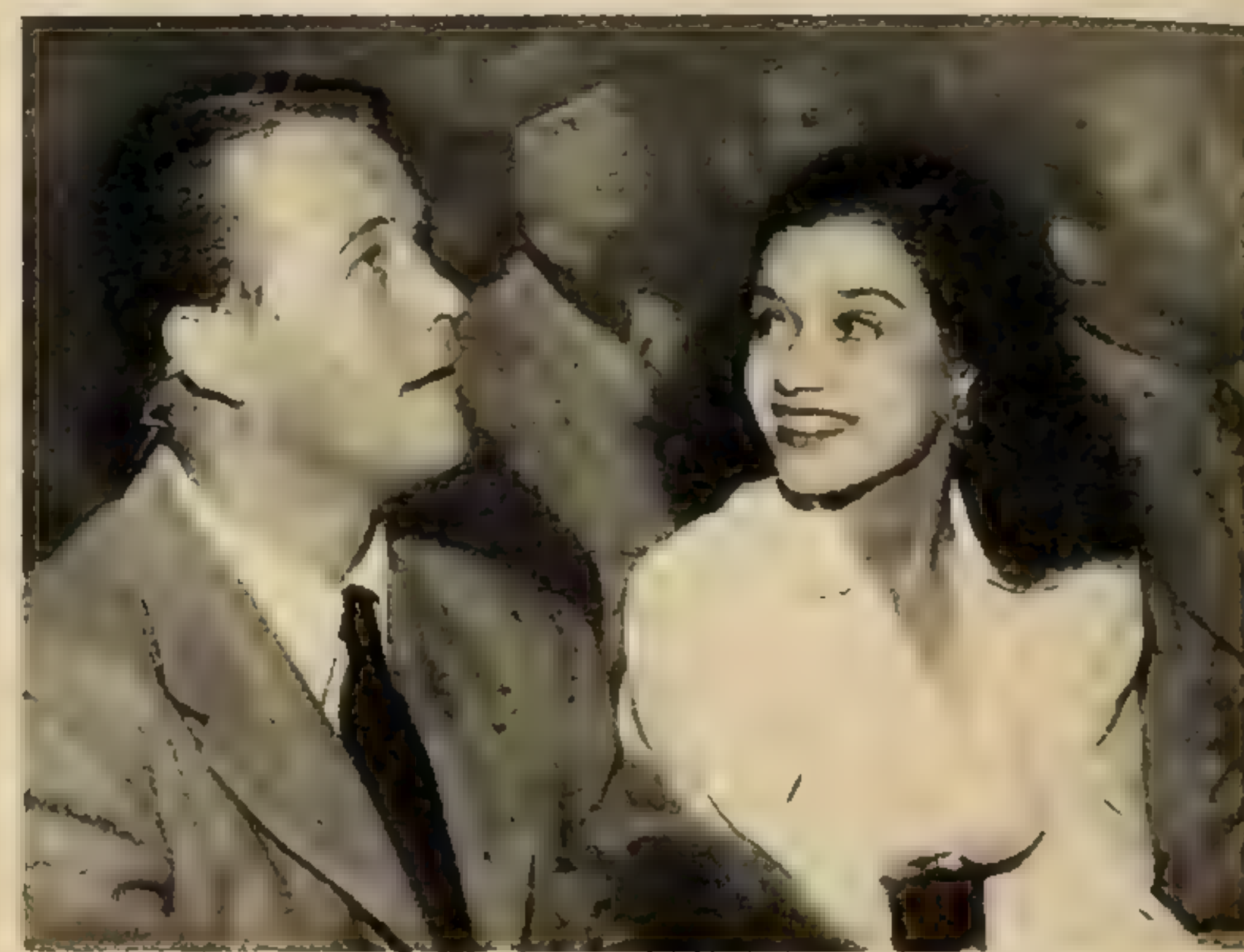
Bob Wilcox and Florence Rice couldn't have looked more happily married the other night. However, since he's gone East, 'tis said it's all off.



It's work all day for crack producer, Garson Kanin, then party-party till the wee hours. It's Betty Field who's keeping him up late this time.



Simone Simon, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Loder make merry at Ciro's. S. S., escorted by Multimillionaire Bob Oliver, wants a new contract.



Bubbles Schinasi's recent return to home, fireside and Wayne Morris after some N. Y. gadding amazed but didn't quiet those divorce mongers.



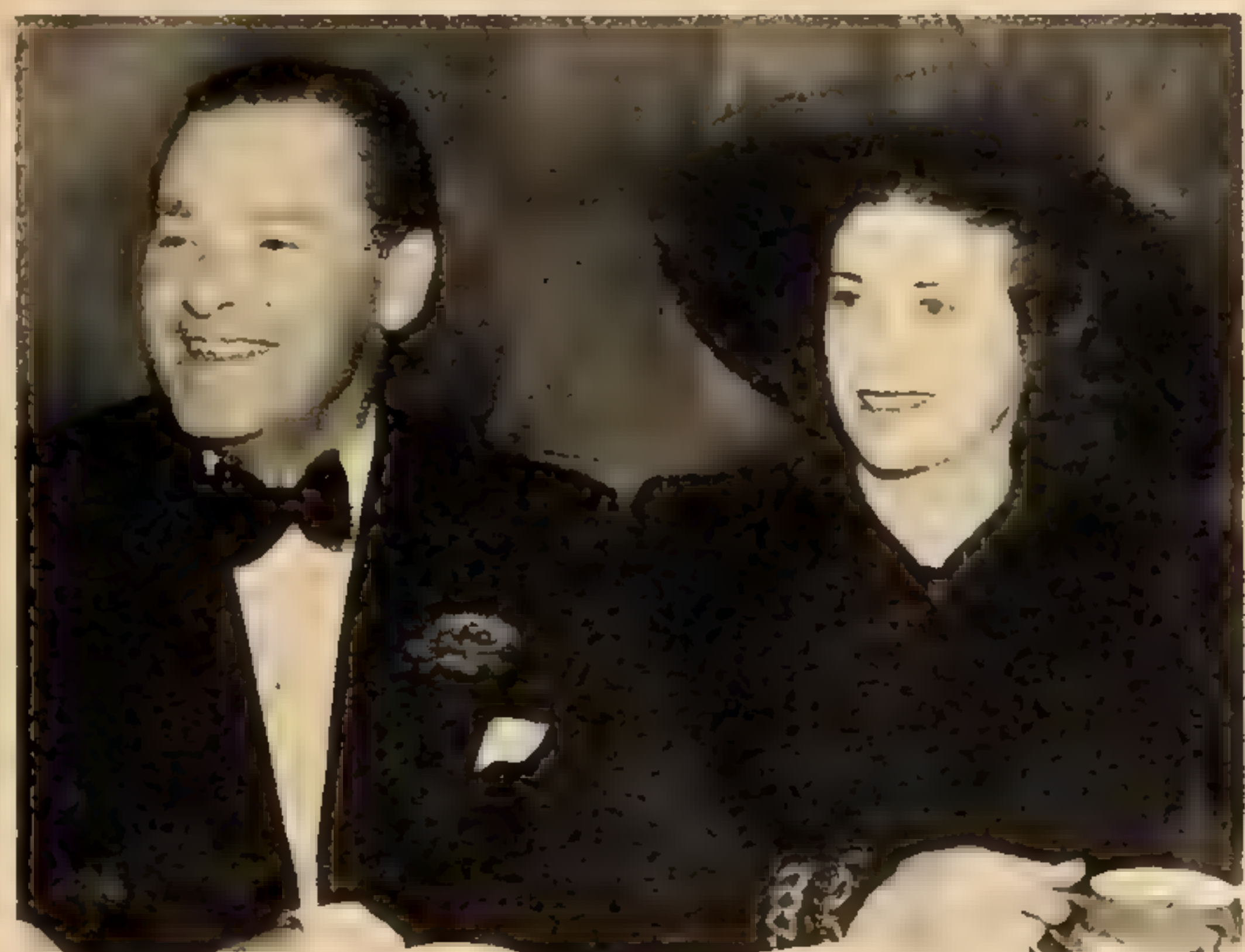
Betty Furness is visiting Hollywood, but not unchaperoned! Her baby girl okayed this date, for Cesar Romero's a pal of Daddy, Johnny Green.



Oh for a meal ticket like Gail Patrick's husband, Bob Cobb, who's manager of the Brown Derby! Steak seven nights a week, and nary a dish to wash!



Rog Pryor takes Wife Ann Sothorn to see herself in the movies. Ann, who's now making 20 times her original salary, adores her husky screen voice.



If appearances mean a thing, the honeymoon's far from over for this pair. Bart Marshall's his gay self again since he married Lee Russell.



Ann Rutherford does he-loves-me-he-loves-me-not at a party at the Roach mansion, while the John Hubbards and Rand Brooks look on, agog.



Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, who have one foot at the altar, arrive at a preview early to get the choicest seats—two in the very last row!



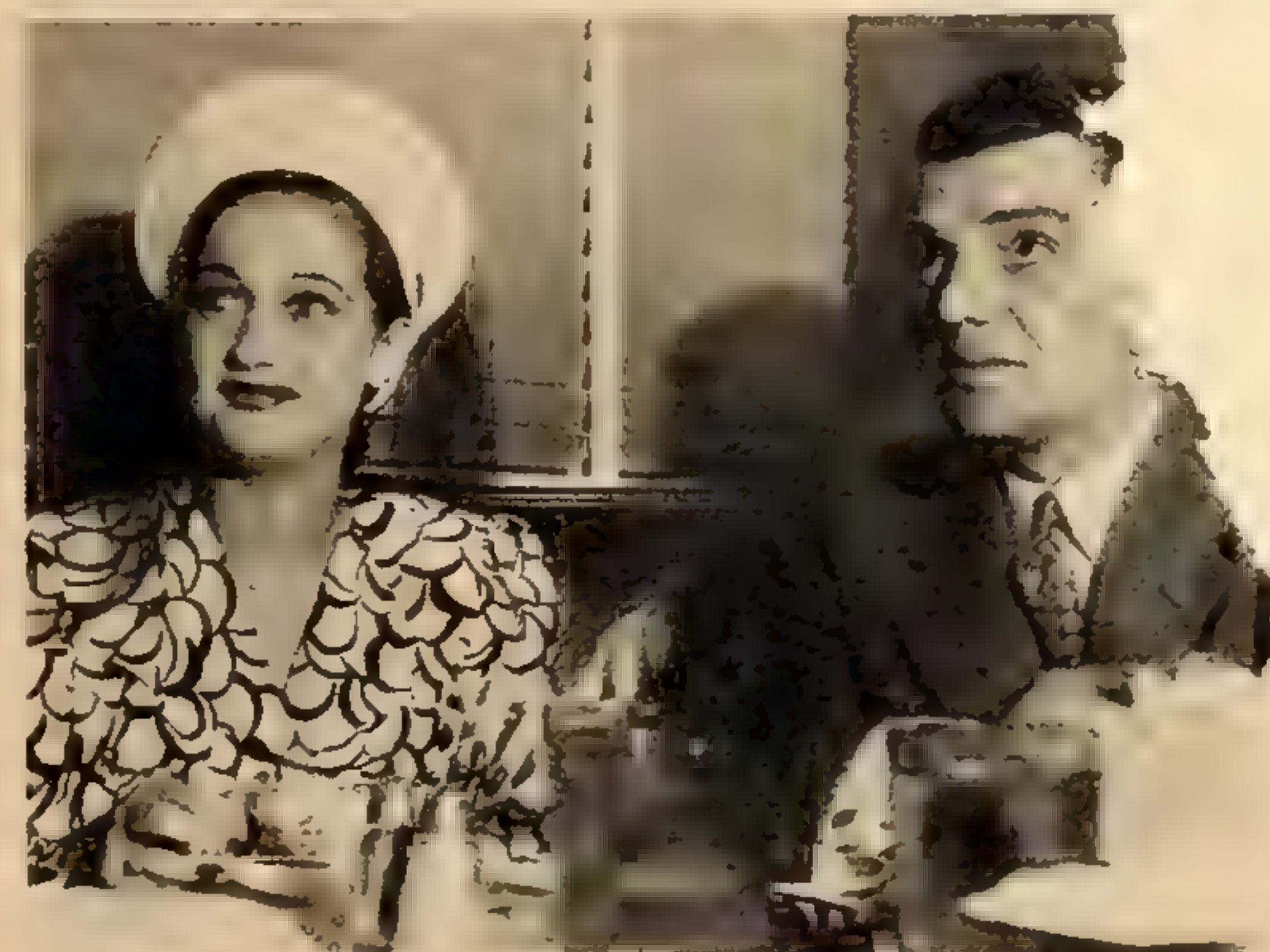
Recently-divorced Liz Wiener and rumored-divorced Randy Scott have been doing the town. Liz will play part in "When the Daltons R..."



They're not in love, they insist, but Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville have more fun than anybody on their weekly movies-and-snack dates.



This is really a scoop picture, so seldom do Rita Hayworth and Ed Judson sit one out. Daughter of a famous dancer, Rita's a wicked Conga-er!



Dottie Lamour and Greg Bautzer, both of whom were done wrong by Cupid, forget it all with steak and onions at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.



Gay divorcée, Carole Landis, who made "Turnabout" more than a fair (photo)play, shows her playboy husband, Bill Hunt, a trick or two.

IN THE old days of grim daguerreotypes, self-conscious actors stood slightly petrified with a limp hand on a prop vase and a vacuous Oh-I-see-the-birdie stare. Today, your favorite stars, veterans of countless clicking shutters, don't get a chance to pose. The candid camera is too fast. But never so fast that the stars don't find time, that split second before becoming shadows on negatives, to indulge in a pet photo phobia, a protective gesture or a physical doodle.

To give you an idea . . . when they get the flash bulbs in their eyes . . . Alice Faye remembers that mole on the right side of her face and turns the other cheek . . . Loretta Young ducks her cigarette (it's a scoop to catch her with one in hand). And, if she has time, she yanks off her teeth braces or closes her mouth . . . Errol Flynn attempts an ingratiating smile, but always winds up smirking . . . Marlene Dietrich, who never dates one man at a time, tries to get all her escorts into her pictures, afraid one will be slighted . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Gracie Allen will casually lift their jewel-bedecked arms and get them directly in line of the lens . . . Bing Crosby, caught without his toupée, hastily covers his receding forehead with his hand.

Ray Milland, who wears horn-rimmed glasses almost constantly, quickly removes them before the cameramen have a chance to say, "Look this way, please" . . . When the bulbs start popping near Olivia de Havilland, she makes a hurried move to get her cocktail glass out of focus . . . The same goes for Laurence Olivier, Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr, but W. C. Fields wants to be shot surrounded by bottles . . . Since Bob Taylor's grown his lip adornment, he pats it self-consciously whenever a camera is in sight . . . Ann Sothern, who prefers revealing formals, clutches the front of her dress every time a photographer looks her way . . . Mischa Auer likes to clown in his stocking feet but doesn't like to face the birdie without his shoes . . . Mrs. George Murphy sees to it that George's tie is properly arranged before she'll let him pose . . . Joan Fontaine does her best to make Brian Aherne smile and look his prettiest before being snapped.

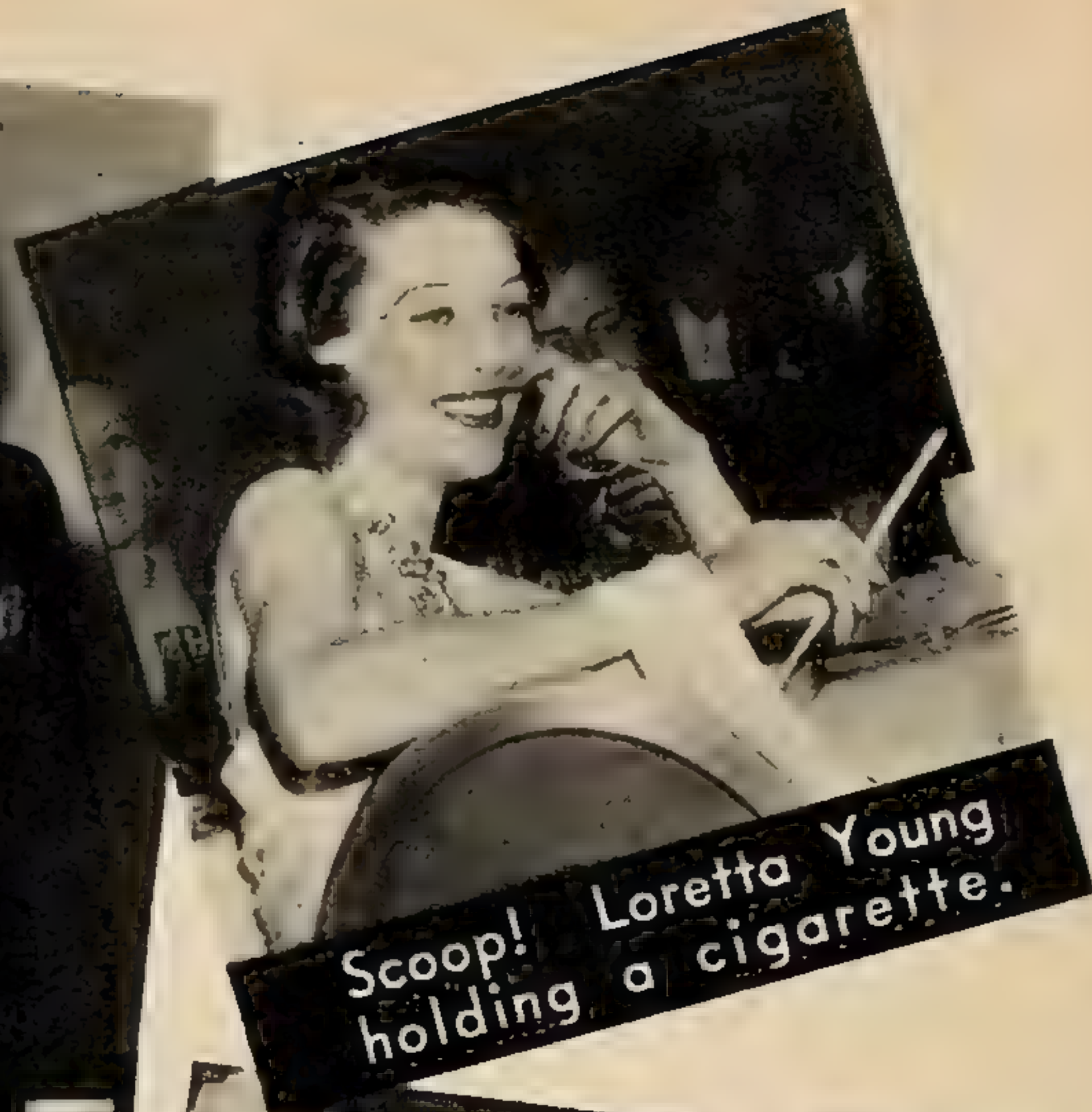
James Cagney is a habitual thumb-sucker and Henry Fonda and Gary Cooper are notorious teeth-pickers, but they all become dignified at the drop of a shutter. It's often their better halves who give them the warning . . . Norma Shearer nervously pats a powder puff on her nose when she sees the little black box start her way . . . Margaret Sullavan, who likes to punish a wad of gum and then bubble and snap it, always tries swallow same . . . And the reason Deanna Durbin smiles out of her photos is not because of chronic indigestion, but because smiling makes her small appear even smaller.

But the oldest and perhaps the most interesting phobia was that of the late Douglas Fairbank in a group picture, always stood at the right so newspaper captions his name would be first familiar, "Reading from left to right. . ."

**We'd have no illusion
stars weren't fast thinkers!**



Bing Crosby, caught sans toupée, turns shy.



Scoop! Loretta Young holding a cigarette.



Norma Shearer spies our "photog."



Mrs. Cagney warns Jimmie of "the birdie's" sudden presence.



George Murphy begs for a moment's grace



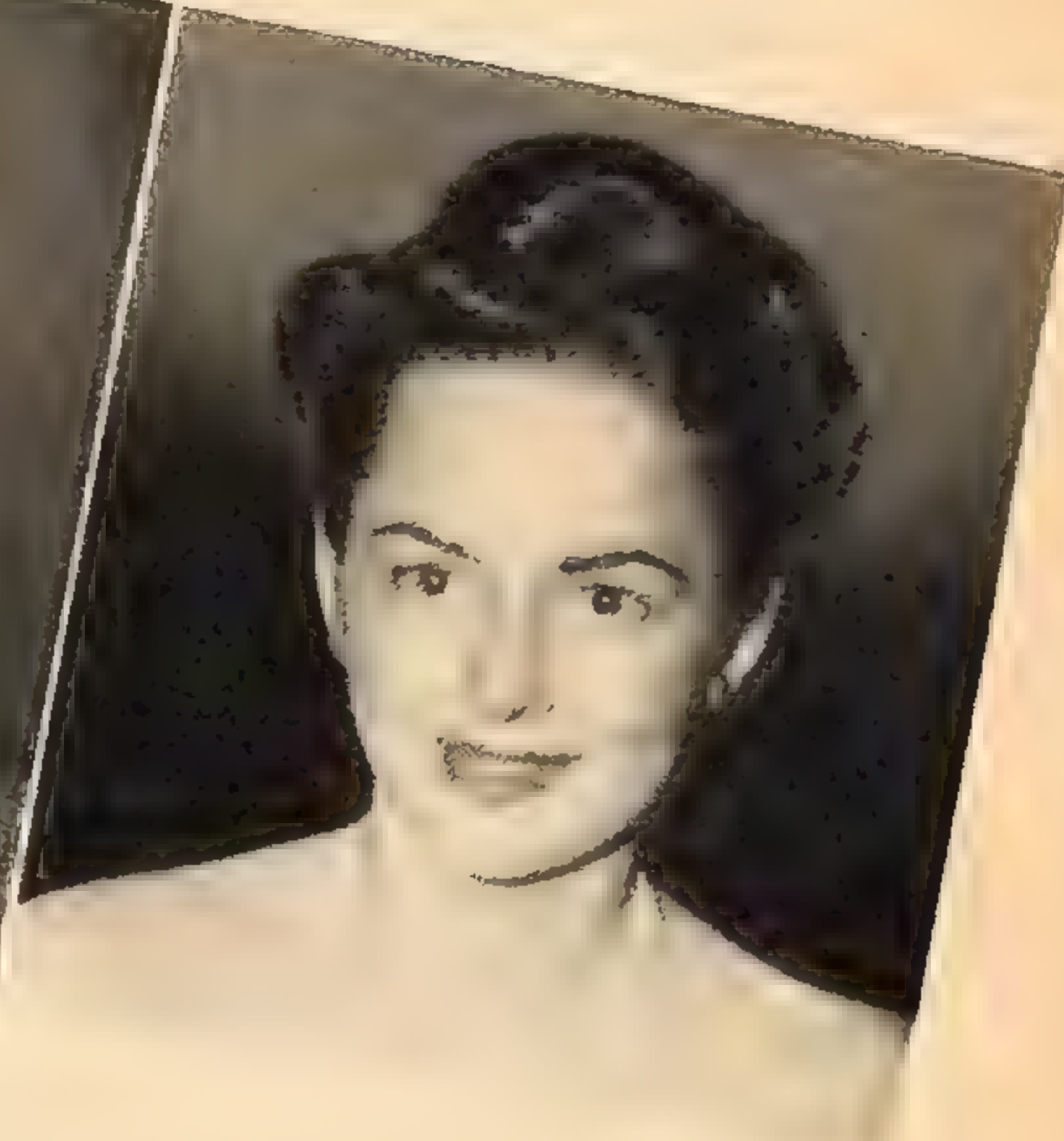
Ray Milland believes that glamour and glasses don't mix!

PHOTO PHOBIAS

ERROL FLYNN PAULETTE GODDARD GEORGE GOODGE NEWS RAFT



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
BILL BOYD
JOAN CRAWFORD



What's better than a party-line in Hollywood? Why, listening in on our new reporter, Sylvia Kahn!

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK

Joan Crawford's adoption of an infant daughter was a powerful blow to the stagline. While the boys have no violent objections to Baby Christina, they do feel they'd rather join Joan in a rhumba than a lullaby. The idea of increasing her family was suggested to Joan several years ago by Miriam Hopkins' adoption of her son, Michael, and since motherhood never scared men away from Miriam, we're sure that Joan isn't headed down the lane of forgotten faces, either. Of course, it's no cinch visualizing Cesar Romero rocking a cradle and Reggie Gardiner pinning a tricorn, but perhaps, when the first shock has worn off, both may be willing to desert the supper clubs and theatres for the talcum-scented nursery—and Joan.

THE BEAUTY CORNER

A visit to one of the plushier beauty salons on the Sunset Strip left us a bit flabbergasted and disillusioned, but it did prove that even a mere man can be a thing of beauty. What we saw there was certainly Hollywood

Phenomenon No. 1, for what else would you call the vision of Bill Boyd (Hopalong Cassidy to his fans) seated in a gadget-lined booth, all wound up in a permanent wave machine! We blushed for him, but learned that we did so unnecessarily. Seems that Bill's thinning hair can be made to look twice as luxurious if it's done up à la Shirley Temple, and though he used to have the decency to sneak in a rear door, crawl into a secluded booth and barricade the door, that shyness has long departed. He now marches boldly through the front entrance, plunks down in an exposed cubbyhole, and like the rest of the girls, chats over the partition top with John Barrymore, another cutie who submits to the lotions, curlers and dryers once every three months.

HOW TO HOLD A MAN

Even if Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland have risked the Great Plunge by the time you read this, it is certain that at the present writing the Stewart heartbeats are not all for lovely Livvie. Since "No Time For Comedy" started rolling, Jimmy's been

whispering off-screen pleasantries into Roz Russell's ears, and on Sundays has left both girls flat in favor of his greatest love—his canary-yellow Stinson plane. That Jimmy is head man in Olivia's world, there isn't a bit of doubt. She's proved it time and again, and most recently when she visited the set of Brian Aherne's "It Happened In Paris." In that opus Brian wears John L. Lewis eyebrows, a walrus mustache and a business man's paunch. At the sight of them, Olivia howled and then asked if she couldn't have the get-up when the picture was completed. "For Jimmy," she said. "I think they'd do something for him." We know what that "something" is, Miss Livvie. They'd make Mr. Stewart less attractive to other women!

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

From the inside we learn that George Raft and Norma Shearer are at the hair-pulling stage. Sweet romance has apparently flown through the window, and they now date on Saturday nights only, figuring there's no point in having seven small fights a week when one big one can be just as awful.

GOOD NEWS

On-the-lot teacher, Gladys Hoene, shows Gloria Jean, her sister Lois and their small classmate how to make scale models of the California missions and pueblos they've been visiting during the past few weeks.



That pocket-edition Galli-Curci, little

CONSIDERATE MR. FLYNN

Though Errol Flynn and wife, Lili, are always off in opposite directions, Errol never travels alone. On his boating trips, especially, he has two constant companions, one, his best friend, Johnny Meyer, the other, his Schnauzer dog, Arno. Being both kind-hearted and thoughtful, Mr. Flynn has devised the following methods for keeping the pair happy. For 31-year-old Johnny, there's an introduction as his wealthy father so that girls won't give him the go-by in favor of the handsome Errol, and for Arno there are three imitation trees on the deck of the beautiful yacht, Sirocco!

FUGITIVE FROM INJUSTICE

Paulette Goddard's father had no difficulty slapping a suit for non-support on his attractive daughter, but getting her into court is another matter. For two months a process server has been pursuing her, but Paulette, fleet as Garbo, has successfully eluded him and his unwelcome summons. He thought he had her one night when a friend tipped him off that she was going to attend a local preview and a supper party at Ciro's. Choking in his full dress clothes, he planted himself in the theatre lobby—but no Paulette. Deciding he'd missed her, he moved on to the night spot and sat there long enough to be stuck with the cover charge—but still no Paulette. Finally, sleepy and mad, he dragged himself home only to discover the next morning that his beautiful quarry had pulled out of town two days earlier for an extended Mexican vacation!

SEQUEL

When Paulette returned from Mexico, the law was still at her heels. This time the process server was a man new to his job—so new in fact that he didn't even recognize Paulette. Spotting Dolores Del Rio entering the Chaplin house one day, he handed her the summons. Dolores didn't want the hateful thing so she graciously invited the man in and

went to call her hostess. After five minutes of lonesome waiting, the servant of the law heard footsteps approaching. Expecting to see Paulette, he wheeled eagerly toward the door—but shriveled almost to nothing when he faced the irate Mr. Chaplin, flanked by a pair of fire-breathing, strong-arm men! Three seconds later he was seen picking himself out of a flower bed, dusting off the seat of his blue serge and stumbling through the front gate, vows of revenge spilling from his lips—and the yet-unserved summons still locked in his hand.

ATTENTION: ROBERT TAYLOR

Oscar Levant's recent trip to Hollywood reminds us that he was once expected to marry Barbara Stanwyck! The rumor started away back when, prior to her marriage to Frank Fay, Barbara began to be seen everywhere with the funny-faced pianist. Columnists linked their names and "know-it-alls" forecast their wedding. But the story behind the news was this: Barbara loved Fay but couldn't keep track of him. Oscar was Frank's closest friend and always knew where to find him. So Barbara tagged Oscar, Oscar tagged Fay, and everyone was happy.

PUBLICITY IN REVERSE

This corner was set aside for news about Ronald Colman. We have this to report: Mr. Colman pays a press agent a handsome piece of change to see to it that corners like this one contain no news about Ronald Colman.

INTERNAL TRIANGLE

Priscilla Lane's divorce from Oren Haglund was a surprise to a town which didn't even know she was married. Oren and Priscilla eloped to Las Vegas a year ago and, being fast-moving folk, decided after a single day of wedded life that it was wonderful—for other people. The topper to the story is that Oren is rejoicing in his freedom by going in hot pursuit of Pat's older sister, Lola!

GLORIA JEAN-IUS

Having buttoned an acting career securely under her belt, Gloria Jean is now cutting in on the realm of Frank Lloyd Wright, Michelangelo and Pablo Picasso. Under the supervision of Gladys Hoene, her on-the-lot teacher, Gloria, her sister Lois, and two of her classmates, Butch and Buddy, are touring ancient California missions, and out of wood and cardboard are creating scale models of each after their visits. Another of their projects is the building of miniature pueblos, the clay forerunners of modern apartment houses which were once the homes of the Indians who now live in Hollywood and supply the background for DeMille epics. Los Angeles school officials saw Gloria's work not long ago and invited her to exhibit it in the local Chamber of Commerce building. She's hopping with excitement over this for, once her models are set up for all the world to see, she can be classed with the most arty artists of our day—and with that great surrealist painter, Miss Gracie Allen.

OLD MAID DURBIN

All chatter about Deanna Durbin's plans for her romantic future must lead off with a giant question mark. The young lady appears ripe and ready for marriage and has a willing and able fiancé, but whisperers about the studio say that connubial bliss for Deanna is still a thing of the distant future. In fact, only the other day one of her bosom buddies was caught flashing a \$10 check which he had collected on a year-old bet that Deanna would be unwed come this summertime. He says he'll wager one hundred times that amount that next year will still find her single—but he won't see a cent of our dough!

EPISODE

Because of the nature of the story, we can't divulge the hero's name. We can say only that he is one of the biggest stars in Holly-



twelve-year-old Gloria Jean, is now developing artistic tendencies, too!

wood, that he is young, dark-eyed, attractive—and married. The other day his wife came down to the set to visit him. Since their wedded life has long been a turbulent one, it was just a matter of minutes before they were engaged in a noisy row. She stood at one end of the set, he stood at the other and between them flew angry accusations and retorts. Finally, goaded beyond endurance, the handsome star gave out with a wild shriek. Then he committed the amazing deed he has rued ever since. Blinded by fury and unmindful of the thunderstruck cast and crew, he plunged his fingers into his open mouth, ripped out his false teeth and sent them skimming across the room where they landed at the feet of his loudly-laughing spouse!

WE, TOO, HAVE OUR TROUBLES DEPT.

Cary Grant is a nice fellow. He seldom gripes and always laughs off inconveniences. But one thing makes him sore. That's having strangers stare at him when he eats in a public place. Fumes he, "What goes on between a man and his knife and fork should be his own business. I get so mad I could roar when people fix their eyes on me and watch my Adam's apple bounce with every gulp." . . . And from Ray Milland: "I love my home but sightseers have nearly frightened me off the place! I've had to build a 14-foot barbed wire fence around all sixty of my acres in order to keep my privacy in and my picture fans out!"

DOTTY SHAKES 'EM OFF

This has been a veritable moulting season for Dorothy Lamour. First she gave Bob Preston the brush-off, and now her forty-inch raven tresses have gone under the knife. Battling Lamour had a year-long tussle with her studio bosses before they'd let her climb into the barber's chair. They felt that her hair, together with that certain garment, was what made customers shell out. But according to Connoisseur Greg Bautzer, Dotty's

shearing has stripped her of none of her allure. Greg has recently taken her to Ciro's, the Brown Derby and Lamaze's—and boasts that the boys at the next table still whistle and wink when she slithers by.

JUDY AND THE GENTS

Judy Garland has her boy friends sorted out like Grade A and Grade B eggs. In the week-day basket sits Mr. Mick Rooney who, from Monday to Friday, may beau her to the corner drugstore, a neighborhood movie or a local bowling alley, provided he quits her doorstep by ten. On Saturdays, though, Mickey's expected to bow out. That's Judy's night for her "special" date—and he just ain't it. Satisfied that even as great a lover as he must sometimes make way for a better man, Mickey gallantly yields his lady to Robert Stack—and bounces up smiling the following Monday, ready to continue his washday-to-fishday romance.

LANA OVERWORKED? P-SHAW!

News reports claim that Lana Turner's recent session with a hospital bed was caused by overwork. But the news behind the news has it that Artie Shaw was the man who wrote the ticket. Biggest Question of the Month: Was Lana's "overwork" just a synonym for tongue-lashings administered by Husband Shaw because she wandered in with the dawn one time too many?

SOLDIER BOB

Bob Montgomery's entrance into the war as an ambulance driver drew forth varied and interesting reactions about town. His studio naturally felt he was too valuable a piece of property to be shot at. His wife, back on these shores, was worried and unhappy, and his friends, quipsters to the last, were overheard dropping the following jewels of wit. Said one: "Bob's going to get an awful shock when 5 o'clock rolls around and he yells 'Cut!' and the war goes right on!" Volunteered another: "Someone ought to warn the

British and French about his driving. He hasn't a single friend who'll get into a car when he's at the wheel!" And from a third came the question: "Why doesn't Montgomery return to Hollywood, earn his \$4,000 a week and send \$3,000 to the Allies for medical aid if he really wants to be helpful?" Came the answer: "Bob would rather die than give up a week's salary!"

CLOSED SHOP FOR '40

Take it from us—for the next six months you can pish-tush all items linking Martha Scott with any "Mr.-So-and-Sos." Martha admits she believes in one engagement a year, but says she had hers for 1940 when Perc Westmore was the lucky—or unlucky—man. Line forms on the right for '41!

CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Constance Bennett is the best poker player in Hollywood and even tobacco-chewing, card-wise strong men tremble when she cuts the deck. Her talent is the result of countless years of indulgence, and Connie isn't wasting it. We just learned that the other evening she invited Darryl Zanuck, Elsa Maxwell and a few other cronies to her home for a quick game, and the party didn't break up for 32 hours! From Friday evening to Sunday morning the group played on, stopping only for a snack—and Connie took them over the hurdles all the way!

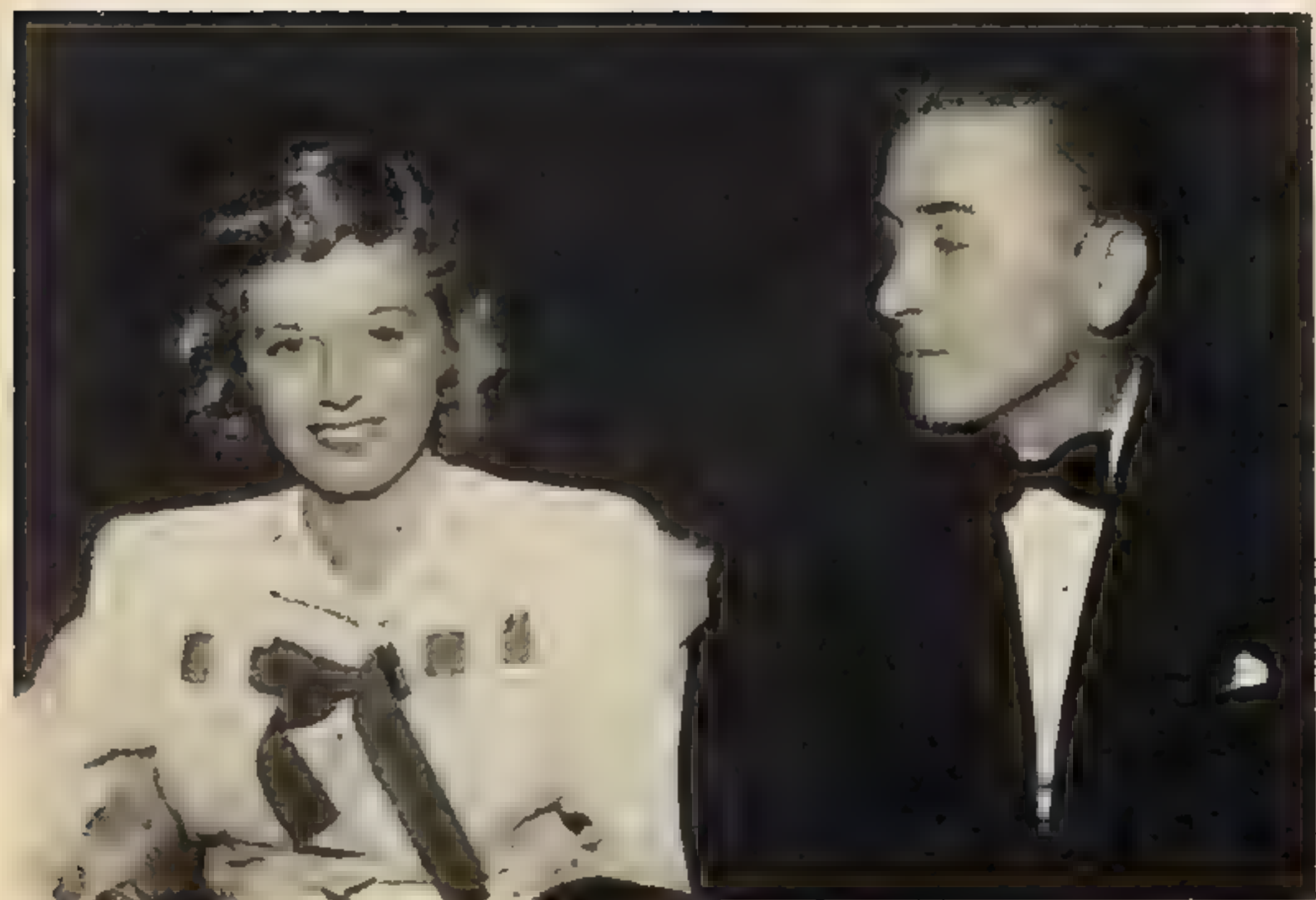
WRONG NUMBER

It happened at Ciro's. A semi-soused movie favorite, noted for his caper-cutting while in "a state," called for a phone and dialed B-R-O-T-H-E-R. It was only a gag, but he rolled off his seat when a man's voice answered with "Earl Carroll's residence. Who's calling, please?"

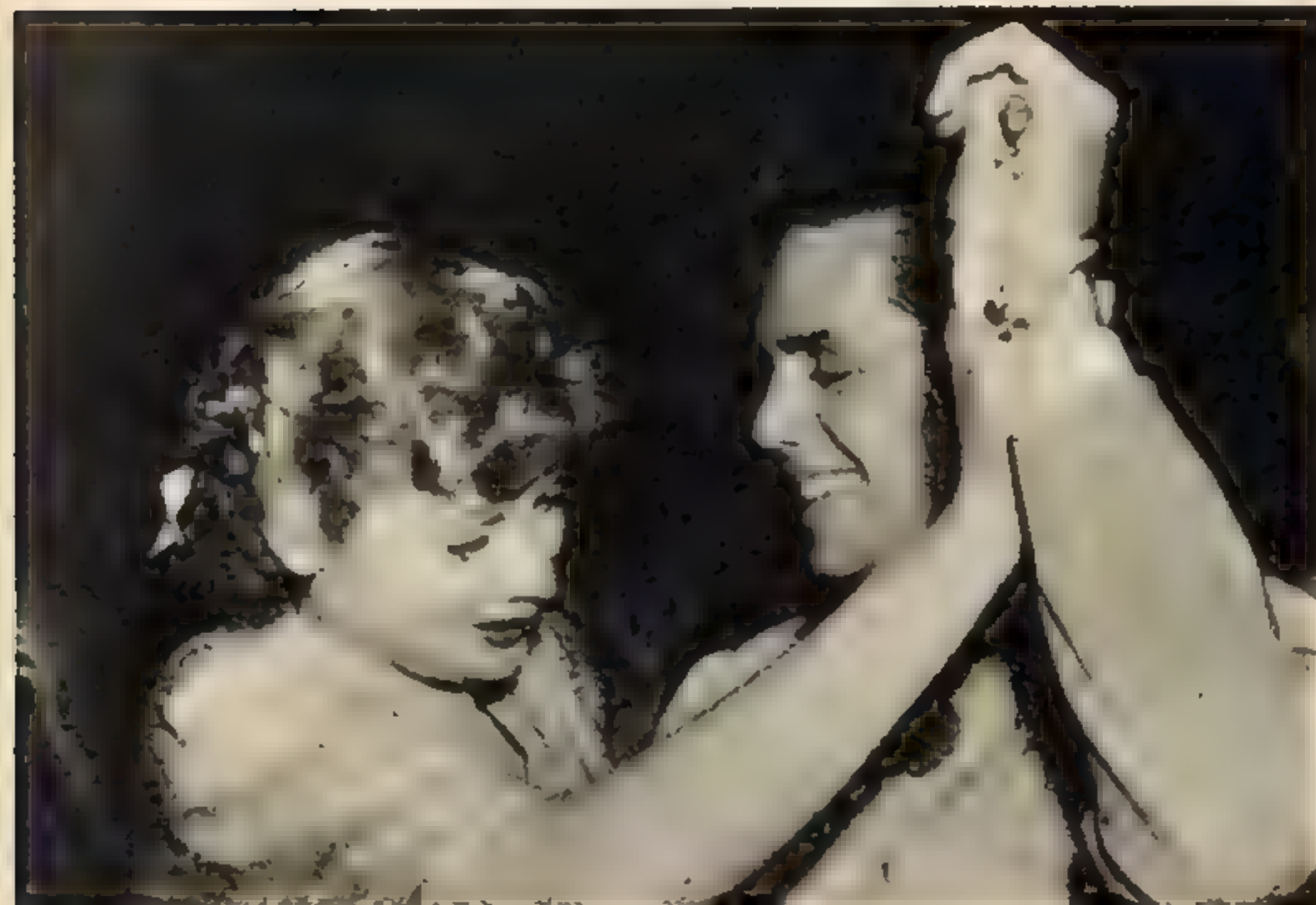
HOLLYWOOD BOOKWORMS

Do they actually *read* books? Listen: Barbara Stanwyck buys a fabulous amount

GOOD NEWS



To Hubby Leland Hayward's disgust, Peg Sullavan shooed off none of the cameramen.



No longer a one-man woman, Lucille Ball steps out with a handsome Cuban, Desni Arnaz.



Takes Joan Valerie to lure Ed Bergen away from his motorcycle. Must be love!

of books when she isn't working at the studio. She is frequently seen emerging from her favorite Beverly Hills library staggering under the weight of thirty volumes, the number she'll gather at a single clip and will stay up half the night reading. We wonder what Mr. Taylor does while his wife's buried in the printed

page . . . Connie Bennett's been known to lay cash on the line for as many as fifty books at a time . . . Hollywood's business glamour girl, Marlene Dietrich, does an amazing amount of reading for one who dates so constantly. She prefers delving into translations of foreign books but is also a great admirer of down-to-earth American novels . . . Herbert Marshall and Nigel Bruce are two of this country's most ardent admirers and heartily dislike anyone who uses the written word to take a crack at the U.S.A. However, there's still some tea and crumpets left in their blood, because there's nothing they like better than a rousing book about the British Empire . . . Now we know what Greta Garbo does when she isn't dodging magazine and news photographers or drinking spinach under the watchful eye of Dr. Hauser. She keeps in touch with her former homeland by reading every book that deals with Sweden . . . Gracie Allen, who won't be our next president, buys countless juvenile books. No one has yet determined whether she buys them for herself, her children or George . . . Gary Cooper devours the bloodiness and realism of Ernest Hemingway and arm-chair travels with the latest in adventure books, too. But if you ever want to send him a book we advise that you select only the best, because Gary reads all reviews of the newest literature with an eagle eye . . . Should you ever see Ronald Colman's enormous library of sports stories, you may be certain that he didn't stock it himself. Ronnie acquired his collection by subtly hinting his reading preferences to friends and now has the finest aggregation of he-man tomes in all Hollywood . . . Cary Grant, on the other hand, sees to it that his pals receive all the best-sellers as gifts . . . Errol Flynn equips himself with piles of political books when he sets out on a Sirocco cruise. When his own novel, "Beam's End," was published, he sent autographed copies to his friends in England, almost buying out the edition to do so. On the flyleaf he wrote, "Of course, it's all boloney, but it was fun writing anyway!"

ON THE POLITICAL FRONT

Word has come to us from Gracie Allen, the Surprise Party's Presidential candidate, that she has completed reading the proof on her literary masterpiece, "How to Become President," which is to be published shortly. Says Candidate Gracie: "Those proofs proved something to me. They proved I can really write. Why, all by myself I removed two semicolons, nine commas and an exclamation point—and requested another advance from my publisher!"

MUSIC HATH (NO) CHARMS

Greta Garbo's neighbors refer to her as the "Scandinavian Bullfrog." The appellation was pinned on Greta when she began to take singing lessons. The miserable folks

next door claim that, while trying to become another Swedish nightingale, she's beginning to sound more and more like a basso profundo and now it's they who want to be alone!

SHORT SHOTS

Gene Raymond's hair was darkened daily for his role in "Cross Country Romance" by having it rubbed for two complete hours with a brown eyebrow pencil . . . Rita Hayworth has the air-conditioning system in her car filled with perfume . . . The off-screen scuffling of Ann Sheridan and Ida Lupino who both appear in "They Drive By Night" had the studio plenty upset . . . Claudette Colbert has shelled nuts in every room of her home . . . A fuzz will adorn the fizz of Gary Cooper in "The Life of John Doe" or, in plainer language, Gary will wear a mustache in the new Frank Capra production . . . Dolores Del Rio has no electric lights in her living or dining rooms. The two rooms are illuminated by forty-four candles . . . J. Carroll Naish and William Holden used to sing in a choir . . . Stand-ins have adopted a new resolution declaring that they are henceforth to be known as "assistant stars" . . . Jeanette MacDonald has taken ninety-six allergy tests to date to discover why she has a perpetual case of "sniffles" . . . And, lending a whimsical note to these trying times, is the news that Orson Welles has engaged a secretary in New York to clip comic strips out of the local papers and mail them to him every day.

NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING GAINED

Whenever a Hollywood cameraman gets an order for candid shots of Garbo, he groans and wonders just how he is going to accomplish the impossible. For every last man of them knows that it's about as easy as finding a needle in a haystack and requires more strategy than lies within the ken of a dozen military leaders. Fact of the matter is, cameramen in Movietown have gotten together and decided to try entirely different tactics from now on. Instead of frantically trying to get pictures of the elusive star, the next time she makes one of her infrequent public appearances, they plan to line up, lay down their cameras, fold their arms and say in unison: "Hello, Miss Garbo." They figure the surprise "attack" may turn the trick!

DIDJA KNOW

That Arthur "Dagwood" Lake's sailing boat is the largest in the movie colony, with the exception of Errol Flynn's much-publicized "Sirocco" . . . That Bing Crosby can't reach the high notes in the middle of the "Star Spangled Banner" . . . That Jackie Cooper may soon ask his fans to help him choose a new name better suited to character parts . . . That Charlie Ruggles now furnishes his guests with his latest invention, a doughnut dunking clamp . . . That Guy Kibbee's foot is so small he buys his shoes in boys' departments . . . That in Hollywood it's illegal to bathe two children in the same bathtub at the same time, and to shoot rabbits from a street car platform . . . That not very long ago every other picture had the word "love" in its title and now the word is taboo at all studios? (Cont'd on page 89.)

Fashions for Young Budgeteers

... WHO ARE GOING

PLACES





Fabric

SETS THE STAGE . . .

That's almost the biggest news in the whole fashion picture. The only thing that is bigger is the announcement of the New Fashion Section which starts with this issue of MODERN SCREEN. This New Section belongs to YOU, and every effort will always be made to make it really valuable to you. In this issue and in every one to follow, the pages will be filled to the brim with last-minute news and latest fashion scoops.

We want to keep it young. We want everything we choose to be practical and penny-wise as well as pretty. We want you to know when

you look through these pages that Your Fashion Editor was thinking of you every minute she was combing the market. Her okay will go only on those clothes, accessories and fabrics that she knows are topnotch, hard-to-find values worthy of your approval. Now, back to the very beginning!

Fabric sets the stage with real Curtain-Call Clothes!

Style Scene...

LET'S TALK ABOUT COLOR—First there is black, that go-anywhere-at-any-time choice which is right but not rampant for fall. Keep it forward in your mind, however, as a smart fashion slant on how to make one dress do the job of many by the quick change of accessories. For colors that are young and glamorous and, by the way, will continue to be so way past turkey-time, MODERN SCREEN forecasts: Greens . . . blue-green for blondes, gray-green for titians, yellow-green for brunettes. There is truly a new-looking 1940 green for every age, every type! Browns . . . from heart-warming beaver brown to rich-as-gravy rust. Blues, gone military . . . grayish cadet blue, medium soldier blue, navy and union blue. For sophistication choose gray . . . for gaiety and accent choose red.

ABOUT SILHOUETTE—The slim silhouette is the smart surprise on the fall fashion horizon. Our sport clothes may still have width, but the flares should be less flarey, the pleats more pressed and the fullness more concentrated. Where fullness appears, it is drawn to the front or draped at the side. As for daytime and evening, in dresses and coats you will want to have that "straight-up-and-down look." Necklines are high with more attention to collars; shoulders are less padded, appearing narrower. Yokes are prominent . . . the bloused back important. The waistline is defined, slightly lower; hips are smooth and skirts, remaining short, are moving toward slimness. The fall shirtwaist dress and the casual two-piece are going to be fashion pets.

CURTAIN-CALL CORDUROY (far left) a gem of

a four-pocket dress that ideally adapts itself to any and every occasion and for any and every

hour. Its flat back, full front and trick self belt have all the earmarks of a dress that's bound for compliments and applause, for sizes 9-17. \$14.95.

B. Altman and Co., New York.

CURTAIN-CALL FLANNEL (right) a Pacific weave

that bears a tag that bares the facts on wear and care and facts that help you spend wisely. For all the sauciness of its soft kid belt, it has the asset of looking competent. \$10.95. Sizes 10-20. Russeks, New York.

GOING-PLACES SUIT (Page 53) and per-

fectly suited for the task! A regiment of buttons and a quartet of pockets smartly accent fine tailoring. The suit comes in a monotone herringbone and in a black, dressy fabric. \$17.75. Sizes 10-20.

Oppenheim Collins, New York. For other stores

carrying these fashions see page 62.



ABOUT FABRICS—Since the slick and slim silhouette needs smooth and plain weaves . . . presto . . . smooth and plain weaves become news. New fabrics are simple, casual and classic but, more important, they create a lot of flattery for the figure. Being simple, they show up our fine yarns and fine weaving. They seem luxurious and very American. Remember smooth, napped and soft types. There are examples to fit every pocketbook, in silk, rayon, cotton and wool. For instance, there is wool flannel, cotton flannel, spun rayon flannel . . . silk jersey, wool jersey, rayon jersey. All yarns adapt themselves to our new fabrics and all yarns are employed. Other fashion favorites for the first slim clothes are velveteens and corduroys, serges and gabardines, mossy and soft-ribbed crêpes.

ABOUT ACCESSORIES—Smart-up your new clothes . . . pep-up your old clothes . . . fool everyone into believing you have twice as many and paid twice as much. You can have fun with this year's gay accessories. Hats are younger, because they cover the back of the head. Cute extra collars on dresses make you look like ingénue stars. Belts, smartest narrow, help you look slim. Bags are getting longer and narrower. Jewelry is either metal in two or three tones or grand stylized floral designs that are sweet and feminine, in enamel and stones. Shoes, thank fortune, are saner and not tricky . . . many are of elasticized leathers and are cut higher. Wedges continue. New gloves come in felt hat colors . . . Match them. Hankies are gay and bordered.

AUTUMN STARS ...

COMBINE TO CREATE A COMPLETE WARDROBE

1. Actually a fall, winter, spring coat! Harris type tweed with quilted taffeta interlining that zips out. Sizes 10-20. \$22.50. Oppenheim Collins, New York.

2. Gold kid baby shoe buttons decorate a tucked baby bib bosom on this Celanese rayon mossy crêpe dress. Sizes 10-20. \$10.95. Saks at 34th St., New York.

3. Collegienne slip-on \$1.95, matching shetland cardigan \$2.95. Sizes 11-17 and 32-40. Match or contrast the wool skirt, \$2.95. John Wanamaker, New York.

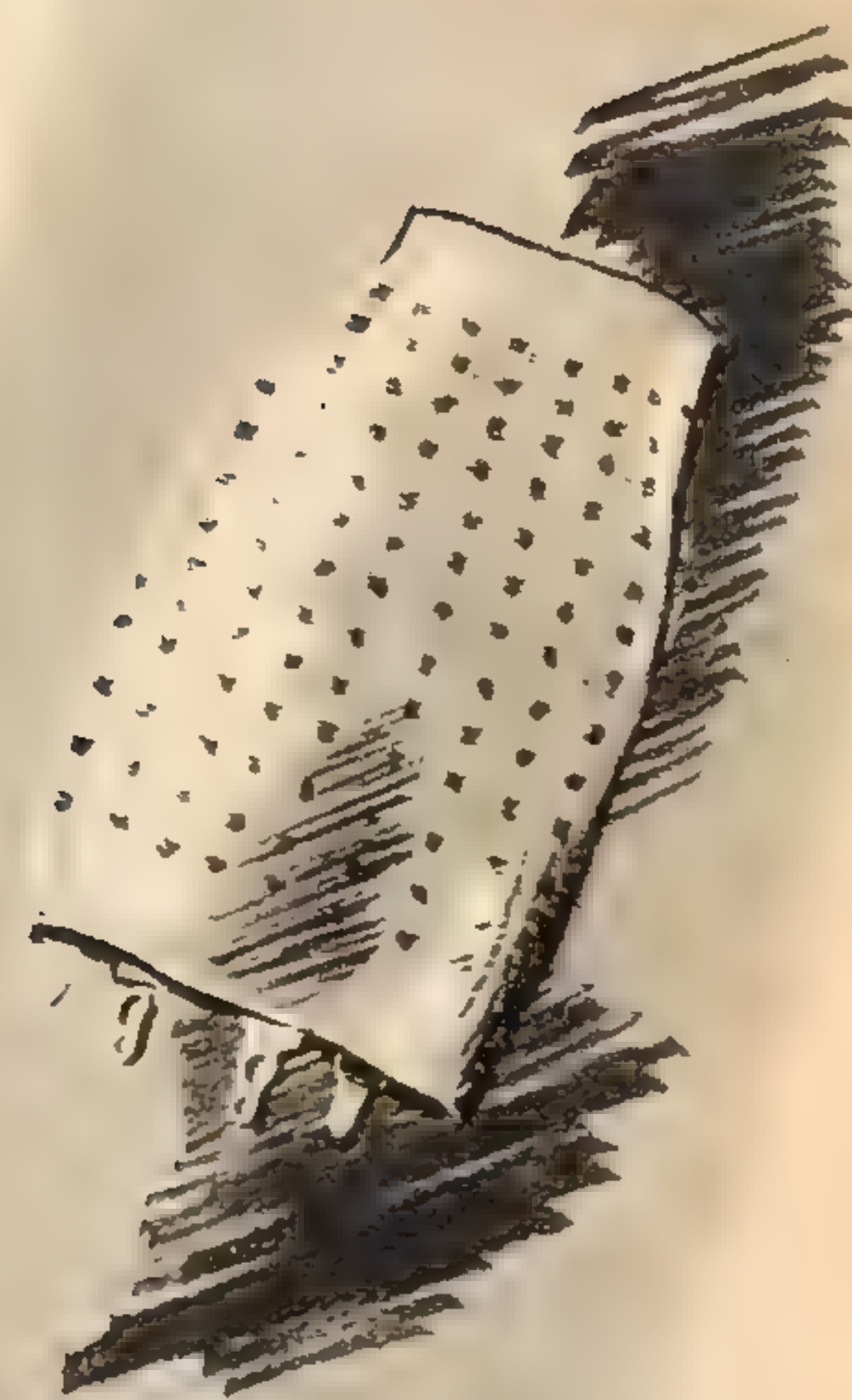
4. Velveteen skirt, checked wool top jacket dress (that can do double duty as a suit by adding an extra blouse). Sizes 10-20. \$10.95. Franklin Simon, New York.



CLOSE-UP

UNMENTIONABLES? ANYTHING BUT! YOU'LL SHOUT THEIR PRAISE

1. Polka dots, blue ones on pink in a raschel weave two-way stretch girdle with curved seams. \$1. Sizes 11-15. James McCreery, New York. **2.** Daintiest of dainties, an adorable nightie in printed rayon crêpe plus matching full-length negligee. \$3.95. Sizes 32-40. Oppenheim Collins, New York. **3.** "Straighter" slip with bias bodice and straight skirt that will not ride up; rip-resisting side seams sewed with the new resilient nylon thread. \$2. Sizes 32-40. Oppenheim Collins, New York. **4.** As a dress-up slip choose this youth-mode cut in Corticelli rayon Crêpe Seance; lace bottom with ribbon beading. \$2. Sizes 32-44. Gimbel Brothers, New York. **5.** Snuggle pup bedjacket, in brushed rayon, the kind that seems woolly and feminine and cosy. \$2. Small, medium, large. Lord & Taylor, New York. **6.** To lounge, to primp, to sleep! A many-duty pajama with butcher boy jacket trimmed with multicolored Swiss embroidery. \$2.98. Gimbel Brothers, New York. **7.** A quilted robe by Kamore. Printed rayon satin to make you feel very grand. Lined throughout. \$6.95. Sizes 14-42. Arnold Constable, New York.



1



2



3



4



5



PROP SHOP

Your Extra Extra Corner!

Extra Accent . . . Extra Lifts

Extra Values . . . Extra Gifts



■ You loved the Bulky Fur Coats, you'll love the new Bulky Sweaters. Longer, broader, squarer, warmer, with a cable stitch that absolutely looks hand-made. About \$3. Sizes 32-40. B. Altman, New York.

■ Just a blouse? Nay, nay, Pauline! It's a Joan Kenley, full of wit and sparkle. It buttons up the back and can be worn backwards under sweaters. \$2. Sizes 32-38. James McCreery & Co., New York.



■ Here's a flight of fancy for a down-to-earth budget. Accessory ensemble in bright matched kid and capeskin. Hat, Bag, Mittens \$1.95 each. Belt \$1. James McCreery and Franklin Simon, New York.

■ Frosting for the cake! Flower-strewn initial Bloch Freres Hankie. 25c. at B. Altman. Lisanda Topaz-center posy 'n' pearl necklace \$3 . . . bracelet \$2. Bloomingdale's. Nosegay \$1. 57th Street Florist.



■ Deanna Durbin's sports shawl may recall the days of Grandma, but it's mighty modern. Crown Tested Spun Rayon makes it woolly looking. 25c. At all McLellan, McCrory and G. C. Murphy Stores.

■ Handing you two final finds. Beautifully made Wilder bag of golden cord \$2.95. Best & Co. Kayser's Milosuede glove designed by Natascha and dubbed "Domino." \$1. Sold at Stern Bros., New York.



I NEVER NEGLECT MY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
WITH LUX SOAP!

Alice Faye

LUX SOAP DOES A
WONDERFUL JOB!
FIRST PAT ITS
ACTIVE LATHER
GENTLY INTO
YOUR SKIN

THEN RINSE
WITH WARM
WATER—A
DASH OF COOL

Try **ALICE FAYE'S** Beauty Care
for 30 days!

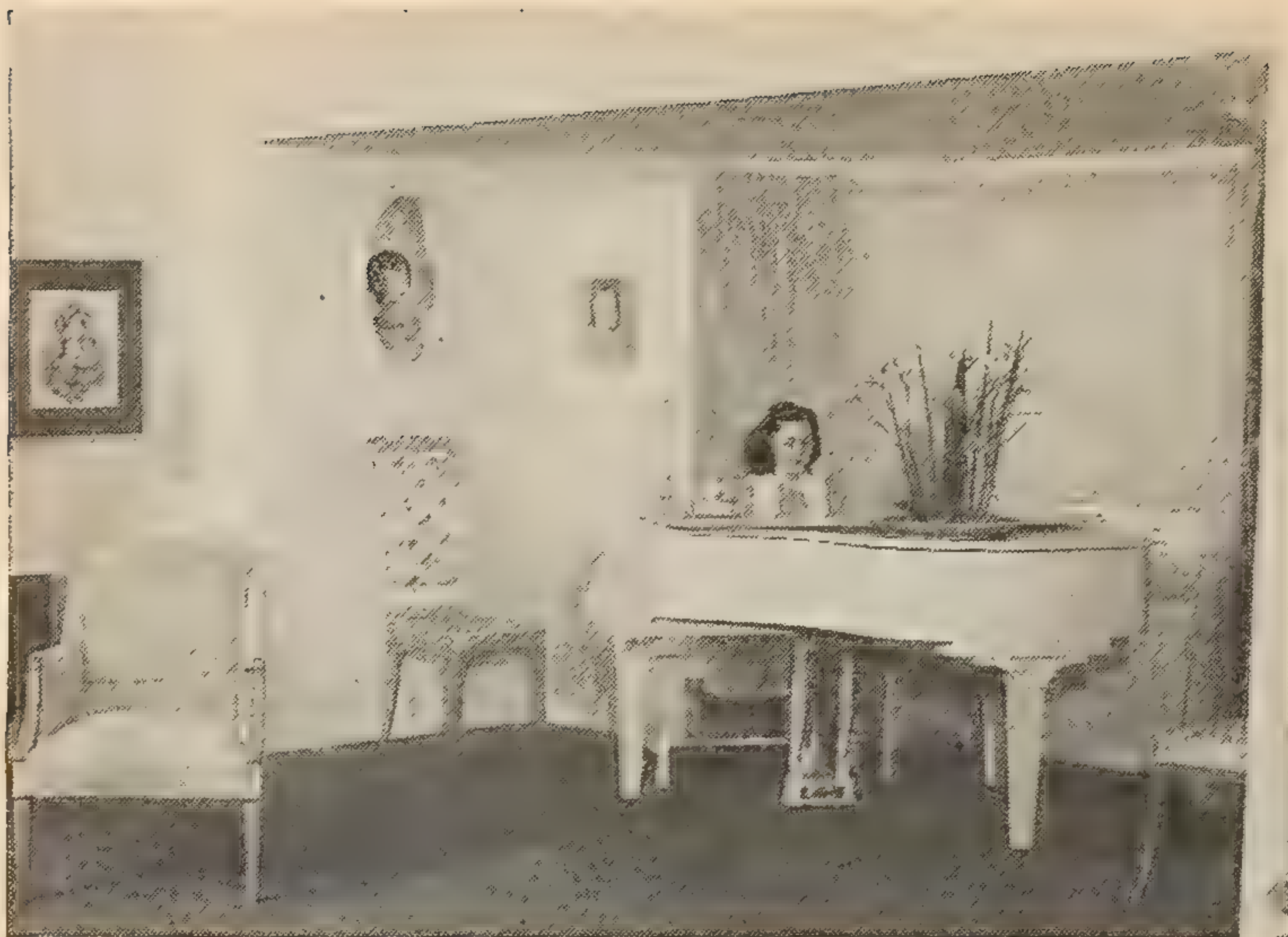
FOR 30 DAYS give your skin this gentle
ACTIVE-lather care. If you've seen
little blemishes—enlarged pores, now is the
time to begin. Use cosmetics all you like,
but remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt
thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. You'll
find this care helps you keep skin *smooth*
—lovely to look at, soft to touch.

NOW DRY
WITH LIGHT, QUICK
PATS. YOUR SKIN
FEELS **SMOOTHER**
—LOOKS FRESHER!



TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX STAR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



This is Jane's Contemporary Regency living-room, done in blue, rose and white. It's a bit too formal for her, though, and she uses it only for piano practising.



900 yards of chiffon went into the ivory and pink bedroom! The bed is seven feet square; the rug, two inches thick; and a perfume vault is hidden in the wall.

The beauty parlor, done in cheery yellow and red, is completely equipped. To date, Jane's gone through 19 bottles of nail polish giving her friends manicures!

The soda bar is stocked with all flavors of ice cream, and behind the counter—upon which guests inscribe their names with a special stylus—is a kitchenette.



WON'T YOU STEP INTO MY PARLOR?

Jane Withers' apartment designed by Duncan Crame

That's an invitation every kid is clamoring for! Jane Withers' \$30,000 apartment is *the* place this season

Paneled in pine, the playroom couldn't be gayer—with its red, white and blue color scheme. Within its insulated walls, Jane and her cronies can raise an unholy racket—jitterbugging to the radio or phonograph, banging the piano and making records of their voices for immediate playbacks.



Riot Red and Rumpus

Take the Town!

NEWEST SHADES
BY
CUTEX



The liveliest, most flattering nail polish pair in many a moon! RIOT RED, so clear and bright itself, is right in the spirit of the clear, vivid trend in fashion colors—greens, gold, reds, royal blue and turquoise . . . A bright accent with brown, black and coverts. RUMPUS—the gayest, loveliest blue-red to date—marvelous with the new amethysts, wines, evergreen greens, blue of every hue—with conga brown and somber neutrals. Get Riot Red or Rumpus today and take the town! Other popular Cutex shades: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo and Tulip. *Guaranteed to wear longer . . . or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.*



NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, PARIS, LONDON



The Budgeteer Fashions shown on pages 53-58 are sold in the following stores. Space prevents our giving a complete list. For the store nearest you carrying your favorites, drop a card to Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Page 53 Colors: Indian Earth, Rocky Blue, Rancho Red, Vernon Green.

Aberdeen, Miss., James Pryor
Aberdeen, Wash., Brower's
Abilene, Tex., Ernest Grissom
Albany, N. Y., Ulian's
Albemarle, N. C., Riffs Dept. Store
Alton, Ill., A. J. Plessner
Altoona, Pa., Simmond's
Alexandria, La., Weiss & Goldring
Amarillo, Tex., White & Kirk
Arkansas City, Kan., Bess Keiser
Asbury Park, N. J., Abrams Apparel
Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Augusta, Ga., Frank Goldberg
Augusta, Me., Chernowsky's
Austin, Minn., Peggy Ann Shop
Austin, Tex., Marie Antoinette
Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Bros. Co.
Bangor, Me., Burdell's
Baton Rouge, La., Rosenfield
Beaver Falls, Pa., William H. Benson
Bellingham, Wash., Mallahan's
Beloit, Wis., E. L. Chester Co.
Berkeley, Calif., Berliner's
Binghamton, N. Y., Hills, McLean & Haskins
Birmingham, Ala., Kessler's
Bismarck, N. D., Sarah Gold Shop
Bluefield, W. Va., The Vogue
Boise, Idaho, Brookover's
Boston, Mass., Chandler & Co.
Braddock, Pa., The White Store
Brainerd, Minn., O'Brien Merc. Co.
Bridgeport, Conn., The Bon Ton
Brockton, Mass., Storey & Co.
Brownwood, Tex., Knobler's
Buffalo, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Burlington, Vt., W. G. Reynolds Co.
Butler, Pa., Rosenbloom's
Butte, Mont., Joe Rose
Camden, Ark., Lide's
Canton, Ohio, Bon Marche
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Craemer's
Champaign, Ill., W. D. Kennedy Co.
Charlotte, N. C., J. B. Ivey & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., The Vogue
Chester, Pa., Speare Bros.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Chillicothe, Mo., Lewis Anderson
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mabley & Carew
Clarksburg, W. Va., Watts-Sartor-Lear
Clarksdale, Miss., Powers & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Co.
Clinton, Mo., Nagel's
Clovis, N. M., Mandell's
Columbia, Mo., Suzanne's Inc.
Columbia, Pa., Heineman's
Columbus, Ga., J. A. Kirvin
Columbus, Miss., James Pryor Co.
Columbus, Ohio, The Fashion
Cordele, Ga., Roobin's
Corning, N. Y., Cain's
Dallas, Tex., Dreyfuss & Son
Dallas, Tex., Titche-Goettinger Co.
Danville, Va., L. Herman
Dayton, Ohio, Thal's
Decatur, Ill., Field's
Denton, Tex., H. M. Russell & Sons
Denver, Colo., Denver D. G. Co.
Des Moines, Iowa, Wolf's
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Dover, Del., Emanuel's
Durham, N. C., Ellis Stone & Co.

Dyersburg, Tenn., The Style Shop
Eau Claire, Wis., The Band Box
East Orange, N. J., Franklin Simon
Elgin, Ill., Joseph Spiess Co.
Elkhart, Ind., Ziesel Bros.
Elkins, W. Va., Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Ellwood City, Pa., Wilkoff's
Erie, Pa., Trask, Prescott & Richardson Co.
Evansville, Ind., Kaiser's
Everett, Wash., Chaffee's
Fairmont, W. Va., J. M. Hartley
Fall River, Mass., Cherry & Webb
Fayetteville, N. C., The Capitol
Findlay, Ohio, Kessel's
Flint, Mich., Ferris Bros.
Ft. Smith, Ark., Tilles, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Dessauer
Fort Worth, Tex., The Fair
Fostoria, Ohio, The Preis Store
Franklin, N. H., Holmes & Nelson
Franklin, Pa., J. T. Campbell Co.
Frederick, Okla., The Julia Shop
Gary, Ind., Hudson's
Gary, W. Va., United Supply Co.
Goldsboro, N. C., Neil Joseph
Grand Forks, N. D., Bray's
Grand Rapids, Mich., Bon Marche
Greensboro, N. C., Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville, Miss., The Nelms & Blum
Greenville, S. C., Meyers Arnold Co.
Greenwich, Conn., Franklin Simon
Greenwood, Miss., DeLoach's
Guthrie, Okla., Larson's
Hagerstown, Md., Fleishers, Inc.
Hammond, Ind., David's
Hannibal, Mo., Suzanne's Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa., Feller's
Hartford, Conn., Sage Allen Co., Inc.
Hazleton, Pa., The Leader Store
Henryetta, Okla., Herrin D. G.
Hibbing, Minn., Sapero Bros.
Hollywood, Calif., Nancy's
Hot Springs, Ark., Eleanor Harris
Huntington, W. Va., Anderson, Newcomb Co.
Huron, S. D., The Fashion Shop
Hyannis, Mass., Buttner's
Indianapolis, Ind., H. P. Wasson
Jacksonville, Fla., Levy's
Jackson, Mich., The Style Shop
Jackson, Miss., The Vogue
Jacksonville, Tex., Rix Shoppe
Jamestown, N. D., Dee Jay's
Jefferson City, Mo., The Purple Shop
Joplin, Mo., The Oriental Shop
Kalamazoo, Mich., The Style Shop
Kansas City, Mo., John Taylor's
Kenosha, Wis., Lepp & Co.
Keyser, W. Va., Shapiro's Store
Knoxville, Tenn., Miller's, Inc.
Lancaster, Pa., Watt & Shand
Lansing, Mich., The Vogue
Lawrence, Mass., Cherry & Webb
Lebanon, Pa., Rose Singer
Lewiston, Me., Ward's
Lewistown, Pa., Danks & Co.
Lexington, Ky., John Perkins
Lexington, Mo., Connor-Wagoner Inc.
Little Rock, Ark., Pfeifer Bros.
Lockport, N. Y., Hall's
Long Beach, Calif., Dinell's
Longview, Tex., Palais Royal
Louisville, Ky., H. P. Selman & Co.
Lowell, Mass., Cherry & Webb Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.

Lynchburg, Va., C. M. Gugenheimer
Lynch, Ky., United Supply Co.
Lynn, Mass., A. Spiller Co.
Madison, Wis., Cinderella Frocks
Memphis, Tenn., Levy's
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Macon, Ga., Union D. G. Co.
Magnolia, Ark., May's
Manchester, N. H., Pariseau's, Inc.
Marion, Ohio, Sutton & Lightner
Marshall, Minn., Ekberg's
Marshalltown, Iowa, Brintnall's
McKeesport, Pa., Cox's
McKinney, Tex., Carr's
Meadville, Pa., The Crawford Store
Median, N. Y., Curry's
Meridian, Miss., The Liberty Shops
Mexico, Mo., Connor-Wagoner Inc.
Middletown, Conn., Wrubel's, Inc.
Middletown, Ohio, The John Ross Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Fritzel's
Minneapolis, Minn., Harold's, Inc.
Minot, N. D., Ellison's
Mobile, Ala., C. J. Gayfer & Co.
Monessen, Pa., Friedland's
Monett, Mo., Milsap Bros.
Montgomery, Ala., A. Nachman
Monroe, La., Bella Scherck Davidson
Monticello, Ark., McDaniel Shop
Mount Vernon, N. Y., Schiller United
Muncie, Ind., Ball Stores
Muskegon, Mich., Grossman's
Muskogee, Okla., Susman's
Nashua, N. H., The Smart Shop
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
Newark, Ohio, The J. J. Carroll Co.
New Bedford, Mass., Cherry & Co.
New Britain, Conn., Morris Birnbaum
Newburyport, Mass., Kray's Boston Store
New Castle, Pa., The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
New Haven, Conn., Edward Malley
New Kensington, Pa., Silverman's
New Ulm, Minn., Pink's Store
Niagara Falls, N. Y., Beir Bros.
Norfolk, Va., Alexander's
Norristown, Pa., B. E. Block & Bros.
Norwalk, Ohio, L. M. Preis
Norwich, Conn., Simon Mandell
Oakland, Calif., Kahn's
Ogden, Utah, Wolfer's, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla., Rothschild's
Olympia, Wash., M. M. Morris Co.
Omaha, Neb., Herzberg's
Oneonta, N. Y., B. F. Sisson Co.
Orlando, Fla., Zimmerman
Oswego, N. Y., M. J. McDonald
Owensboro, Ky., S. W. Anderson
Paducah, Ky., Watkins
Parsons, Kans., The Jarboe Shop
Pasadena, Calif., Draper Studio
Pensacola, Fla., Bon Marche
Peoria, Ill., Block & Kuhl Co.
Pine Bluff, Ark., The Froug Stores
Pittsburg, Kans., Ramsay D. G. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Frank & Seder
Plymouth, Mass., Buttner's
Pontiac, Mich., Arthur's
Port Huron, Mich., Winkelman's
Portland, Me., Smiley's
Portland, Ore., Charles F. Berg
Portsmouth, N. H., The Fashion Shop
Portsmouth, Ohio, Atlas' Fashion
Pottsdam, N. Y., J. M. McCarthy
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Up-To-Date

Providence, R. I., Cherry & Webb
Provo, Utah, Lewis Ladies' Store
Raleigh, N. C., Ellisberg's
Rapid City, S. D., Baron Bros. Co.
Reading, Pa., Parisian
Red Wing, Minn., Grondahl Bros.
Ridgeway, Pa., Kay Fashion
Roanoke, Va., S. H. Heironimus Co.
Rochester, N. Y., B. Forman Co.
Rockford, Ill., D. J. Stewart & Co.
Rome, N. Y., Mark's
Rutland, Vt., The Fashion Shop
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer Bros.
Saginaw, Mich., Winkelman's
Saint Louis, Mo., Famous-Barr Co.
San Francisco, Calif., O'Connor-Moffatt Co.
Syracuse, N. Y., Addis Co.
Saint Cloud, Minn., Herberger's
Saint Joseph, Mo., Hirsch Bros.
Saint Paul, Minn., Husch Bros., Inc.
Salem, Mass., Royal Skirt Co.
Salem, Ohio, G. K. Schwartz
Salisbury, Md., Benjamin's
Salisbury, N. C., Purcell's
Salt Lake City, Utah, Z. C. M. I.
San Antonio, Tex., Joske Bros.
Sapulpa, Okla., Katz Dept. Store
Schenectady, N. Y., Lady Lee-Evelyn
Scranton, Pa., Morris Israel
Seattle, Wash., Best's Apparel
Seminole, Okla., Herrin's
Shreveport, La., The Hearne D. G.
Sioux Falls, S. D., H. A. Aaronson
Southbridge, Mass., Edwards Corp.
Spartanburg, S. C., August W. Smith
Spencer, Iowa, Poole's Fashion Shop
Springfield, Ill., Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass., Steiger's
Springfield, Mo., Savage-Juliette
Stamford, Conn., Mantell & Martin
Stamford, Tex., L. Schwarz & Co.
Starkville, Miss., James Pryor Co.
Stephenville, Tex., The Ladies' Store
Steubenville, Ohio, Reiner's
Stillwater, Minn., Louis Janda Co.
Stillwater, Okla., O. V. Mullendore
Stockton, Calif., Katten and Marengo
Stormlake, Iowa, Dumbaugh's
Stroudsburg, Pa., Seguin's
Tacoma, Wash., Rhodes Bros.
Tallahassee, Fla., Mae's Shop
Tampa, Fla., Maas Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind., Silver's
Texarkana, Ark., The Criterion
Topeka, Kans., Nightingale's
Trenton, N. J., S. P. Dunham & Co.
Troy, N. Y., W. P. Herbert
Tulsa, Okla., Vandever D. G. Co.
Tyler, Tex., Mayer & Schmidt's
Utica, N. Y., Doyle-Knowler Co.
Vincennes, Ind., Joseph's
Virginia, Minn., Ketola & Co.
Walla Walla, Wash., Val Jensen's
Warrensburg, Mo., Connor-Wagoner
Warren, Ohio, Howard Shield's, Inc.
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh's
Waterloo, Iowa, Ward S. Williams
Watertown, N. Y., Frank A. Empsall
Waukegan, Ill., Hein's
Wenatchee, Wash., The Fashion Shop
West Point, Miss., James Pryor Co.
Wichita, Kan., Lewin's Fashion Shop
Wichita Falls, Tex., W. B. McClurkan
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Isaac Long

(Continued on page 88)

SEE ANNABELLA, FAMOUS SCREEN STAR, IN HER COMING PICTURE. NOTE HOW PETAL-SMOOTH HER SKIN IS

ANNABELLA

explains to a
French Countess
her
Woodbury
Beauty Nightcap



How Annabella's beauty care with Woodbury Cold Cream made a hit with a titled lady, as told to **LOUELLA PARSONS**, Famous Movie Columnist



1. We were lolling on my terrace when Annabella related this incident. On her last trip to Paris, Annabella took tea with a lady of fashion who has begun to show her years. "Tell me," said the Countess, "the secret of American women's beauty."



2. Annabella graciously outlined the Woodbury Beauty Nightcap, so popular in Hollywood. She advised: "Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream at bedtime. Then leave on a thin film of cream overnight to soften dry skin."



3. Later, Annabella received a gorgeous French hand-made negligee. With the gift came a lovely photograph of her titled friend. The inscription read, "To a beautiful actress who gave me the inspiration for a lovelier complexion."

Let Your Skin Store Up Glamour While You Sleep

By providing three important beauty services at bedtime, Woodbury Cold Cream works to make your skin freshly alluring while you sleep. It *cleanses* safely . . . has germ-free purity. Woodbury

lubricates amply, smoothing dry skin. Woodbury *invigorates* with its cooling texture. Try this luscious cream of 3-way beauty benefits tonight! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ and \$1.00. Get a jar today!

WOODBURY COLD CREAM THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM



MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE . . . FREE!

(Paste on Penny Postcard)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6617 Alfred Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario
Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream, enough for several "Beauty Nightcap" treatments. Also 8 fashion-approved shades of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S FORGOTTEN LEGS

(Continued from page 41)

the leading feminine lights of the dramatic stage were Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Alice Brady and Jane Cowl, none of whom had educated critics to expect shapely legs on dramatic actresses. When a dramatic actress who had them came along, it was an event. And Winchell couldn't help seeing Claudette's. (As a critic, he sat close to the stage, and dresses were short that year.)

"Every few weeks, he would mention them again," Claudette continued, "and my embarrassment kept mounting. I never knew I had legs till Winchell called attention to them. Really, I'm serious. When I was little, my brother Charles was always saying, 'Gosh, you're a skinny kid!' When I started growing up, he kept saying, 'When are you going to stop looking like a boy?' Like all younger sisters, I was conscious of my brother's male friends. But they never looked at me. I grew up with the definite conviction that I had a punk figure. I wasn't prepared to have anybody say I had pretty legs and was very embarrassed about the whole thing.

I COULDN'T see how it was going to help me as an actress, to have attention called to my legs. I was doing drama, not musical comedy.

"When I came to Hollywood, where beautiful girls with beautiful figures were a dime a dozen, still less could I see how it would help me to have attention attracted to my legs, even if I could get up the nerve to pose in a bathing suit. Which I couldn't."

But didn't she have a battle on her hands, keeping away from leg art, with press agents insisting on it?

Claudette clearly heard the hopefulness in our voice. "It would make a more dramatic story if I had had a battle preserving my modesty," she admitted. "But let's stick to the cold, hard facts. The press agents didn't insist—that is, not immediately.

"You see, my Winchell publicity didn't precede me to Hollywood; it sort of tagged along after me. When I arrived, I was 'another dramatic actress from Broadway.' As such, I wasn't expected to have legs. I went immediately into some awfully heavy roles. When the press agents heard what Winchell had said about me and came around to suggest bathing-suit art, I suggested that it might be more appropriate some other time. I was only kidding; I never intended to make any."

How had she escaped without the reputation of being "difficult?"

Claudette's eloquent brown eyes danced. She gestured airily. "I just kidded them out of the idea," she said. "You'd be surprised how often you can say 'No,' if you're good-natured about it.

"There was a time," Claudette smiled, "when I wondered if maybe I had made a tactical error. That was when Dietrich came along and created such a sensation, first by revealing her legs, then by concealing them. 'Maybe I should have thought of that,' I said to myself. I had kept mine undercover from the beginning. But if I *had* thought of doing anything else, I couldn't have gone through with it. Embarrassment would have thrown me."

This embarrassment she spoke of didn't seem natural in a French girl.

"Heaven knows I'm not a prude," said Claudette. "But I *am* French. And that

helps to explain a lot. The average American doesn't know anything about the average French girl. When he thinks of 'a typical French girl,' he thinks of a girlie-girlie show in Paris and those racy drawings in *La Vie Parisienne*. He gets the vague impression that all French girls are uninhibited. Little does he know!

"No girl on earth has less chance to be worldly than the average middle-class French girl. If her family can afford it, she is brought up in the seclusion of a convent. If her family can't afford a convent, she is brought up at home in as much seclusion as possible. She is completely surrounded by chaperons, who supervise everything she does, everything she wears. Anything sensual is taboo. If her upbringing is really thorough, she grows up with a horror of letting anyone know what her boudoir mirror knows.

"I may have grown up in the heart of New York City, but my upbringing was



M-G-M's "Boom Town" co-stars Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable for the first time since "It Happened One Night," for which both won Oscars.

in the best French bourgeoisie tradition. My feminine modesty was carefully preserved. When I first started going out with boys, the whole family went along to chaperon us. When I went on the stage, my mother was always backstage. And I do mean always. I didn't resent that. I expected it and accepted it. And it did discourage unwelcome advances, if you know what I mean.

"I couldn't pose in a one-piece bathing suit without having the uncomfortable feeling that my grandmother was turning over in her grave!"

But how did she reconcile that with her appearances in "Sign of the Cross" and "Cleopatra," both of which called for large amounts of epidermal exposure, not to mention sensuality?

"Ah," said Claudette, smiling and raising one eyebrow, "there's a subtle difference between being undraped in a still picture and being undraped in a motion picture. On the screen, I'm not myself; I'm a character. On the screen, the undrapery is 'costume'—which fact takes

the curse off it. And any sensuality is mere acting. I'll do anything on the screen that's in character—except be seen in lingerie. I draw the line there. If a character has to be seen in a state of undress, I'll get around that with a slip or a robe.

"The first time I was supposed to show my legs on the screen was really funny. That was in 'The Smiling Lieutenant.' Ernst Lubitsch, who was directing, said he wanted a close-up of them—but way up. I refused; whereupon Lubitsch went hysterical. Still I refused. So he double-crossed me. He photographed another girl's legs, which the audiences would assume were mine. When I saw the preview, on came this shot of legs, and I practically catapulted out of my seat in my consternation, jabbering, 'But when? How did he photograph me like that without my knowing it?' Then I realized he had dubbed in some other girl's legs. I must admit they were very nice legs. Lubitsch has very good taste.

"A few years later, he came on the set of 'Sign of the Cross,' on one of the days when my costume was approximately three beads. He said, 'So!!!' That was all he said—'So!!!'

"He was the one who was responsible for my finally being seen in a bathing suit. I arrived in Hollywood in 1930, and I was here eight years before I was photographed in a bathing suit for the first—and only—time. It happened then because I made 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife' for Lubitsch. There was a scene that called for me to go swimming. The day I was to do that scene, the publicity department descended on me en masse. Wouldn't I please pose for a few off-stage shots? I was going to be seen on the screen in a bathing suit, so why couldn't they photograph me in it? I was cornered. So I posed. I felt so ridiculous, I vowed, 'Never again.'"

If her off-screen clothes are any index, Claudette doesn't have the well-known Hollywood urge to attract figure-appraising glances. She is addicted to skirts and jackets, which aren't the most figure-revealing attire. She owns almost nothing except evening dresses, and evening dresses haven't been figure-revealing from the waist down for the past ten years. For this afternoon's scene, they had asked her to put on something that looked well-worn from her own wardrobe. Hence the skirt, blouse and jacket.

THE last time Claudette co-starred with Clark Gable was in "It Happened One Night." It gave both of them Academy Awards, made both of them famous. The most memorable scene was the one in which, after Clark unsuccessfully tried to thumb a ride from passing motorists, Claudette stepped to the side of the road and stopped the first motorist who came along by showing a super-generous expanse of leg. We asked Claudette how she felt about that being her best-remembered scene.

She laughed. "It was a nice little joke on me that the thing I had fought against all my life—showing my legs—was the thing that got me an Academy Award.

"That was a very funny scene. I particularly liked the tag to it—which might well be the tag for this story. Remember when the motorist stopped, how furious Clark was? He said to me, 'Why didn't you take off all your clothes?'

"And I answered, 'It wasn't necessary.'"

Lady in waiting

(FOR A HUSBAND WHO SELDOM COMES HOME)



She doesn't know that her *"One Neglect"* is ruining her marriage . . .
"LYSOL" could have prevented this

FRIENDS call her husband "the luckiest man in the world". But despite all her charm—and all her talents as home-maker, helpmate and mother—love, somehow, flew out the window. "Lysol" might have saved her happiness.

When a husband grows indifferent and neglectful, the cause is often the woman's neglect of feminine hygiene. Do you use "Lysol" regularly in your routine of personal cleanliness? "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal.

Thousands of women have solved the problem of intimate feminine hygiene with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for this purpose.

"Lysol" enjoys world-wide acceptance among hospitals, doctors, nurses, and wives—because . . .

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of or-

ganic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol
 Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

..... PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD!

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
 Dept. M.S. 409, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Address _____

Copyright, 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

BRENT'S NEW DESIGN FOR LIVING

(Continued from page 43)

acres, on Oahu, in the hills outside Honolulu.

"I really like Hawaii. I've been there several times, and each time I find it more difficult to leave the place. As recently as two months ago I visited the islands. Had a helluva time. Plenty of swimming, fishing, tennis, hiking, reading, bull sessions. It's the only life worth living.

"Another thing, I love the Hawaiian people, their attitude toward life, their charm. For example, I've always hated being stared at. And the Hawaiians aren't curious. They don't bother or pester you just because you're an actor who's gotten a lot of publicity. They're romantic-minded, too, and have an immense capacity for amusements."

Only one item clouded Brent's tropical dream. He spoke of it grimly.

"The war," he said. "Hawaii is in a bad geographical position in the event of extended warfare. Lately, many of the isles have become ammunition dumps and, under the worst circumstances, this base could become another Belgium. Let's pray that doesn't ever happen."

Of course, George Brent's whole history, every single word in his biography, tells the same tale—that of a man who wanted success and security only as a stepping stone to peace and relaxation.

Brent won his security, but never realized peace. His work became a sort of celluloid Frankenstein. It turned on him and, to put it dramatically, partially enslaved him.

To understand the pattern of his life, his so-called monastic existence, his publicized role of super-hermit, his three fantastic marriages, his airplane and his boat, his curious habits, you need only realize that these have been his weapons in a combat against frustration.

The lone wolf nonsense, for example. Well, while Brent's close friends wouldn't exactly fill the Union Depot, there are still more than you'd expect of a hermit.

But, after all, why did he buy that retreat in the desert? Why did he hide himself in that hill-top home? Why has he avoided Hollywood parties and movie night clubs as one avoids a leper colony?

Well, the real answer isn't as anti-social as the hermit idea, and not half as interesting. But it's twice as true.

WHEN Brent is through with the day's work, he wants to relax. And usually, by himself. He's too tired to think, let alone be with others.

He avoids cocktail bars because he doesn't like to become involved in anything physical; night clubs, because they are boring; parties, because the conversation has as much variety as a victrola record played ten times over, and public gatherings, because he hates being gaped at.

Here's the way he puts it:

"The important actors are usually too busy to go out. Extras are perhaps too poor. It's only the in-betweens who have the time, the funds and the energy to be everywhere all the time.

"You have to be an animated guinea pig to live the right life in Hollywood. The only way a hard-working actor can have peace and a private life is by remaining home. And the only way he can have wholesome fun is by having it in private, without publicity.

"It's a tough set-up. For instance, assume I want to go out and have a cock-

tail. I go to a public bar, and you can be sure there'll always be some wise guy, half drunk, who wants to take a poke at me. He gets smart-alecky, insulting. If I dust him off, hit him on the snoot, the studio won't like the scandal. And if I don't punch him, he'll punch me. Of course, all he wants is the pleasure of telling his lady friends that he socked George Brent on the kisser, or Gable or anyone in the business.

"Why, you heard about the incident in Newark a short time ago, didn't you? A few tough guys found a little fellow they thought was Jim Cagney. They beat him to a pulp, just so they could brag to their friends Cagney wasn't great shakes.

"Public drinking for me? No, thanks!"

However, for the record we must add that lack of pugilistic ability has never kept Brent from public spots. The man can handle his dukes. For years he has traded left jabs with Mushy Callahan, former welter champ, in the Warner gym.

As for night clubs and parties, here's the way Brent polishes them off:

"Parties? It's the regular routine. Smoke. Stale drinks. Stale jokes. Same faces. Same chatter. Movie talk and more movie talk. Once a year is enough for me. It's always the same. Outsiders would be amazed at how dull Hollywood parties actually are. They only hear of the tricky ones. Most are sedate. I've never seen a wild party in Hollywood. But I've seen plenty in small towns elsewhere.

"Of course, I realize all of this is good grounds for calling me a hermit. Maybe much of the fault is within me. You see, I have a terrible capacity for meeting people and mixing freely. Perhaps I have some strange crowd-phobia. But it knots me up inside, and it becomes labor to meet strangers. . . . And yet, I want to know interesting people."

George Brent's best and most trusted friend in the film colony is Ralph Forbes. Their friendship is really a curious thing—because they have one item in common—they're both ex-husbands of Ruth

Chatterton. Three-act plays have been written about such a friendship, so in this case life imitates art.

We might say, in passing, that Ruth Chatterton was Brent's second wife. He married her when she was a big star and he was just getting a foothold. His first marriage was in 1922. He was nineteen. She was a kid actress. It lasted a month. And his third trip to the altar, of more recent date, was with Constance Worth, the Australian girl—a mistake which, after she tore up his pilot's license, wound up in a settlement.

THESE matrimonial adventures—all impulsive efforts in search of peace—become added proof that the Brent mentality does not run along lone wolf lines.

For a long spell he had things in common with Bette Davis. He used to have Greta Garbo over to his ranch in the Valley. They would pull on gloves and box for the exercise. And now he dates Ann Sheridan.

About the Brent-Sheridan deal, it's an interesting set-up. When we were lunching with George, Ann Sheridan breezed in, came over to the table and put on the feed bag with us. Brent and Sheridan were nice to each other. No goo, though. He was the more reserved, as usual, and slow to see the joke. She was her regular bright-cracking, laughing, exciting self. She called him "Georgie" and "Mr. B." and ribbed him when he ate two pieces of wholewheat bread out of reverence to his waistline.

They may be married by the time you read this. They probably won't. But it's a flip-up.

"Sure I might marry again," Brent admitted. "There's a good chance. But it certainly will not happen soon."

He thought he would like a girl who was intelligent, reasonably ethical and—in his words—"all human being." He thought he would not like a girl who talked too much about nothing, had untidy habits and wore too much lipstick.

But marriage or no marriage, Sheridan or no Sheridan, the Hawaiian deal for 1941 was still the big issue in his mind. Alone, or with a bride, he was going.

Now, look, we've come almost to the end of our story. And we haven't told you anything about George Brent's life. We haven't told you how he played soccer in a Dublin college, or how he carried secret dispatches for Michael Collins in the Irish Rebellion—or that his first big role on Broadway was playing Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose!" We haven't told you that he takes four showers a day, plays polo and chess, sleeps on two pillows with his pet dog beside him, saves his money, owns a grocery market on Pico Boulevard and thinks planes will win the new war by terrifying civilian populations.

We haven't gone into detail about such things, because today we know of only one interesting story about George Brent.

It's the story of a man who just bought a boat called the "South Wind," a canvas bagful of first editions, a few novels by George Moore, some new razors, a pair of swimming trunks—and a colored map of the Hawaiian Islands.

And just in case you want to find George Brent, he'll be the fellow under that big palm tree. You know, the big, green one just outside Honolulu. He'll be sitting in the sun, drowsy-like, getting a tan and reading a book. That's all. Except this—he won't appear very tired.



In her third picture, "Strike Up The Band," June Preisser again tries her wiles on that guy Rooney to no avail. What's the matter with him, anyway?

Test your Hollywood Knowledge...



She can't sit down! Movie stars rest by reclining against padded leaning-boards . . . to avoid wrinkled skirts. And to avoid "tell-tale" bulges, glamorous women of Hollywood do just what *most* American women do . . . choose Kotex sanitary napkins! For Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show . . . the way stubby-end napkins do.



Save your sympathy! That skyline is a painted backdrop . . . that parapet only thirty inches off the studio floor! For safety of the stars is of major importance to movie makers. And *your* safety is, of major importance to the makers of Kotex! That's why a moisture-resistant "*protection-panel*" is placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad.



It's nip and tuck to make the stars look slim . . . for the camera adds pounds to their appearance! So costume designers use folds instead of bunched gathers. To avoid bunchiness—Kotex also is made in soft *folds*, (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less where it isn't). This explains why Kotex is *less bulky* than pads having loose, wadded fillers!



In Hollywood—as elsewhere—stockings come in 3 different lengths . . . And Kotex in 3 different sizes: *Junior—Regular—Super!* So you can get a size that's exactly right for *you!* (Or you can vary the pad to suit different days!) Get Kotex in all 3 sizes this month . . . and treat yourself to honest-to-goodness comfort! Why not? *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

"You scarcely know you're wearing Kotex"

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

● FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS . . . PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY . . . COMPARE ITS NEW FLATTER ENDS

The Sun now demands that you change your POWDER!

Yes, you need a new shade to match
your Summer Complexion!

says Lady Esther



ARE YOU MAKING the most of the lovely new complexion that Nature and the Sun have given you? Or are you using your old *winter shade of powder* and risking the chance of looking *older than you are*?

For today, you have a new summer complexion that demands a *new shade of powder*—one that will bring out all the richer, younger-looking tones of your skin!

Yes, right now the SHADE of your powder can be of tremendous importance. But . . . the QUALITY of your powder can count even MORE!

For in summer, you need a *grit-free* powder that helps hide tiny wrinkles—a powder that will cling to your skin for *4 long hours*! Why, you can put my powder on say after dinner at 8...and at midnight it will still be bringing you compliments!

Lady Esther asks—Won't you please try my powder? I offer you 10 glorious new summer shades. Mail the coupon—find the *one and only shade* for your summer skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (59)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

WHY DID I SLIP?

(Continued from page 27)

pretensions at being Booths or Barrymores and yet are very popular. On the other hand, I know one of the finest actors of the stage and screen who can't get a job in pictures today. He has everything in his favor, seemingly, and yet you fans won't go to see him.

Take someone like one of our outstanding feminine stars of the theatre who can act but isn't pretty. She can't get a job in pictures. Take someone who is pretty but can't act. She can't get a job in the movies. But it's a combination of the two, you say—acting *and* looks. But that doesn't answer the question either, because the Hollywood "graveyard" is studded with the headstones of men who were handsome and talented, and girls who were pretty and gifted. Somehow, they didn't have that "thing."

Maybe sex appeal is the common denominator? Well, maybe, but one of the most consistently popular men on the screen is Wally Beery, and Wally would be the last to stake his claim to box office favor on his sex appeal! On the other hand, there are the Lamarrs, Gables, Boyers and Crawfords who have sex appeal plus, and they're doing right smart for themselves, too.

It's all very confusing, you see. You may slip if you aren't a fine actor, but you may also slip if you are. You may slip if you have sex appeal; you may be signally successful if you haven't.

WAY back when I made "Broadway Melody of 1937" Barbara said to me, "It's coming, young man, and you won't like it. It's coming, but it will pass." What she meant was that it comes to all of us, in some measure, sooner or later. Public favor, asking your pardons, is fickle.

Often, the reasons for our slipping are none of our doing. Some crack-pot will sue a star on some false charge. Or some critic will lampoon us with a poisoned barb directed at our appearance for which, after all, we are not responsible. We can't help our looks. I certainly never thought my looks would be any problem to me. I worried about my stories, my parts and my acting. If I thought about my looks at all, it was that maybe I'd better have my nose straightened or my ears pinned back. It simply didn't occur to me that something for which I was not responsible could be used as a weapon against me.

Now, how much, I'd like to know, does publicity like that affect a player in the estimation of you, his fans? When he gets blasts like that, do you think he should ignore them or do you think he should do something about them? For myself, I did nothing. It seems to me that the actor who is the target for personal criticism can do nothing. A man can't very well stand up and protest "I'm not a Pretty Boy!" without making a pretty fool of himself. So, I skipped it. I never went out of my way to muss myself up, break my nose, make myself look worse than necessary. Was that a mistake or wasn't it?

I don't know what your answer will be but, personally, I really don't think looks have anything to do with it, one way or the other. Rudolph Valentino was certainly an extraordinarily handsome man, but it didn't seem to hurt him any. Wallace Reid was a handsome chap and was tops till the day he died. Ty Power has all the looks he can do with, and he's a reg-

ular Fourth of July conflagration at the box office; he's that "hot." On the other hand, a very good-looking boy went down to defeat a few years ago just because he was branded as "too good-looking." Wally Beery, again, is no Greek god, and yet he's as big box office as he ever was. So, for my money, appearance one way or the other, is not the answer I'm seeking.

Perhaps it's that bad publicity can only do you harm in proportion to how much people are ready to believe. Maybe it's not so much what you have that's good as how little you have that's wrong. Take Tracy and Gable, for instance. I don't believe anything could be said about them that would affect their popularity. People believe what they want to believe, and they want to believe only the best of Tracy and Gable. I like to think that maybe people were inclined to believe all that twaddle handed out about me before I went to England, because they didn't know me very well then. They were on the fence as far as I was concerned and so were ready to believe anything. I like to hope that, with the passing of time, they've come to know me better and to accept me as a friend.

But even the premise that, when you slip as a human being, you slip as a star is open to question. Because, regular fellows though Gable and Tracy are, there are other regular fellows in this business of whom people are ready to believe the worst at the drop of a poisonous paragraph. And, too, there are some men and women in this business, as in any other, who are not regular at all and yet occupy choice sites on the Movie Milky Way. Why? You tell me.

YES, my personal guess is that a player's private life has little or nothing to do with his popularity. Not anymore. It used to be said that marriage hurt young players of both sexes. Well, most of the ranking stars of today are married and it hasn't affected their box office. When Barbara and I married, we didn't get any unfavorable reaction. Or if we did, we didn't know about it. Clark and Carole married and are bigger than ever. Ty Power married, and it certainly hasn't hurt him. Boyer's marriage hasn't destroyed his attraction in any way.

Some of the actors have scandals break over their heads. But their heads and their box office value remain intact. In fact, I rather believe that the public likes a dash of scandal with its stars now and then. Though it may be a sad commentary on us humans, it's true that most of us get more of a kick out of hearing that Mr. X eloped with his stenographer or that Mrs. X murdered her paramour than that Mr. and Mrs. X sit quietly at home playing pinochle.

Then I ask myself how much temperament has to do with it? Maybe temperament is the trick that captures the public imagination. Should an actor be erratic and difficult, or should he be business-like, stable and quiet? That's a tangled question, too. Because it seems if you're too "colorful," people resent you; if you're too tame, they're bored.

Me, I haven't much of the stuff. I've been criticized at times for being "too dignified, too reserved." It's been said that I never let myself go, never seem to show any emotion over things. Maybe I should put on an act. Yet I can't quite believe that. Gable and Tracy are not

temperamental, and they do all right. Ronald Colman is a monument of reserve, and the same goes for Bill Powell.

Some say it's a matter of how hard you work, how seriously you take your work. Muni would seem to prove that this is so. Yet one of the biggest, longest established stars in this business says, openly, that he considers his work a "racket," that he never even reads his script until ten minutes before he steps on a set. And I must say that in spite of the nice things said about me in "Waterloo Bridge," I didn't work any harder, didn't take the part any more seriously than I did in, say, "Lucky Night" which was, for me, a flop-pola.

Some people say that when you're "tops" too long, you wear out your welcome. That when your name is on everybody's tongue, you're like a book fans hear too much about and so don't bother to read. But that doesn't satisfy me, either, because men like Gable, Boyer, Tracy and girls like Bette Davis and Vivien Leigh confound that argument.

It's been said that it's a matter of "cycles." That when comedy pictures are having a run, you're out of the race, at least temporarily, unless you're doing crazy comedies. But, during a comedy cycle, I've seen a tasty tragedy come along and be a big hit!

SPENCER TRACY, more than anyone or anything else, confuses me when I try to answer the question I'm passing on to you. There's nothing about Tracy that anyone can pick on. He's not too good-looking, he isn't "difficult," he never gives a bad performance. Yet, before he came to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he was skidding! And not because he hadn't had good pictures.

Don't think that an actor doesn't worry about this matter of slipping. He worries just as much as the little grocery clerk who fears for his job. And for much the same reasons. Money, for instance. If I get fired, I can't maintain my present standard of living. "So what!" do I hear? "You'd still be living cushy on the street called Easy, wouldn't you?" The answer is "Yes." But everything is comparative. Every man gets geared to a certain way of life, and it hurts when that way of life is no more.

But it's not so much the money angle that makes a star dread a skid; it's pride. It's the fear of having so big an audience witness his debacle. When the little grocery clerk loses his job, his fellow-workers know about it, his family, his personal friends—that's all. But when a star gets fired, the whole world knows it.

There is another thing the grocery clerk has over the picture star. If he loses his job, he can, reasonably enough, hope for a better job. If a star slips, he may get another job, but you can bet it won't be a better one. A "dead" star is the deadest thing on this earth—and least liable to resurrection.

What brings some stars to this tragedy of early entombment? What gives other stars comparative immortality? What makes them slip? What made *me* slip? That's what I want you fans to tell me.

INFORMATION DESK MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name

Street

City State

The spanking I never forgot



1. I don't believe in spanking children. But darn it all, sometimes a youngster can sure drive a grownup wild. Like mine did me—yesterday.



2. It all started innocently when Billy wouldn't take his laxative. At first I tried coaxing. But that didn't work. Then when I started to force it on him, he sent the spoon flying out of my hand. So I lost my temper and gave him an unmerciful spanking.



3. I felt awful all day. Mrs. Saunders, our new next-door neighbor, saw me moping in the back yard, and asked what was wrong. I told her the whole story. When I got through, she shook her head and said I had made a terrible mistake.



4. She said it was old-fashioned to force a child to take a nasty-tasting medicine. And worse still, it could shock his delicate nervous system. She said that when a child needed a laxative he should get a nice-tasting one—made *especially* for children—like Fletcher's Castoria.



5. Mrs. Saunders said she had given Fletcher's Castoria to her two children. And that I could take her word it's always mild and *thorough*. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to bring on cramping pains. She said she'd never given her youngsters a safer, better-working laxative.



6. Well, you can be sure I bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria right away. And I found it as effective as Mrs. Saunders said. But what tickled me was the neat way it solved my laxative problem. Honestly, I never saw a child go for a medicine like mine goes for Fletcher's Castoria.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses — does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION
jars of Arrid have been
sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

**WARNING—
Don't Cut
Cuticle!**



Wrap cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply it to cuticle. Watch dead cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed with the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores.

TRIMAL

JOYCE: 1940 MODEL

(Continued from page 33)

other times when Brenda attends parties under like circumstances, "But," she'll tell you, "although all the fellows are swell to me, I just can't help feeling closer and closer to Owen after each date with a chap who's 'stuck' with me for the evening, just so we'll both make good copy."

As far as possible, Brenda's private activities are much the same as those she enjoyed during her pre-picture days. And she has not forgotten them or how to enjoy them. She'll talk of that period in her life at the slightest provocation. And why wouldn't anyone who'd been lifted from a university campus and smacked right into pictures?

THAT day at lunch—it was while they were shooting "Public Deb No. 1"—Brenda enthusiastically recounted the blow-by-blow story of her début in pictures. "Slightly more than a year ago," she told us between jabs at a slab of roast beef, "I had about as much idea I'd be facing an audience rather than sitting with one, as Lana Turner had that she'd marry Artie Shaw, or Diana Lewis that she'd wed William Powell. I was having one whale of a time at school with my studies, Owen and my sorority sisters. I'd been in a number of school plays both at high school and at college, but never thought of myself as an actress. I wanted awfully hard to be on the stage and felt that with long enough training I'd perhaps one day make the grade. I knew, at least, that the years of training could be put to no better advantage even though it'd be ages before I'd get results."

Brenda had won a scholarship for speech to the University of California, but because her mother was employed as a house-mother at U.C.L.A., she switched to the latter campus after a semester at U. of C. "And I'm darned glad I did," she sparkled, "for it was there that I met Owen's sister, Janet. We were both Delta Gammas and roomed together, you know. It was there, too, that I met Owen at a party." She put down her fork to really get her next point over. "Now please don't you believe those stories about my meeting Owen on a date his sister fixed. It didn't happen that way at all. It wasn't until I'd returned to the sorority house after that particular party and told Janet whom I'd met that she told me he was her brother."

Constant campus companionship made Brenda and Owen deeply interested in each other. Long walks, talks, exchange of opinions on varied subjects and the subsequent cementing of mutual thoughts decided them for each other. They set no date for their marriage, just left it with "as soon after school as it would be practical." "You understand," Brenda went on, "I needed money then, too, probably more than Owen did, and I tried my hand at commercial modeling."

It was while Brenda was seeking modeling assignments that she ran into her great break in the person of an agent named Frances Bailie. "Miss Bailie," according to Brenda, "for some crazy reason, thought I'd make good screen material. When she asked whether she might represent me, it was with a tongue-in-the-cheek 'yes' that I consented. The whole idea sounded so remote that I dismissed it without further thought, figuring that Miss Bailie was just enjoying her own peculiar idea of a joke."

But Miss Bailie wasn't joking. She nabbed Ivan Kahn, Twentieth Century-

Fox talent scout and had him interview Brenda. Kahn was immediately enthusiastic about Brenda's beauty and apparent ability and lost no time getting Tom Moore, the studio's dramatic coach, to go to work on the girl and whip her into shape for a screen test.

Brenda tells of that period with reminiscent trepidation. "Boy, it was hectic! I went from talent scout to dramatic coach to casting director to Darryl Zanuck in more plays than the U.C.L.A. varsity eleven uses in four years of inter-collegiate scrimmage. Weeks whizzed by without my hearing a word. While I was doing everything Tom Moore suggested in the line of study and practise, I felt all along that even the lowliest stock contract was beyond my reach. And I was that convinced of it, I simply hated to take time to rehearse with Tom because it meant losing assured income from modeling assignments—and I needed money so-o-o badly!

"Then Tom had me practically glued to the studio for four days while he coached me for one particular screen test." Brenda didn't know then that Tom had gone to bat for her with Darryl Zanuck, that Zanuck, impressed with her portraits, had ordered her tested for the role of Fern Simon in "The Rains Came." And when the thrilling results of the test were told her, she phoned Owen and in her disbelief, said, "Someone has gone to a helluva lot of trouble to plant such a pointless college rib!"

SO it was into a strange, vast, new setting that Brenda was tossed. It was like stepping from land into water, and it was sink or swim. The publicity barrage got going: Here was the new Hollywood find, a fresh-from-the-campus beauty who enjoyed only the simple things in life. Here was the girl not made for Hollywood wolves in wolves' clothing. Yet, the one girl who was sure to take Hollywood and not be taken by it. And by heck, the most surprised people in the world were the Twentieth Century-Fox press agents who later learned that all the stuff they'd been spending days dreaming up, was true!

"Do you know," Brenda proffered, downing more beef, "my one great concern about reporting to the studio that first day for 'The Rains Came' was a fear that the people in it wouldn't be real. But once George Brent and Myrna Loy took me in hand, it was wonderful. I knew, too, that Owen was outside somewhere, backing me all the way down the line. I could never feel lost in a studio now. Owen's a great balance, and I always think that I have one foot in the studio, the other outside. It's a great help to feel that, because you never lose your balance or sense of proportion."

At this writing, Owen has a new job somewhere in the Imperial Valley where he's just beginning his business career as an accountant. The two speak with each other, via long distance, almost nightly with Brenda invariably putting the calls through. Owen isn't yet in a position where his pocket can stand the strain of nightly toll calls.

Since Brenda's mother is out of town, she and Owen's sister are living together again in an apartment near the U.C.L.A. campus where Janet is still at school. While Brenda spends her days at the studio, she keeps in close touch evenings and week-ends with her college chums

who are still studious undergraduates.

In Hollywood, everyone in one salary bracket tries to know folks in the next higher bracket, up to the top producer who seeks to be friendly only with God. But Brenda doesn't follow that formula. She has very few friends in the industry itself, again because she and Owen shun night life. On the lot, her best friends are the hairdressers and make-up girls, and save for an occasional evening at Nancy Kelly's or Arleen Whelan's home, Brenda sees less of stars than tourists do.

When Ouida Rathbone, Elsa Maxwell, Joan Crawford or any other celebrity has a Sunday cocktail party and you're in your car en route to it, you can be pretty sure those two people you see hiking over the hill in the opposite direction are Brenda and Owen.

The future Mrs. Owen Ward is careful to save money for the day the rains may come again. When she went to Washington for the President's Ball, she was frantic for want of a fur coat. Until that time, she had had none of her own, and whenever she had had to "dress" for premieres or swank parties, the studio always had arranged to have one lent her by the wardrobe department. Something went hay-

wire on the Washington junket, and Brenda wound up at a furrier's, buying a new coat. (You understand that although Brenda is in pictures, she is a newcomer, and her salary is not proportionate with her fame.) At the furrier's she nearly went mad trying to make a practical choice. She ended up with kolinsky!

BRENDAS' thrift is not confined to clothes. She wanted a new automobile this year, "but Owen wouldn't let me trade in my old one. He's superstitious about it for one thing, since that's the car I had when I started." And that's true. Looking at the jalopy she drives around in, you'd think she were a \$20-a-week errand girl. "But I don't care," she says, "I'll drive that thing until it falls apart!"

We asked her if Owen didn't think she'd changed since she started to work at the studio. "Yes, Owen thinks I have, but he doesn't think it's enough to hurt yet. The minute I change *that* much, I'll quit pictures. Nothing is as important to me as Owen. I'm going to marry him the moment he starts making real money, and we can afford marriage."

Darryl Zanuck has frequently asked Brenda to bring Owen down for a screen

test. "He looks like Lew Ayres and is really handsome," she boasts. But Owen won't have any part of it. And Brenda's not keen on the idea, either. She feels a man can change much more easily in Hollywood than a woman.

Hollywood thinks Brenda's a beautiful girl. Owen doesn't. He says she's not any more beautiful than the rest of them, but "she's certainly attractive and intelligent."

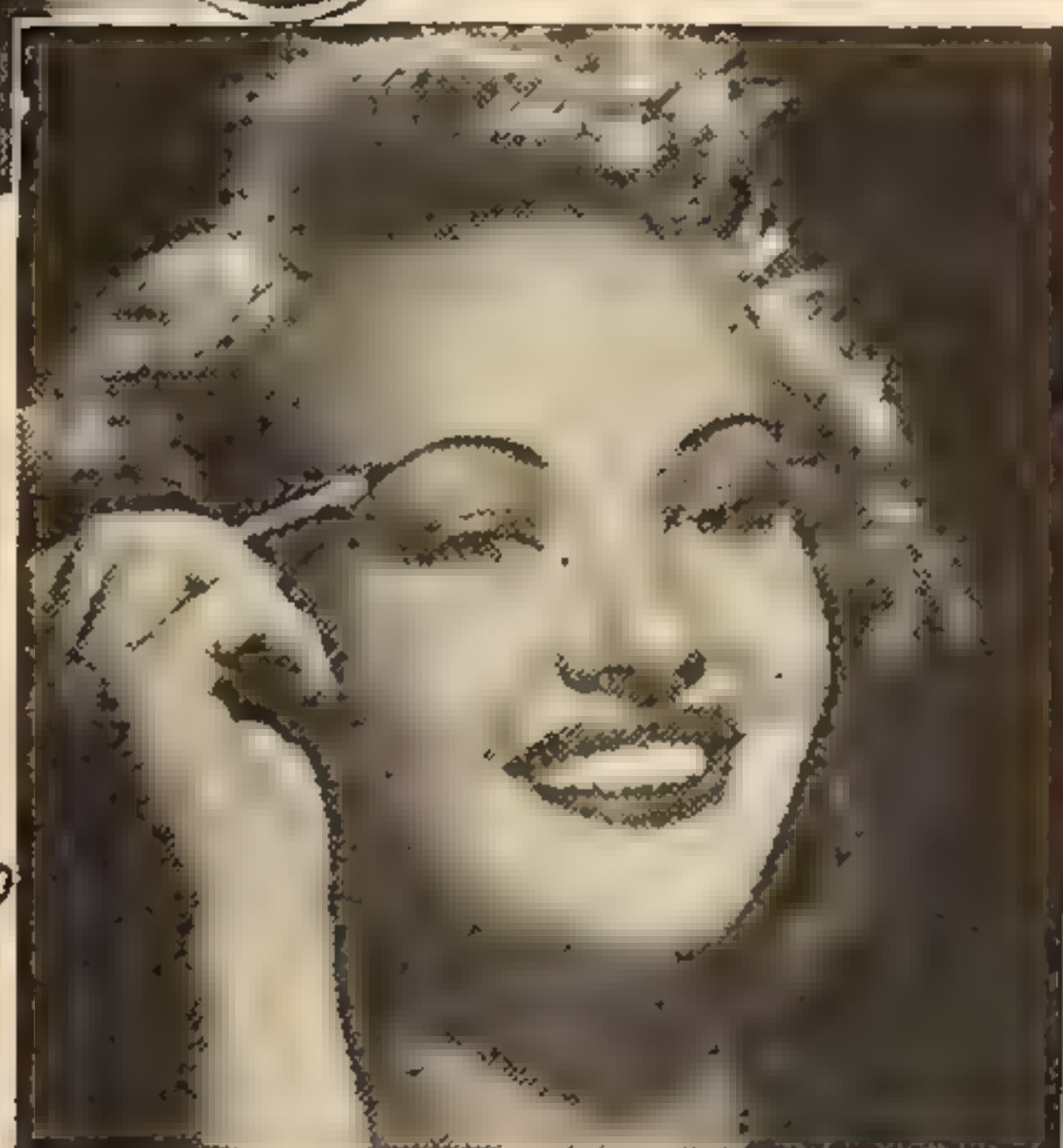
Local playboys persist in their attempts to date her. Most stars keep their phone numbers private, but since Brenda lives with Janet, and the boys know it, they can easily get her number from the University. And in the last two months Brenda's changed her number six times! She doesn't mean to be snobbish, but feels she'd hurt her Hollywood friends if she persistently refused them appointments. And except for those necessary, studio-arranged dates, the only boys she'll go out with while Owen's away are those of his fraternity brothers of whom he approves.

Because she lives sanely, because she's intelligent and not moved by the glitter and glamour of Hollywood, Brenda will go places. There's no question about it, Brenda Joyce is Zanuck's choice—for going to the top!

Do this for Your Eyes



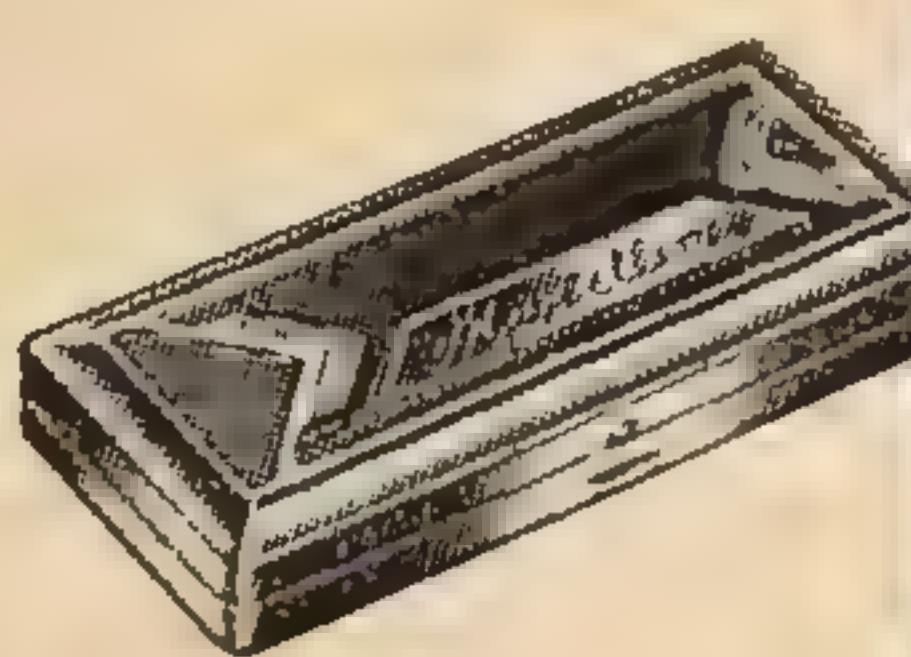
ONE—Just as Betty Grable does, blend eye shadow lightly over your eyelids, keeping it subdued above and slightly darker toward the lashline. Choose a shade to accent the color of your eyes.



TWO—Taper your brows with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black or Brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.



THREE—Darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue. It goes on perfectly—is tear-proof, non-smudging. Solid-form in this stunning gold-colored vanity or Cream-form in smart zipper case is 75c.



BETTY GRABLE
Appearing in B.G.
Sylvia's production
"Du Barry
Was a Lady."

PHOTOS BY
HURRELL

And SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO FOR YOU

Just as Betty Grable's does here, *your* expression takes on new meaning. Your face has perfect color-balance. And your eyes are glorious! For they look larger, more luminous. The long, sweeping loveliness of your lashes is enchanting. Your eyebrows are graceful and expressive. Try these famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids today and see what they'll do for you. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



FEMININE HYGIENE

NOW
LASTS
HOURS



Amazing
suppositories
continuous in
action for hours.
SAFE in action!

Wherever you go you hear women willing to rave about a wonderfully advanced method of feminine hygiene. A dainty method that is safe—gives continuous action for hours without the use of poison—yet kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white suppositories spread a greaseless protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.



Beautify Your Skin

with the aid of
**Mercolized
Wax Cream**



Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream, as directed.

This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, suntanned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the softer, whiter, smoother underskin. Try this famous complexion lightener, Mercolized Wax Cream now. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.



**ANY
COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK**
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. \$1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. Dept. M9-40
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture

General
Rating

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO).....	C 4★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount).....	2★
Alias the Deacon (Universal).....	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★
And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M).....	2½★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners).....	2★
Babies For Sale (Columbia).....	2½★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal).....	2★
Balalaika (M-G-M).....	3★
*Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO).....	3★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount).....	3★
Black Friday (Universal).....	2½★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbia).....	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★
Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M).....	3★
Brother Orchid (Warners).....	3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners).....	2★
Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount).....	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners).....	2½★
Castle on the Hudson (Warners).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Panama (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Child Is Born, A (Warners).....	3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists).....	2½★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M).....	3★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO).....	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic).....	2★
*Cross Country Romance (RKO).....	2½★
Curtain Call (RKO).....	2½★
Dark Command (Republic).....	3★
Destry Rides Again (Universal).....	3★
Double Alibi (Universal).....	2½★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount).....	C 3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners).....	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M).....	2½★
Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia).....	3★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M).....	3½★
Emergency Squad (Paramount).....	2½★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners).....	3★
Five Little Peppers at Home (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Flight Angels (Warners).....	2½★
Florian (M-G-M).....	2½★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M).....	2½★
Four Sons (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Four Wives (Warners).....	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount).....	2½★
*Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
*Great Mc Ginty, The (Paramount).....	3★
Green Hell (Universal).....	2★
Half A Sinner (Universal).....	2★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Hidden Gold (Paramount).....	2½★
High School (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists).....	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universal).....	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal).....	2★
Invisible Stripes (Warners).....	2★
Irene (RKO).....	3★
Island of Doomed Men (Columbia).....	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
It All Came True (Warners).....	2½★
It's a Date (Universal).....	3½★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
La Conga Nights (Universal).....	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Llano Kid, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia).....	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia).....	2★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Ma! He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal).....	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M).....	2★
Man From Montreal (Universal).....	2½★
Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Warners).....	2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Man With Nine Lives, The (Columbia).....	2★
Marines Fly High, The (RKO).....	2★
Men Without Souls (Columbia).....	2★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★

Picture

General
Rating

Millionaire Playboy (RKO).....	2★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia).....	4★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Music in My Heart (Columbia).....	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO).....	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists).....	3½★
*New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M).....	3★
Night of Nights, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Ninotchka (M-G-M).....	4★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists).....	4★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners).....	C 2★
One Hour to Live (Universal).....	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists).....	C 3★
\$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount).....	2★
On Your Toes (Warners).....	2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount).....	2½★
Our Town (United Artists).....	4★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia).....	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Parole Fixer (Paramount).....	2½★
Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia).....	2★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2★
Pinocchio (RKO).....	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Primrose Path, The (RKO).....	3½★
*Private Affairs (Universal).....	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Raffles (United Artists).....	2★
Rebecca (United Artists).....	4★
Remember? (M-G-M).....	2½★
Remember the Night (Paramount).....	3★
Rio (Universal).....	2½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners).....	3★
Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sandy Is a Lady (Universal).....	C 2½★
Saturday's Children (Warners).....	2½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Seventeen (Paramount).....	C 3★
Shooting High (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release).....	3★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners).....	2½★
Son of the Navy (Monogram).....	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Strange Cargo (M-G-M).....	3★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
*Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Swanee River (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
Tear Gas Squad (Warners).....	2★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO).....	C 3★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners).....	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
Three Sons (RKO).....	3★
'Til We Meet Again (Warners).....	3★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	3★
Too Busy to Work (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Too Many Husbands (Columbia).....	3★
Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners).....	2½★
Torrid Zone (Warners).....	3★
Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
*Turnabout (United Artists).....	3★
Twenty-Mule Team (M-G-M).....	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia).....	3★
Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M).....	2½★
Typhoon (Paramount).....	3★
Underpup, The (Universal).....	C 3★
Untamed (Paramount).....	2★
Vigil in the Night (RKO).....	3★
Virginia City (Warners).....	3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M).....	3½★
Way of All Flesh, The (Paramount).....	3★
We Are Not Alone (Warners).....	3½★
Women in War (Republic).....	2½★
Women Without Names (Paramount).....	2½★
You Can't Fool Your Wife (RKO).....	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M).....	C 4★

IS HOLLYWOOD GETTING SENSIBLE?

(Continued from page 36)

style, but the food isn't cold because a clever hostess anticipates the delays that often occur. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck cares so much about Darryl's food that she frequently sends her chef to the lot. She admitted to me this week, 'I wish I could invite you to dinner tonight, but the chef has been away for nine days.' Nowhere is food served more attractively than in Hollywood.

"Mrs. Jack Warner, our leading hostess, with the most beautiful house in the film colony, indicates calories in each dish on menus at her dinner. That is very considerate in these dietary days. George Cukor, another of our epicures, lost sixty-seven pounds on his own special diet and took his own food with him whenever he arrived as a guest. That's another little insight into Hollywood behavior. Yes, food is really important to people here.

THE third rule Hollywood hosts and hostesses follow is: Serve good drinks. Of course, you don't have to drink to be asked back here. How can I speak so authoritatively? Experience! I've never taken a drink myself. What's more, I hardly ever see anyone drunk in Hollywood. Cocktails are acquiring a different flavor lately, incidentally. The South Sea Island drinks are coming in. Old Fashioneds have gone out. The new rum drinks, including a Shark's Tooth, a Tahitian, a Dr. Fung, are in vogue. They're not dry; they're more acid.

"You won't have many cocktail parties inflicted upon you. We're too busy working to take half the afternoon off. I've never given a cocktail party myself, except in my first film. I won't have anything to do with them. To me they are sad substitutes. If you want to entertain someone, why not do it well? I don't think anyone actually can get much fun out of standing around with a diluted drink and hors d'oeuvres in a crowded room. If you insist upon serving cocktails, shake each one separately immediately before it is to be drunk. You'll note special bartenders here. Most big homes have bars in their playrooms.

"The fourth precept is: Be an individual. Hollywood has been so surfeited with yes-men that you stand out when it is established that you say what you honestly think. You never hear pictures discussed at our best parties. One star does not greet another with, 'I'll tell you about the woe on my new picture and then you tell me your story!' If you are an amusing, original, sincere man or woman you are qualified to crash out here. Clinging vines are out. I've lived a long time, and I've been very independent, and I get along because I talk so amusingly and sympathetically with the celebrities I like. I argue whenever I feel like it. Nor do they limit themselves to the stock exchange or the latest polo match. All the outstanding books are bought by the studios for films, so they're discussed.

"The host or hostess in Hollywood is extremely thoughtful of the guests. Jack Warner is an example of what I mean. You couldn't have more than he has in his home, yet he makes you feel perfectly at ease. Many an eastern millionaire is a stuffy, impossible person because he makes no effort to please. Jack came from a small town, started from



BABY NIGHT CREAM

(For Special Use)



Provides moisture-proof protective film against irritation from wet diapers.

BABY SHAMPOO

(Neutral—Non-Irritating)

Especially prepared for babies. Small amount produces creamy, cleansing lather that leaves delicate, fine hair silky and soft. Free from harmful alkalis that cause dry, brittle hair.



BABY SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM

(Wax-Free—Alkali-Free)

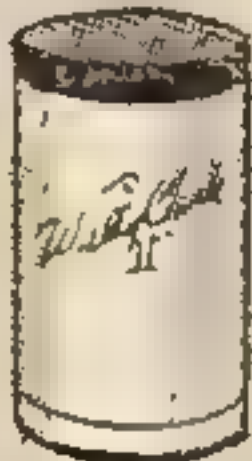
A delightful new cream that helps marvelously to keep your baby's lovely skin in its natural perfection. Free from wax, so it cannot "clog"—free of alkalis so it cannot irritate. Helps baby's skin to keep its glowing softness and texture.



BABY DUSTING POWDER

(Borated)

Especially prepared for babies. Delicately scented.



BABY PROTECTIVE POWDER

(Lanolated)

Safe, water-shedding powder made from newly developed formula containing lanolin. Free from stearate of zinc. Stays on.



BABY OIL PADS

(New—Convenient—Sanitary)

30 pads saturated in especially prepared oil for baby's daily oil bath. One pad contains enough oil for daily application covering entire body.



*USE THIS COUPON IF YOUR STORE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU

Six amazing new cosmetic products designed for your baby's own toiletry needs and mother's convenience. Now available for the first time at all Toilet Goods Counters.*

ONLY the finest is good enough for that million dollar baby of yours. And here are 6 new products—of the highest possible quality—to help keep your baby's lovely, natural charm. To bring new comfort for babies and new convenience for mothers.

Every Wally Clark product for babies—powders, creams, oils, shampoos—are manufactured from formulas developed after years of laboratory research and each has been rigidly tested for purity, safety and quality.

These special toiletries for your baby may be purchased individually or the complete set of 6—everything you may need for the baby's charm and comfort—in an attractive kit ideally suited as a gift box to mothers and expectant mothers.

Wally Clark
LTD.

WALLY CLARK LTD.

Merchandise Mart, Chicago

- ☐ Baby Dusting Powder.....25c
- ☐ Baby Protective Powder.....25c
- ☐ Baby Special Formula Cream.....25c
- ☐ Baby's Glamour Kit.....\$1.50

Please send postpaid, the toiletries checked.

I am enclosing (stamps money order) for \$.....

- ☐ Baby Oil Pads.....25c
- ☐ Baby Night Cream.....25c
- ☐ Baby Shampoo.....25c

Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....



**BROWS ARCHED IN
LOVELINESS ARE ALLURING
FOILS FOR THE EYES**

Enhance the "come hither" of your eyes with that enticing arch of the brows so tempting, and artfully emphasized with

Loveliness
EYEBROW PENCILS

Delightfully smooth and soft in just the right shades. Easy and convenient to use everywhere at any time. Slip-on protector keeps it sharp, and clean to carry in your purse. Brown or black. 10¢ everywhere.

AT YOUR FAVORITE
COSMETIC COUNTER
or write "Loveliness"
Rm. 350, 200 5th Ave.,
New York City

ALSO THE **Loveliness** LIP LINER... 10¢



**FREE
WEDDING
RING**

with every simulated diamond engagement ring ordered now. Smart, new yellow gold plate wedding ring set with brilliant given as get-acquainted gift FREE with every Flashing simulated Diamond Solitaire Engagement ring ordered at our Anniversary Sale offer of only \$1.

SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. 10 days' approval. Your package comes by return mail.
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 217 W, Jefferson, Iowa



**Sensational
SHOE
STYLE**

INCREASES
HEIGHT
2 INCHES

Short men look surprisingly tall in these new amazing shoe styles. Largest in direct-selling shoe line for men and women sent FREE by leading manufacturer to salesmen. Good pay every day. No experience needed. Low money-saving prices. Send no money just write for "big shoe sales outfit — FREE."

MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. B-1, Chippewa Falls, Wis.



**Laymon's
QUALITY
COSMETICS 10¢**

Pay Less for Loveliness

Look for the handy Self-Help Counter Displays of Laymon's Beautifiers on the counters of Drug and other neighborhood stores. New, alluring shades in Lipstick, Rouge, Powder and Nail Polish. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Beautifully designed, generously sized packages. Extra values!



WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

scratch in vaudeville. Darryl Zanuck, who's equally thoughtful, once sold books at \$16 a week. It's a fact that only wage-earners who've been through struggle and precarious conditions are liberal spenders.

"All big parties in Hollywood are now given for fun plus a cause. Emphasize the plus! Today, Hollywood's social leaders give parties primarily for a purpose—to preserve civilization. If I were to toss a party simply for fun alone, I would feel like a criminal. A party must be useful. If you can amuse your guests and make them pay for it, you devote the returns to one of the war charities. Partying, with such dreadful times abroad, would be too terrible otherwise.

BUT because all Hollywood entertainment has become constructive, is no reason to put on a tragic, sombre face. I asked an audience at a Y. W. C. A. lecture the other day, 'Why be gloomy?' You can be gay under any circumstances, securing a release from your worries or grief by searching for something at which to laugh. I'm interested in human psychology and I know that adopting a funereal air won't help the unfortunate. We must boost their courage by doing what we can to uphold their morale.

"I don't see why so much nonsense has been printed about Hollywood idiosyncrasies. What eastern host with background would offer his guests such an array of fine painters and leading art critics as Walter Wanger gathered for us not long ago? In how many homes—outside of home museums—can you see the Renoirs, Gauguins, Van Goghs and the great paintings that Eddie Robinson has in his?

"When they discuss Constance Bennett, why don't they do her justice? She is astounding. The best-dressed woman in Hollywood, she's had fantastic success

with her cosmetics. Besides her rare acumen in business, her *savoir faire* marks her as a woman of the world. But she rarely uses her drawing-room. She has an informal, wood-panelled room with deep couches, a bar with an adjoining kitchenette and that's where we gather to have fun at her house. She also has a six-pack bezique card room with special noise-proof walls.

"Why don't reporters tell you that what you need is vitality rather than front? If they don't like you here for what you basically are, you might as well give up. It is absurd to imagine that you can adopt any superficial line. Perhaps that was possible years ago, but it isn't in the Hollywood society I know. There's no bunko, because there's nothing synthetic about these people.

"Hollywood society isn't as selfish as New York society because here everyone is a worker. It has nothing in common with cafe society. I loathe cafe society, by the way. It is made up of people with no place to go, with no homes, who don't need anything so they infest night clubs.

"Society is your immediate circle of friends. It is entirely relative, and your own is every bit as important as mine. You shouldn't attempt to make yourself over to suit a circle you would not enjoy. Why should Hollywood want to know bluebloods? It doesn't, and Miss Susan Snooks realizes she has little in common with Mrs. Vanderbilt!

"I am very honored to be a member of the Hollywood community. I'm starting my next picture, 'Legacy' at Columbia with Warner Baxter, and a twenty-nine-year-old makes his production bow at the helm. Isn't that stimulating? But I'm not going to stay in Hollywood all the time. I like to change my residence."

So speaks this unusual personality who by her own efforts alone has made herself an indispensable part of the social world.

Appropriate that gorgeous Alaine Brandes should play the role of a photographer's model in her first film, "Turn-about." She's just been voted "Glamour Girl of 1940" by the Motion Picture Still Cameramen.



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

★★½ Private Affairs

The story of "Private Affairs" concerns the Boston Bullertons, as strait-laced a family as ever graced the annals of "Who's Who." That is, with the exception of Amos Bullerton (Roland Young) who had been turned out of the house twenty years earlier for disagreeing with the principles of his father. Amos had been forced to leave his daughter in Boston with his short-tempered parent, Noble Bullerton, who is determined that she never see Amos again. But the daughter (Nancy Kelly) has ideas of her own, and when her grandfather disapproves of her romance with a poverty-stricken young attorney (Robert Cummings), she leaves for New York to secure her father's consent.

The ensuing complications and their attempts to win old Noble Bullerton—and Boston—over to their side of the fence provoke most of the laughs. Not much can be said for Nancy Kelly's portrayal of a débutante glamour girl, but the remainder of the cast is excellent. Roland Young and Hugh Herbert make an especially funny team. Directed by Albert S. Rogell.—*Universal.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Albert Rogell is one of Hollywood's youngest veterans in the business. He's been handling a megaphone for the past twenty years, and recently celebrated his 38th birthday. . . . Roland Young, who plays a true Bostonian, set foot on Universal's "New England Street" for the first time in ten years. The last time was when he worked with Pola Negri in "The Woman Commands." . . . Bob Cummings is one of California's crack fliers, having piloted his own plane for thirteen years. He celebrated the finish of "Private Affairs" by purchasing a new airplane the very same day.

★★½ Cross Country Romance

Wendy Barrie and Gene Raymond are the gay, young couple who dash about with the pep of presidential candidates just to give you a lot of laughs in "Cross Country Romance." The fun begins when, on the day of her wedding to a society playboy, Wendy, a millionaire's daughter, pulls the disappearance gag. She manages to hide in a parked trailer which is about to be driven off by Gene Raymond, a young doctor on his way to San Francisco. Once she's in his trailer, Wendy decides to make herself at home. She slips into a suit of Raymond's and boils herself some coffee, but is discovered a few minutes later when she sets the auto on fire with her cooking. The young medico, who is anxious to get to the West Coast to catch a boat for China, tries to dump her, insisting she'll only be a nuisance to him. However, just how much trouble she's going to be not even Gene realizes. There are arrests by the Oklahoma City police for petty theft and kidnapping, and there's even a marriage ceremony by a sleepy justice of the peace!

Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie are a likable, laughable couple and, though there have been funnier and screwier comedies, this one definitely has its moments. Billy Gilbert has a short, but uproarious scene—the kind he thrives upon, and Hedda Hopper and George P. Huntley are excellent in small parts. Director: Frank Woodruff.—*RKO-Radio.*



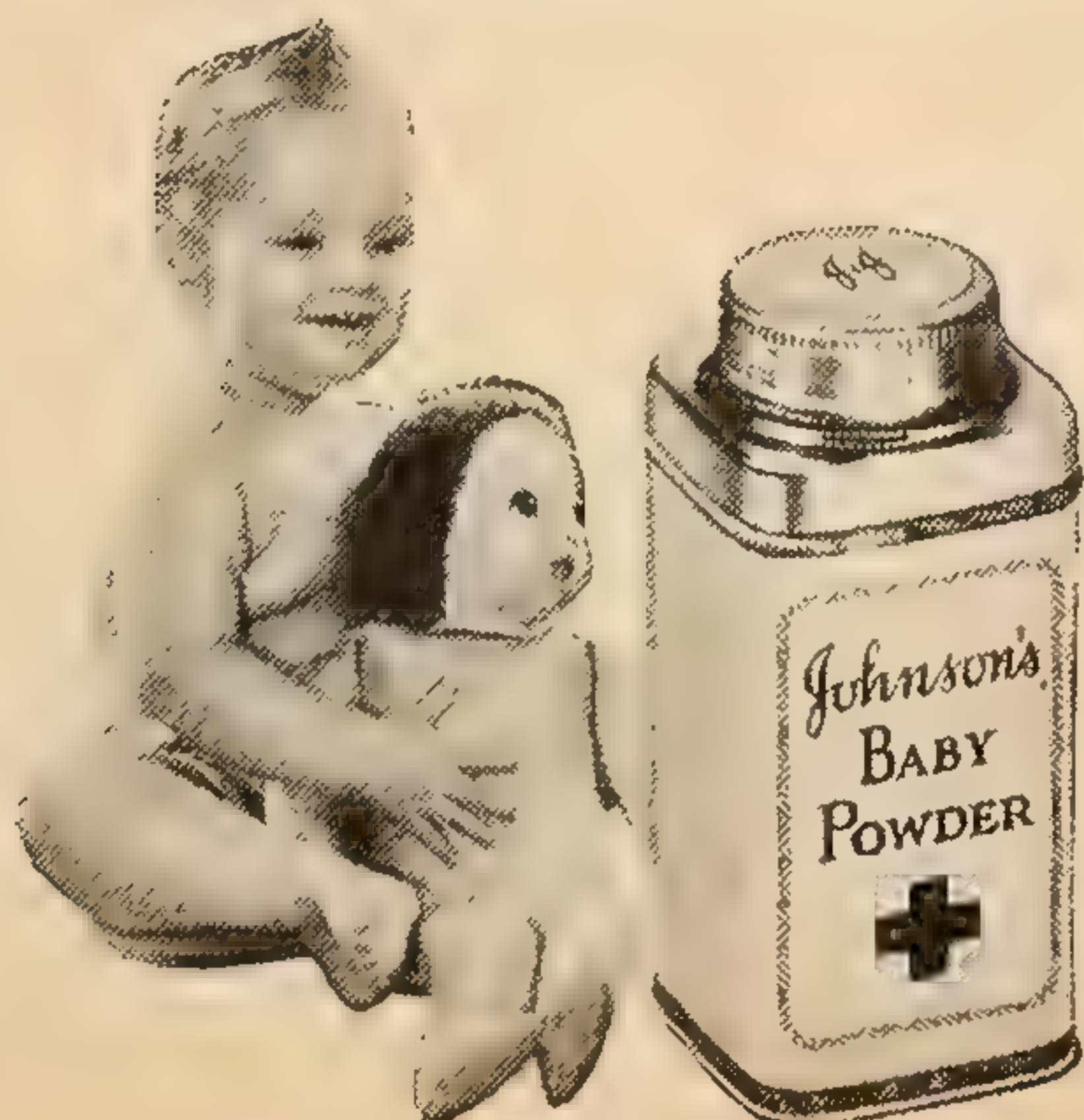
"Looka here, young lady—stop kicking and let me get this shoe off! You're going to have a perfectly lovely bath and nobody's going to tickle you . . . What's that? You don't want a lovely bath? Well, that's silly—"



"See? Now isn't this nice? . . . Oh, dolly, you're impossible! I am *not* smothering you—I'm washing your face. Come on; pretend you like it even if you don't and maybe Mother will give us some Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"Hello, Mother—guess what? Dolly says the water's fine and she can hardly wait for a Johnson's rubdown. I've been telling her what lovely soft powder it is and, come to think of it—better make that *two* rubdowns!"



"Babies have more fun than anybody 'cause they're always getting sprinkles of downy, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so soothing and cooling—really fine for prickly heat and chafes. And Johnson's is inexpensive."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



DON'T ENVY long, tapering, smart nails—have them! Simply covers short, broken, brittle nails with **NU-NAILS**. **NU-NAILS** can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. So natural they cannot be detected. They even have half-moons. Helps check nail-biting habit. Protects fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten-cent stores. **Nu-Nails, Dept. 15-J, 462 No. Parkside, Chicago**



NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails



IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR
and **DON'T LIKE** a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. **ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3, LOWELL, MASS.**



World's Smallest Pocket Radio
Radio fits your pocket or purse. Small as a cigarette package. Receives stations with clear tone. **NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. Geared luminous color dial.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE
Sent ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. **SIMPLE TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED!**
SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage & charges on arrival or send \$2.99 (Cash, M.O., Check) and yours will be sent postpaid. A most unusual value. **ORDER NOW! FREE!** Plug in "Magictenna"—eliminates outside wires!
MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. W-9 Kearney, Nebr.

EXTRA MONEY! in Spare Time!

SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS
LOW AS **50¢ for \$1**
100 Designs including De Luxe Line

Show largest assortment low priced Personal Christmas Cards on market. 5 series, 52 designs. Also 9 exclusive box assortments including \$1 GIFT BOX 21 Artist Award Christmas Folders. Costs you 50¢. Season's most sensational seller. Big selection De Luxe Personal Cards. Tell us which lines interest you. Samples on approval. Write today.
JANES ART STUDIOS, Inc., 456 Anson Place Rochester, New York

SWIMPROOF "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER
SWIM, perspire or cry and always be certain your lashes and brows remain attractively dark. Use "Dark-Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks. Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! \$1 at dept. and drug stores.
"Dark-Eyes" INDELIBLE DARKENER
"Dark-Eyes," 2210 W. Madison St., Dept. 39-J4, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Name..... Town.....
Address..... State.....

MODERN HOME COLUMN COOLING BEVERAGES

(Continued from page 14)

WHAT TO SERVE

Glasses for serving beer should not be washed with soap, but instead rinsed in hot water, then in cold—and dried on the outside only. Any excess moisture should be shaken out, leaving the inside of the glass moist. When pouring in the beer, hold the bottle or can in one hand and the glass at an angle in the other, so that the stream of liquid hits against the side of the glass. These few rules, plus a good quality brew, assure the "sparkle" and the "collar" which both add so much to the full enjoyment of this fine beverage.



ICED COFFEE, ICED TEA: The same general rules

apply to both. Pour a freshly made brew, while still hot, directly onto the ice. Since allowance must be made for ice dilution, make both coffee and tea double strength. However when ice cubes are made of the beverage itself. This produces a drink of the right strength without any increase in the regular proportions. By providing a sugar syrup any wasteful residue of unmelted sugar, in the bottom of the glass, is avoided.

For a fine **COFFEE COOLER** place a scoop of ice cream in each glass of iced coffee and top with whipped cream . . . vanilla ice cream as a usual thing, coffee ice cream for the more pronounced coffee enthusiasts, chocolate ice cream for a pleasing mocha flavor. Remember, **TEA** is a fine base for fruit drinks and serves to "extend" them economically.



SYRUPS: It is a great convenience having jars of plain syrup and chocolate syrup in the refrigerator, the former to sweeten all drinks quickly and economically,

the latter to add to home made sodas, floats and milk shakes. Fruit syrups are also a fine sweetening to have on hand.

PLAIN SUGAR SYRUP—Combine 1 cup sugar with ½ cup water. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Bring to a boil, cover and continue boiling 5 minutes. Cool and store.

FANCY ICE CUBES—Fill trays of automatic refrigerator with **COFFEE** or **TEA** after it has cooled but while it is still fresh. You can also make colored cubes by adding pure food coloring.

FRUIT BEVERAGES: Citrus fruits are real body coolers because their high Vitamin C content serves to dispel "that tired feeling" and to mitigate the effects of the heat on our systems. In making lemonade, be generous with lemons for a sourer drink is a better thirst quencher.

HOW TO SERVE

to tie in with surroundings or to proclaim your hobbies.

But beer should be served in colorless glasses. Light beer in a long and tapering glass, with a short stem and a round base; dark beer, in a rounder glass with somewhat more stem; and the heavier brews, such as stout, ale and porter, in a straight glass.

COASTERS: The choice is tremendous and their use as well as the general color scheme should guide your selection.

TRAYS: Here, too, there is a wide choice, in color, type and shape. They should be washable, impervious to fruit and liquor stains.

PAPER DOILIES: Can be used on trays, under glasses and pitchers, to absorb moisture. Who wants to wash table linen in summer!

PAPER NAPKINS: Cocktail size, and should match glassware in color and design wherever possible.

LONG HANDLED SPOONS: An absolute necessity. Nice to be able to have plenty of them at dime store prices.

SIPPERS: Gaily colored cellophane, to match or to contrast. However, when sippers are to be used to stir the beverage, the glass kind should be used. Use the glass ones, also, for gay "Fruit Sticks" made by spearing two pineapple gems, with a maraschino cherry between them for a fine garnish.

ICE AIDS: You'll want ice—plenty of it—right where you can get at it without constantly jumping up and rushing out to the refrigerator. Now, little ice buckets—formerly a *de luxe* item—are available in variety stores. With them you get little ice tongs.

IDEAS ON ICE: Keeping up with the ice demands on warm days requires some thought and action. If you have an automatic refrigerator, store an extra supply of cubes in the tray under the freezing unit. And if your trays have rubber molds, freeze a set of cubes, remove them right in the rubber, and refill the metal part. Keep a refrigerator bottle of water on a shelf in the refrigerator and use this chilled water to replenish trays—which assures quicker freezing than when tap water is used.

Remember, too, your local ice company will always deliver an extra supply of ice cubes in water proof containers or in a tub. You can get as little as 24 cubes—and of course as many as you want. They will also deliver "sized" ice for various special purposes—shaved, chopped, or in a big chunk for a punch bowl.

TIME OUT FOR COMEDY

(Continued from page 23)

young Laemmle wondered if his talent scouts had lost their grip or just stumbled onto this crow somewhere in a cornfield. "I am ve-ry unhappy," chanted Russell dolefully, popping her gum at the same time, "I want to go."

"Certainly!" cried Laemmle. "Maybe you had better hurry!" He scribbled her contract release with a palsied hand.

"Thanks," said Rosalind. A few hours later—minus the scarecrow get-up—she was signing a contract with M-G-M.

The point is, to be nuts is natural with Russell, but to be nuts with a motive can be arranged, too. For instance, consider the education of her family. For a long time after Rosalind had cracked the movies, her folks back East regarded her excursion into Horrible Hollywood as some sort of a mental aberration which had seized a member of their tribe. They pictured Roz as a lost sheep who had strayed into a den of wolves. They know better now, of course. But Roz herself had to break it up—and, as usual, she resorted to laughs.

I might interpose here that Miss Russell stems from a very nice New England family, whose tree, so far as she knows, has never before been nicked by an actress. The Russell males are all lawyers, doctors, business men and respectable people. The girls settle down and get married or pursue lady-like careers. Rosalind's mamma always pictured actresses vaguely as people who lolled in dressing-rooms, surrounded by cigarette butts and half empty gin bottles. But the Russell family was also a big one, and

père Russell believed in his children being individualistic. In their big house at Waterbury, Connecticut, they could do anything they wanted—play poker, dance or whoop it up in general—so long as they did it at home.

Still, sister Rosalind's jump from a finishing school to Broadway, though individualistic, was a bit startling! And her later decision to invade that incredible Hollywood place was something the family had never considered in their wildest dreams. They worried.

ROSALIND wickedly fed their fears for months by subtly hinting she was secretly married to this and that notorious person. When she was cast in a picture with a gangster star, early in her career, the family wrote shocked letters, firmly believing the man was a killer, as they'd read in the papers. Rosalind, I am ashamed to say, replied he was indeed a ruthless mob torpedo, and that furthermore she was considering being his moll!

It wasn't long, therefore, until an emissary of the Russell clan came scurrying out to Hollywood to see what was really what. It was her older sister, the one Rosalind calls "The Duchess." Rosalind adores the Duchess, but she couldn't help sensing that big sister was snooping around a little and needed a good lesson.

She took the matter up with some of her fun-loving boy friends. To the Duchess she announced that some guests might drop around for dinner. Expecting dinner jackets at least, her sister

slipped into a formal dress. Then the mob arrived.

They came in sports coats looking like horse-blankets, with gaucho shirts and silk bandannas. They wore berets, violent colored slacks, suede shoes. They were more Hollywood than Vine Street. Not one knocked. To the Duchess' horror, all the men let themselves in with private keys. They yelled, "Hello, Roz darling," patted her knee and cried, "Where's the gin?" They stretched out on the divan, sprawled on the floor. One merely said "Hi" and walked upstairs.

At dinner the guests wolfed their food noisily, spilled drinks, put their feet on the table and tipped big cigar ashes on the rug. They spouted exaggerated Hollywood chatter, told lurid studio tales, got in fights and, all in all, gave the Duchess probably the most terrifying dinner ordeal of her life. When Rosalind thought big sister had had enough, she called off the act. From then on, the Russell family hasn't worried about Rosalind. They have been too busy laughing.

There was a time, though, when the family might have had some ground for their fears. For instance, at the beginning of her career when assignments were slack, Rosalind's idea of a swell lark was to hop into a rattle-trap automobile she had and set out on the highways. The idea was to pick some interesting looking car and follow it. Wherever the chosen automobile and passenger went, Rosalind chugged along behind. Wherever they stopped, she stopped. To her peculiar sense of humor, this loomed

Here's the way PEPSI-COLA came to town
many long years ago

And today, after more than 35 years, Pepsi-Cola is still "go in" to town". A flavor favorite with millions—and growing all the time—Pepsi-Cola is sweeping the country! Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola today. Enjoy its fresh taste and fine flavor. 12 full ounces of this sure thirst quencher for one nickel. Lots—for little.

And this is the big, new, streamlined bottle of Pepsi-Cola, favorite with millions... because it's bigger and better!

NOW WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLONDE HAIR!



**New Shampoo
Method—Specially
Made for Blondes—Washes Hair
Shades Lighter—Safely!**

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the shampoo made specially for them. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing finer for children's hair. Get it today at any good store.

BLONDEX SHAMPOO *For Blonde Hair*

DIGESTIVE JUICES FAILING?



**Then Food CAN'T Digest Right, Your
Strength Goes—Start Digestive
Juices Flowing Normally Again**

If there is nothing organically wrong with you, a common cause of poor digestion is a WEAK flow of DIGESTIVE JUICES. Then food can't digest right. You feel SOUR, often have HEARTBURN, gas, a DIZZY head.

Start digestive juices flowing NORMALLY again. Set the millions of cells in Fleischmann's Yeast to work on those digestive glands. It's a STIMULATOR. It starts the juices forming faster. Then digestion should pick up. When digestion improves, strength should begin to come back. Eat one cake first thing in the morning, another 1/2 hour before supper.

**FREE—Write for "You Can't Feel Well
If Digestive Juices Are Failing," to F. Y.
Co., Dept. E-28, 691 Washington St.,
New York. Absolutely FREE!**



Copyright, 1940, Standard Brands Incorporated

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

Geppert Studios, Dept. 463, Des Moines, Iowa

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

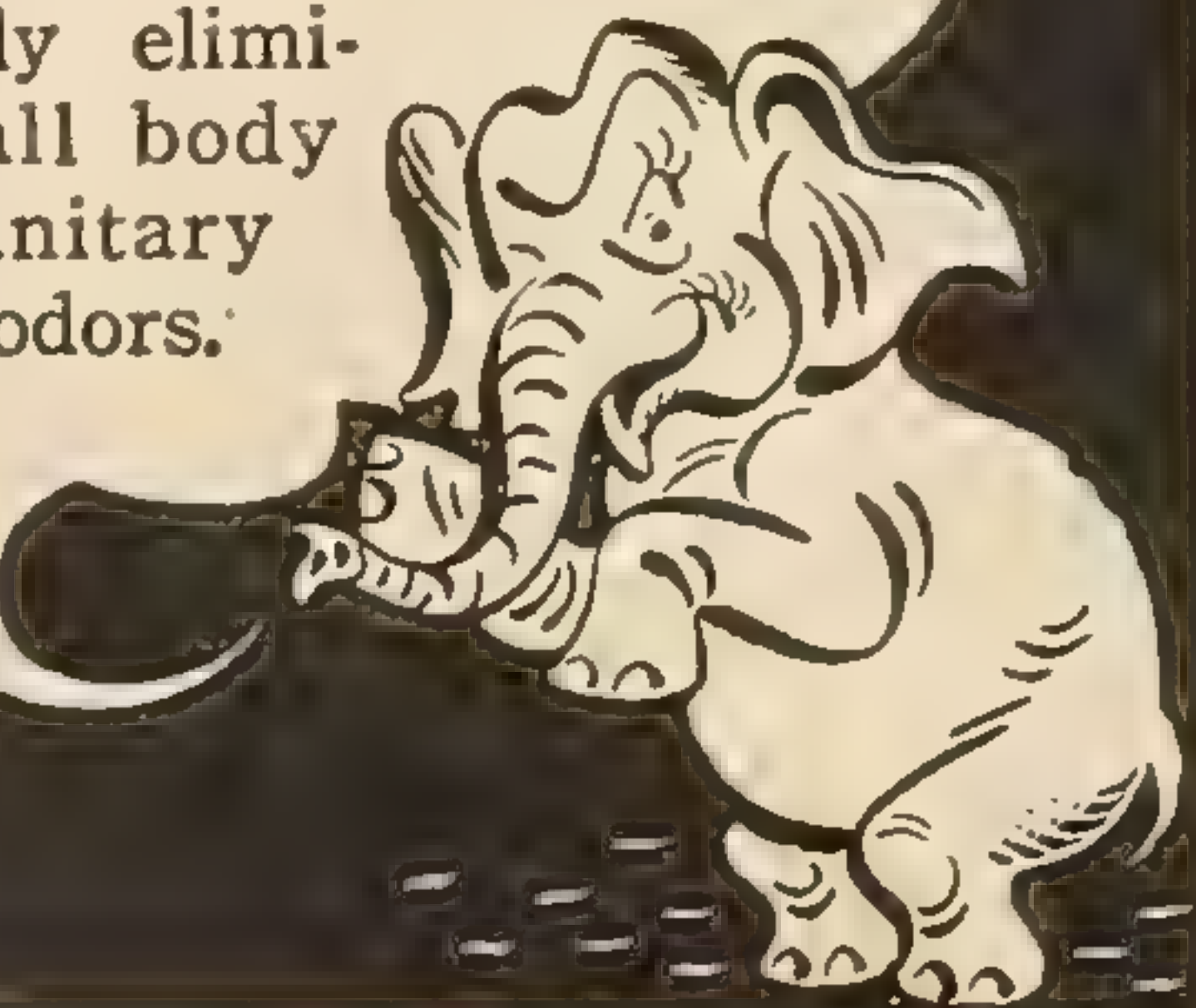


Remove superfluous hair privately at home following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

D. J. Mahler Co., Inc., Dept. 35K, Providence, R. I.

IT'S A BIG HELP

to know that QUEST (the Kotex deodorant powder) positively eliminates all body and sanitary napkin odors.



as high adventure. Why, I couldn't say. Of course, she met a lot of nice people that way. However, that merry pastime came to an abrupt end one day when a car reversed the process on roamin' Rosalind. She had wandered south of the border, down Mexico way, and a car full of fierce moustached caballeros started chasing Roz for a change. She got back over the border just in the nick of time!

Another favorite early Russell escapade was putting on old clothes and invading the cow towns on the desert near Hollywood, riding range with the cowboys and being the belle of their rootin' tootin' dances on Saturday nights. All strictly incognito, of course. To the cowpokes, Rosalind posed as "Ruth, the prune picker," a sort of a migrant feminine Okie. She can't get away with that any more, of course, since she's so well-known. It burns her up, too.

BUT today, even with her dignity as a screen star, Russell still manages to get in some sort of comical jam the minute she checks out of Hollywood on her own. She's the kind of person things happen to. If they don't, she happens to them. And even if events start out to be serious, something funny is bound to happen.

A while back she was visiting her sister in Palm Beach, Florida, on her way to New York. A tropical second-story man, visioning a Hollywood star dripping with jewels, burglarized the house one night. He didn't get any jewels but managed to lift Rosalind's brand new set of expensive Viton luggage. Undaunted, Roz wrapped up her things in old newspapers, suit boxes and brown paper sacks and arrived in the Pennsylvania Station looking as though she had just been to market. "Is this the way you usually travel, Miss Russell?" inquired a smart-aleck reporter. "No," said Rosalind, "I usually carry a birdcage, too!"

In Manhattan, someone she didn't know very well gave a party for her one afternoon, announcing on the invitations, that "Miss Rosalind Russell of Hollywood" would be present. The headliner billing irked Roz a little, but she went. In spite of the advertising, she found half the guests didn't know who she was. "I work in the bargain basement of the Broadway Hollywood department store," explained Roz. She's not sure her hostess quite approved.

But the maddest mix-up Rosalind has managed to encounter occurred a year or so ago in Europe. After making "The Citadel" in England, she and her younger sister, Mary Jane, set out for a Continental binge. They did Switzerland and the ski resorts, then ended up in Czechoslovakia, about when Hitler was putting on the pressure for the Sudetenland squeeze.

Well, Rosalind or Mary Jane or someone talked out of turn about political matters, and the local *gestapo* called. It cost five hundred good U. S. dollars to bribe their way on a train to clear out of there. In Germany, the train turned out to be a troop train. They were the only girls on a string of cars which immediately swarmed with thousands of soldiers on the way to the front. Everyone, including Rosalind and Mary Jane, was dumped out on the Siegfried Line. The soldiers stayed. But the two Russells had other ideas. They dodged around pillboxes and tank traps through the Maginot Line to France. Looking back, Rosalind is pretty proud of that. There aren't many Hollywood stars, she maintains, who have blitzkrieged both Hitler's West Wall and the Maginot Line in one afternoon—or, for that matter, had a per-

sonal escort of ten thousand men to keep them amused on a train.

Men, by the way, figure prominently in all Rosalind's fun, although people are always hanging the tag "bachelor girl" on her and inferring that she has little time for the dominant sex. On the contrary, the maid Russell is very popular and has a courtly crew hanging around her at odd hours of the day and night. The main qualifications for a Russell suitor are wit and an indestructible sense of humor. "I'm always surrounding myself with clowns," sighs Rosalind when pressed on the subject.

Absurdly enough, Roz never met the first man in her Hollywood life. He used to call her up every dawn around 4:30 and make thick-tongued love to her over the phone. He always called from some beer parlor or other and, in his confused state, thought he was talking to his sweetheart. It was strictly a wrong number romance. Rosalind was living alone in a hill-top house then, and she got a little tired of being roused out of her bed nightly at the wee hour. She decided the only way to stop the annoyance was to reform the guy. So one night when he called, she launched into a sentimental temperance talk and ended up with her unknown pal sobbing a pledge never to touch the stuff again. As far as she knows, he never has. At least, after that he stopped calling.

Roz's more tangible masculine admirers never wane, however, for Roz's sense of humor appeals to the male mind. She's a good sport. She'll do anything within reason without a complaint. They're always trying to dare her down—without much success. What's more, she can give most of them as much as she can take.

For quite a time she had an outlandish reputation for sporting extremely bizarre clothes in public. Most outsiders still think that Rosalind's taste is simply a little on the screwy side. The truth is—most of her absurd hats and harnesses have been daring deliveries on some bet or other with a challenging male. She would wear a dishpan, setting hen or coffee pot headgear to any swell event, if some teasing Tom dared her to—and put a little money on the line.

ONCE, she showed up at the smart Los Angeles Tennis Club matches, where the stadium is small and everyone can easily ogle everybody else, wearing a tall, silk coachman's hat! Furthermore, she never batted an eyelash as the gallery stared. Why should she? She had a bet up with a pal of hers. Fifty dollars, wagered the rash young man, Roz would not wear the stove-pipe to the tennis matches. He didn't know Russell very well. It cost him the fifty bucks to get better acquainted!

The other night Rosalind and Cary Grant stepped out to the Beverly-Wilshire to dance. Cary can be quite as crazy as Rosalind when he's in the mood. They took a cab, and he dared her to sit up in the front with the driver. Rosalind not only hopped up in front, but drove the cab up to the startled hotel doorman, jumped out and helped the blushing Cary alight—then demanded a tip. She got it, too.

Sometimes, though, her boy friends gang up on her, tap a known weak spot and get her goat. A few weeks ago, Rosalind planned one of her hurry-up trips East, and as she didn't have much time, decided to fly. She's terrified of planes anyway, and the particular night she was scheduled to take off across the mountains, a pouring rain and a high wind set in. As she packed with a sinking stomach, a bevy of her boy friends

arrived to tell her good-bye. Sitting like buzzards around the room, they mournfully recalled all the horrible air accidents of history and with long faces speculated on whether or not Roz had a chance to get through alive. "All the good pilots have gone to war," croaked one. "The transcontinental planes now are all second rate and ready to fall apart," sighed another. "This is Friday, the thirteenth," observed a third.

Before long Rosalind was in such a state of nerves that she called up the airport and cancelled the reservation!

However, such dark moments of defeat are few and far between in the life of Roz. Even workaday moments, considered tedious, boring and bothersome by a lot of our movie queens, amuse her. For instance, while letters from a public anxious to sell something or put over deals are a continual annoyance to most stars, to Russell they're a never-ending source of fun. She reads them all, and there's nothing she would rather do than get together with her secretary and shoot out rollicking replies.

The other day she got a letter from a firm which insisted on loaning her money. "You need money!" shouted the letter. "You must have it!" Rosalind wrote right back. "All right, if I must, I suppose I must. Please send me \$4,000,000 at once. There's just one thing. You pay me the interest!" She hasn't had a reply to that one yet.

Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert, penned Rosalind a persuasive note not long ago, too, and with it sent a copy of his newly published autobiography. The letter asked Miss Russell to read the book carefully, because he was convinced she was the one actress to play the leading feminine role on the screen. Rosalind took it seriously, for a change, and was into the third chapter when she found out that ten other actresses in Hollywood had received the same book and essentially the same letter. Promptly she wrote Culbertson. She suggested that since so many actresses were the only one for the part, the Music Hall Rockette chorus would be much better!

On the set, just where work begins



You'll next be roaring over Roz Russell in Universal's "Hired Wife." That hat looks very much like one of her "dare" numbers, but one can't be positive!

"There's Charm in Soft HANDS," says **Martha Scott***

(Lovely
Hollywood Star)



A FINE CHANCE I
HAVE FOR THOSE SOFT
HOLLYWOOD HANDS—

CARY GRANT and MARTHA SCOTT*
in Columbia's great romantic drama,
"The Howards of Virginia".



HOUSEWORK NEEDN'T
ROUGHEN YOUR HANDS IF
YOU LET JERGENS LOTION
FURNISH BEAUTIFYING
MOISTURE FOR THE SKIN



FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

**A few seconds' care a day
helps prevent
unalluring rough hands**

EXPOSURE TO WEATHER and use of water tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin. But apply Jergens Lotion. It furnishes new refreshing moisture for your skin. And—remember—in Jergens you apply 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften and smooth harsh skin. No stickiness! Quick and easy! Thousands of women keep the allure of soft, smooth hands by regular use of this famous Jergens Lotion. Get it today.

FREE! YOUR START TOWARD SOFT HANDS

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company
3715 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps me have charming, soft hands. Please send my free purse-size bottle.


Name _____
Address _____

SUE SANG BEFORE SEVEN

BUT CRIED BEFORE ELEVEN!



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special *penetrating foam* gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."



BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Tested and Approved
— 2273
Good Housekeeping
Bureau

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

and fun lets up is never quite clear when Roz is making a picture. All picture jobs are fun to her; some are just more fun than others. She carries her good humor and gaiety into her scenes, too, which fact may account substantially for the fun it is to watch her on the screen. Her first hit role in "Rendezvous" was written straight, but Roz had seen so many New York debutantes and thought them so silly that she merrily "loused up the part," as she says—and that made her a star.

A while ago, work on "No Time for Comedy" was suspended when a twenty-five piece band broke past the sound stage doors and paraded through the set, blaring "It's Somebody's Birthday." It was followed by a French chef wheeling in an enormous, phony birthday cake, and a stunt man dressed like a baby sucking a milk bottle and bawling. This was to celebrate Rosalind Russell's birthday (she's just on the sunny side of thirty), and it was in retaliation for a gag she had pulled on Jimmy Stewart's natal day a week before.

The first day Bette Davis worked on "All This, and Heaven Too," she found a black funeral wreath in her dressing-room, with a note saying, "Condolences, Dear Bette. They really bought the book for me, you know. But I turned it down." Bette replied with a dead bouquet of onions, garlic and other smelly vegetables when she learned Rosalind was about to have a birthday.

The nice part about Rosalind Russell's funnybone is that she's always much happier laughing at herself than at anyone else. The funniest thing that ever happened to her, she thinks, was during her terrific free-for-all fight with Paulette Goddard in "The Women." She told Paulette to go ahead and swing hard—

and Roz got knocked out on her feet! In "His Girl Friday," Cary Grant and Ralph Bellamy nailed down a prop telephone she was supposed to jerk out of a desk. When the desk came tumbling over on her, Rosalind arose bruised but shrieking with laughter.

Right now she's writing a play poking fun at herself. It's called "Here We Are." Two good friends of hers, Nedda Harrigan and Charlotte Winters, are collaborating, and Rosalind insists it won't be any fun at all unless they all play themselves and get thoroughly laughed at in public.

Charlotte Winters is a red-headed beauty who for years has been about Rosalind's best friend in Hollywood. Both were "bachelor girls" (the term Russell hates with such a passion) until last fall. Then, the day before last Thanksgiving, Charlotte called up Rosalind on the set of "His Girl Friday" and announced she was getting married the next day.

I HAVE three invitations to turkey dinners tomorrow, and I can't possibly make it!" declared Rosalind.

"But," protested Miss Winters, "I'm getting married—not you!"

"That's right," agreed Rosalind. "But you're not getting married tomorrow; you're getting married tonight at my house. I'm not missing the wedding."

It was seven-thirty then—and Rosalind Russell was still working. The wedding was at ten, complete with flowers, one hundred and fifty guests, rice, champagne and everything. Roz did it all over the phone in a couple of hours.

When she thinks of that wedding she sighs a little wistfully. Charlotte made such a pretty bride. Sometimes, Rosalind Russell even pictures herself tripping down the middle aisle with a bridal bou-

quet. But usually she ends up chuckling at the thought.

When Roz isn't busy with acting, one of those hectic trips, a party or some benefit, she starts ripping up and frantically redecorating her Beverly Hills house, where she lives in more or less splendid isolation with her colored maid, Hazel Washington (whom she stole originally from Garbo) and a very spoiled poodle named "Cracker" who, occasionally, as Roz admits, "has crumbs."

Rosalind is firmly convinced she leads the only life worth while—a merry one. "I haven't a complaint. I'm having a wonderful time. Life doesn't owe me a thing, but I owe it plenty."

Lately the dark clouds over the world have dampened her spirit a little. But she's thinking of organizing a funnybone club to stop all the gloom and fear talk. Anyone who can't crack a grin, says Roz, will get fined plenty—and the money will help out some war charity.

She figures the best way she can settle her particular bill with life is to pay off in laughs. That's why she's still planning on plenty of time out for comedy.

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

HEADLINES FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 45)

shampooing than dry because oil and perspiration cling to it more readily.

If your hair is dry or brittle, it should have frequent oil shampoos. Heat a bottle of oil, saturate a small ball of cotton with it, then divide your hair into inch square patches by parting it in both directions and rub the oil well into your scalp. Let it stay there as long as possible. Half an hour is good—all night is excellent. Just before your soap shampoo, wring out a clean towel in hot water, wrap it around your head and let it steam for five or ten minutes.

Soft water and a mild liquid shampoo are most effective. Wet the hair thoroughly with plenty of warm water and apply plenty of shampoo. Use the cushions of all ten fingers to loosen the dirt thoroughly. Rinse that off; then apply more shampoo. The second time be sure to rub the hair ends well between your fingers. Oily hair may need three soapings. Two are usually enough for dry or normal tresses. The last rinse is most important, though. Lift your hair, spray the water through it in every direction until it's clean enough to "whistle" between your fingers.

A good vegetable rinse at this point will give sheen, highlights and a delightful softness to tired or lifeless hair. There are any number of splendid, harmless rinses available everywhere and, though they last only from one shampoo to the next, they are well-worth using.

If, for any reason, you feel you want to dye or bleach your hair, you need have little or no worry about results.

Thousands of girls and women have become quite expert at doing their own hair regularly.

When you start, it will be best to let a skillful salon operator do the job, if for no other reason than to help you choose the correct color and to see that it is applied evenly. After the first or second treatment, though, there is no reason why you can't learn to do the work at home. Of course, you know that once you begin, you have to keep it up indefinitely, for new growths of hair must be constantly retouched. Follow-up jobs will be the real test of your skill. Retouch only the new hair, not the full length of the strands.

REMEMBER that the glamour girls in Hollywood, whose shining manes are the joy of every one who sees them, have achieved their lustrous locks by simple, continuous, every day care. No miracles brought them about, even in that mecca of magic. Florence Rice, Lucile Fairbanks, Mary Beth Hughes, Ann Rutherford, Rita Hayworth and Vivien Leigh take better care of their locks than many a girl who was born with far more beautiful tresses. That's why theirs are lovely when yours are sometimes drab and dejected looking. Give your hair the same break that Hollywood girls give theirs, and yours will be every bit as lovely.

Here's a little check-up chart. Ask yourself these questions: 1. Does my hair look soft and bright and "living?" 2. Does it frame my face charmingly, or

does it leave my features harsh and bare? 3. Is my coiffure suitable for my age, my physical proportions and my occupation? 4. Is it appropriate for the clothes I wear? 5. Does it "do something for me" either with or without a hat? 6. Is my hair gleaming, smart and manageable between hairdresser visits?

We needn't tell you the answers to these questions—you know them all too well yourself! The important thing is: What are you doing about them?

* * *

We are that excited about a brand new kind of hair curler which practically revolutionizes the great home hair waving industry! It's the tiniest, simplest looking little gadget you ever saw—fact is, it's invisible, in the same way that some hair pins are invisible. It even looks something like two fine wire hair pins ingeniously slide-locked together. But the best thing about these new curling devices is that you can play, work, sleep, swim or even dance in ten, twenty or thirty of them and still not feel them! And no one else need ever see them. You can even wear a bathing cap over them without any bulges or ridges, and of course, there are no sharp ends or edges to pierce the rubber. No more sleepless nights tossing over stiff, uncomfortable curlers and no more big, bulky exposed curlers to embarrass you by day either. These light, comfortable invisible curlers will eliminate all of that. Do you wonder we're enthusiastic! Send us your name on a penny post card and we'll let you in on the big news.

SUZANNE SOMMERS, SENIOR AT DUKE UNIVERSITY, SAYS:

MEN LIKE

That modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Women today are learning a secret from gay, young "collegiennes." They're discarding obvious makeups—and following the modern trend to natural beauty with Richard Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder* . . . the flattering new powder you choose by the color of your eyes.

They're learning that eye color is closely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to

powder that matches your own coloring . . . gives you that *natural* look men admire.

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly right for you . . . the shade that is most *natural* to you . . . in Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder*, the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so smoothly . . . clings for hours . . . agrees with even the most sensitive skin. Try it today! And for complete color harmony, use matching *Marvelous Rouge* and *Lipstick*, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)



RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.

I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

(Good only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where legally prohibited.) MM-940

BLONDIE & DAGWOOD!

★
BLONDIE HAS
SERVANT TROUBLE
A Columbia Picture

AND YOU, TOO!

can instantly beautify your hair with L. B. Hair Oil!
Famous Hollywood discovery makes hair lustrous,
easy to manage, abundant-looking...at once!
Removes loose dandruff, relieves dryness, itchy
scalp and other danger signs that often lead to falling
hair and baldness! Play safe! Get L. B. NOW!
At Barber and Beauty Shops,
Drug, Dept. and Chain Stores

REG. 25¢ BOTTLE L. B.
FREE: HAIR OIL, SEND 10¢ FOR
PACKING & POSTAGE

L.B. HAIR OIL
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

**Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste**

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

SCRATCHES AND CUTS SPELL

SAYMAN'S D-A-N-G-E-R!

SALVE relieves discomfort of cuts, wounds, burns, and skin irritations of external origin. **FREE SAMPLE.** Write Sayman, Dept. 16-C, St. Louis, Mo.

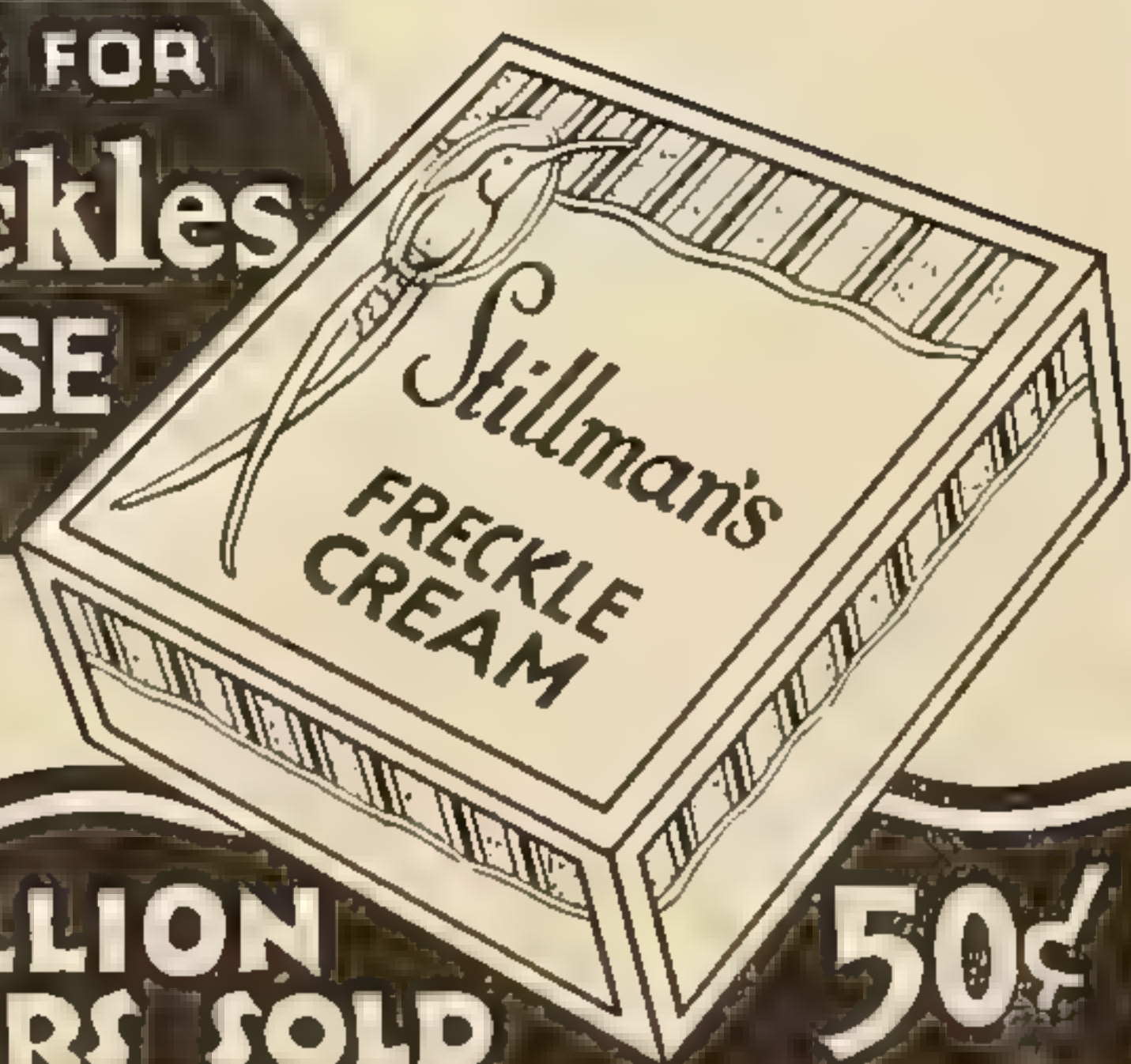
NEURITIS

**Relieve
Pain In Few
Minutes**

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

TO LIGHTEN YOUR SKIN

AND FOR
Freckles
USE



OVER
**30 MILLION
JARS SOLD**

50¢

TEMPERAMENT AT TWO

(Continued from page 28)

Mischa brings howls of despair from the Babe, often so long and violent that the company has to let up shooting and soothe Sandy with something important, like a cookie, before there's a chance to get a scene. Then Mischa stands helplessly, but ruefully, beside his private wailing wall and shakes his head. "She's just allergic to me," he confesses. But it isn't that at all.

The truth is that the very first scene Baby Sandy ever had in a movie was with Mischa. It happened to be a pretty terrifying scene, too, for an eleven-month-old, sensitive *artiste*. They sat on a bed in the middle of a set blazing with giant lights. All sorts of strange, rough men were staring at her and grinning. Mommy was far, far away, across the room, and all in all Baby Sandy must have felt like she'd lost her last friend. Then this tall, strange man with the great, dark eyes beside her began going noisily insane, or so it must have seemed to Sandy. He hopped around like a monkey, barked like a dog, wiggled his hands by his ears and made a pretty terrifying ass of himself. And all this for ten long takes.

SANDY bawled. Who wouldn't? It was a very funny scene on the screen. But it certainly didn't have Sandra Lee in stitches. In fact, she's never forgotten it. In her young life, Mischa Auer is still Bogie Man Number One, although she has run up against him, as I said, in practically every picture since. But she still bawls and tries to scam every time she sees the dour Auer.

That, of course, is a form of temperament. But if Sandy didn't have it, she would never be piling up her trust fund today.

Nobody knew how best to handle Baby Sandy when she crashed the movies overnight. Consequently, all the old movie directing tricks had to be tried on her before they figured out how to get results a little more painlessly.

As a matter of fact, the action in Sandy's early pictures was rough and tumble enough to load any year-old lady with a mess of fright complexes. She was always being alley-ooped from one actor to another, ridden piggy back, raced here and there and jammed into dark corners. Because, as you can easily gather from the titles, each plot had embarrassments about just whom the baby belonged to. In both "Unexpected Father" and "Little Accident" somebody was always trying to whoosh Sandy somewhere out of sight.

Dennis O'Keefe looms large still in Sandy's book of villains because of just such a plot caper. In "Unexpected Father," Dennis, having Sandy on his hands and hearing someone coming, grabbed the startled kid by the seat of the pants, tossed her into a barrel as black inside as Mammoth Cave, jammed the top down and sat on it!

Well, when they took that scene, you could hear Sandy's wails halfway over to Warner Brothers. In fact, she was so upset by the experience that the first time they rehearsed it Sandy was no good for the rest of the day. When they tossed her through the air in "Little Accident," Sandy also registered a major howl and got so upset she had to go home.

Bing Crosby, on the other hand, is a favorite of Sandy's to this day. Everyone

who sings over the radio is still "Bing" to Sandy, and when she sees someone she particularly likes she points, smiles and chirps "Bing." Of late, too, she's developed a crush on Bob Hope by remote control, which baffles her parents, seeing as how Sandy has never even seen Bob or worked in a picture with him. As for Bing, though, there's a solid reason. Sandy met Bing the right way.

The first scene Bing had with Sandy was on the gentle side. Bing is tender with kids anyway, by nature and by experience, having had enough of his own to know a thing or two. But in "East Side of Heaven" it fell to Bing to put Sandy to sleep. Well, as any mother knows, anyone who can put a baby to sleep has the magic touch with kids. Just imagine the power of a sandman, too, who has to do his stuff under burning arc lights in the middle of the day amid the hectic bustle of a Hollywood movie set.

No one, not even Sandy's mother, could turn the trick. "Here, let me try," said Bing. So, sitting in a rocker and crooning soft and low, the Old Groaner took Sandy in his arms and turned on his charm. Soon Sandy was wheezing away with a contented thumb in her mouth. And Bing has been aces with her ever since. You can ask Sandy today what Bing does and she'll rip out "Boo-boo-boo."

Of course, to make an eleven-month-old baby change expression, crawl here and there and do what the action of a movie script demands, you must resort to tricks. All the tried and true ruses were used on Sandy in "East Side of Heaven." They lit sparklers when they wanted her eyes to pop. They blew up balloons just outside camera range and popped them when they needed a startled "take-em." A rattle brought a smile for a while, just as taking it away brought a lusty yell. Toys, teddy bears, stuffed bunnies, mirrors and all sorts of things tricked Sandy into registering emotions, because her priceless temperament makes her sensitive to everything and everybody.

BUT even sensitivity slows down when the dose is repeated time and again. As Sandy has grown up, she has become not only immune to the old set dodges but leery of new ones. And to match this change of temperament is a problem continually handing her directors substantial headaches.

For instance, the word "cookie" used to make Sandy's eyes light up like a Christmas tree. She doesn't like cookies any more. They used to get her to eat spinach for the camera by sprinkling graham crackers, which she adored, over the grassy mess. But Sandy is sick and tired of graham crackers now. And she's wise to a lot of things.

The most successful trick Charlie Lamont, another director, discovered was ingenious and served him well in a couple of Sandy pictures. He found out the word "Cut!" which ends every Hollywood picture take, sent Sandy into a delirium of delight. It signaled only the end of the scene for everybody else—but for Sandy it meant the return to her toys, or a cookie reward or something equally prized. The coos, claps, gurgles and spontaneous slappy-happy manifestations of babyhood were exactly what Lamont wanted his camera to catch. But each

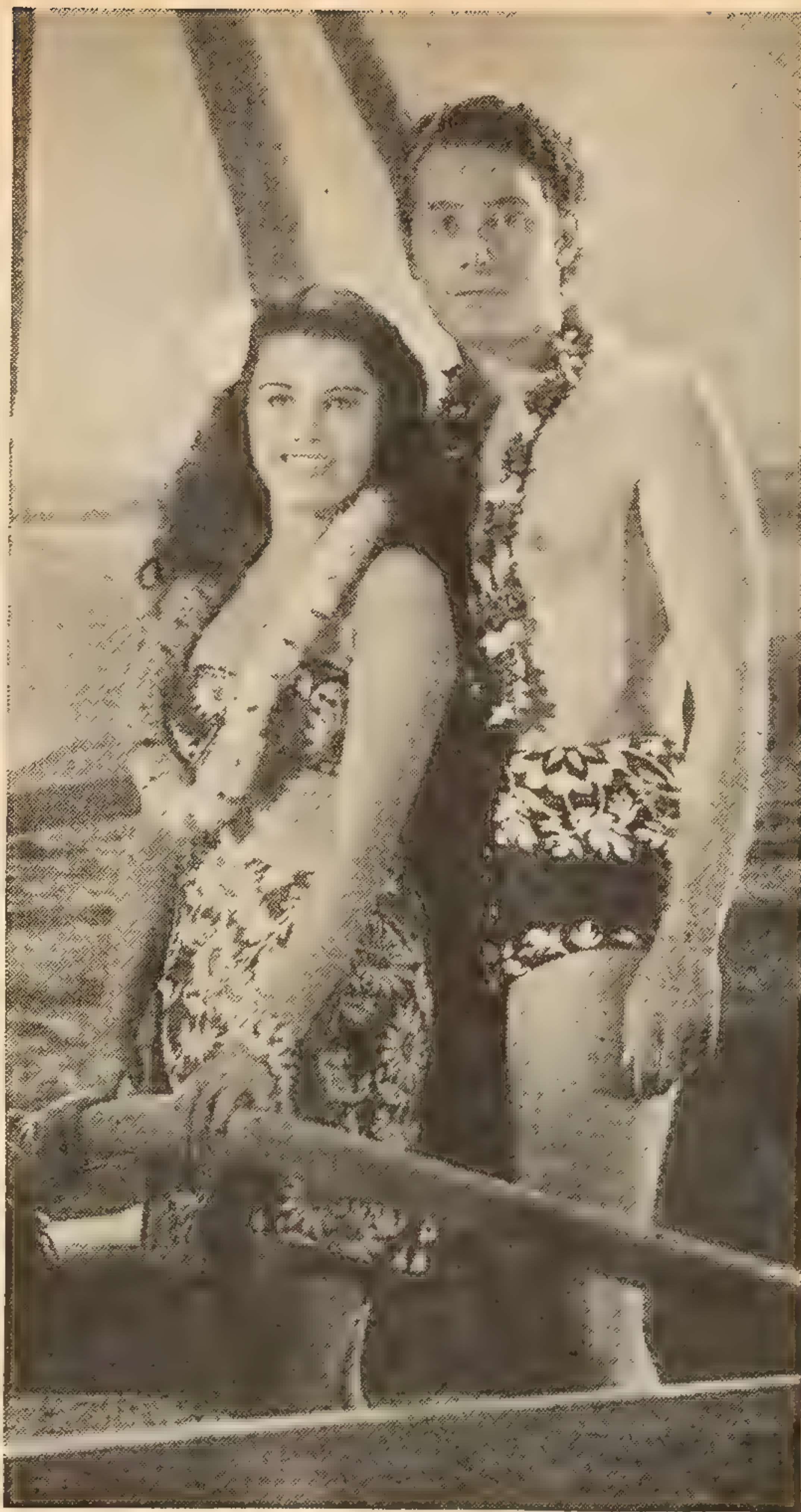
time, of course, they occurred after the film had been cut.

Lamont began to yell "Cut—I don't mean it" and "Cut—I do mean it," so the camera would sometimes roll on when Baby Sandy thought it was all over. Or he signalled to the camera crew and sound man to pay no attention to his vocal stop orders. It worked for a while, but not any more. Sandy is wise—just as she's wise to the fact that it doesn't take "Quiet—Roll 'em—Action!" to start a scene. These fatal words used to depress temperamental Sandra so badly that the ensuing take had only a squeaky chance of being worth a print. The order went out for silent signals and they thought they had Sandy licked at last. Not so. They forgot a very essential little buzz which the camera makes before each scene showing that the film is running fast enough for action. Now Sandy listens for the buzz—and tricks are useless.

Since she has become an official lady, Baby Sandy goes in for the more advanced pleasures of life, peculiarly feminine in taste. The only lures that get results now are such distaff joys as telephonitis, powder and perfume, Hollywood gown creations, young men and—it wouldn't be complete without this—money.

Sandy has always been a dainty, feminine little package despite the fact that she made her debut with slicked hair and followed through with overalls in a screen sex impersonation. In "Little Accident" they let her wear girls' clothes for the first time, and from then on things have never been the same.

Having a slight strip-tease complex, Sandy would much rather work without any clothes, if possible. But if she has to cover up, it's a cinch she's not going



Olympe Bradna and Jon Hall go native for the colorful and exciting "South of Pago Pago." The attire's old stuff for Jon who grew up in Tahiti.

to wear overalls any more. She had five changes in her last picture, all frilly little frocks; then they tried to get her in rompers for a scene. There just wasn't anything doing.

Catching on fast, Sandy's Universal mentors bought her a huge feathery powder puff, nail buffer and perfume spray. They can get Sandy to do practically anything now if they just hold up the puff or the atomizer. "Want to telephone?" also soothes Sandy's temperamental outbursts effectively. The procedure is to boost her up to the set phone and let her dial away. Since practically any three numbers you can dial will get someone on the Universal lot, everyone has had a chance to chat with Sandy. The conversation is always the same: "Ello. Fine t'ank you. 'Bye."

Sandy got the gold-digging habit a little early in life, but apparently it's here to stay. It wasn't her fault that she caught on so young to what makes the world spin. The education traces right to Eugene Pallette's voice.

Sandy's temperamental make-up, as I said, notices everyone near her and reacts to every part of their personality. That's why her cast members have to be chosen carefully. For instance, the fluttery facial nip-ups, flighty fingers and "Woo-Woos" of Hugh Herbert enchanted her into such delighted response that Hugh threw up his hands and swore never again. "One picture with that kid is enough for me," declared Hugh. "One 'goo' and I'm not even in the scene."

In "Sandy Is a Lady," however, Sandy ran up against Gene Pallette, as nice a fellow as you'd want to know, but possessor of a voice like a bull-bear with a chest cold. It simply scared Sandy into speechless awe every time Gene opened

WATCH THE LOOK IN ANY MAN'S EYES

WHEN HE SEES A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"

TO HELP KEEP YOUR SKIN ALLURING, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

I NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL! ALL THE MOST ELIGIBLE MEN HAVE EYES ONLY FOR YOU AND YOUR LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! MY SKIN IS SO DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING!



HAVE YOU EVER TRIED PALMOLIVE, SUE? I'VE FOUND IT SIMPLY MARVELOUS FOR KEEPING MY SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!

WELL, I NEVER DREAMED THERE COULD BE SUCH A DIFFERENCE IN SOAPS! BUT NOW I'LL USE ONLY PALMOLIVE. I WANT TO HAVE A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TOO!



YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



MADE WITH
Olive and Palm Oils
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

The Summer Edition of SCREEN ALBUM OUT NOW

**100 PICTURES—
1000 NEW FACTS**

Your favorite screen stars live for you on the pages of the Summer issue of **SCREEN ALBUM**. The beautifully printed, entrancing portraits, ALL of them autographed, are accompanied by thrilling word pictures—intimate, up-to-the-minute details you have always wanted to know.

One hundred glamorous pictures of Hollywood's most popular personalities and a multitude of inside facts on each is now yours in the new Summer edition of **SCREEN ALBUM**. It's the best dime's worth on the newsstands—get your copy today!

**SCREEN ALBUM
10¢ EVERYWHERE**



his mouth and rumbled out his lines. There wasn't much anybody could do about it, either. But in Hollywood the idea is pretty general that money fixes everything.

So Gene got a pile of shiny new copper pennies and tried the age-old lure of lucre. When Sandy had a few coins in her pocket to jingle together, she wanted more. The bank was "Uncle Gene" (all her gentlemen friends are "Uncle" at this point) and Sandy toddled over to the bank. Soon Gene could roar like a lion and Sandy didn't give a whoop. He was sugar daddy!

As for the boys and pure romance, Sandy's currently having a little love trouble. At home, next door, there's Jimmy, aged three. Sandy and Jimmy toddle together up and down the block, and he calls her "Honey Baby." That's about as far as the infatuation goes. But Sandy's crush on Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart is quite another thing. And useful, too.

KENNETH and Billy are the Katzenjammer twins Universal found to liven up "Sandy Is a Lady." The first day of any picture is always a bad one for Sandy. She gets an overdose of nerves. Luckily, Billy and Kenneth happened to be around to start "Sandy Is a Lady." They played the concertina. Sandy fell hard. From that time on, whenever Baby Sandy felt bad about things, she'd yell, "Boys! Boys!" And whether Billy and Kenneth were scheduled to work or not, the studio summoned them post-haste as pacifiers, with the concertina. Which prompted Edgar (Slow Burn) Kennedy, that choleric veteran of Hollywood, to stroke his whiskers disgustedly and mutter, "Music on the set for a kid—can you beat it? Temperament at two!"

However, just that temperamental touchiness is what makes Sandy the gold mine she is today, and Universal knows it. They aren't going to run any risk of spoiling her spirit. Sandy at two has two real life stand-ins. She has her own portable dressing-room, and if she's at all ailing, a nurse. She has her own

private school teacher, chauffeur—and dietitian—all at the studio's expense.

At home, however, Baby Sandy is still just another neighborhood baby, and the neighborhood is the same as it was before Sandy went Hollywood.

The Henvilles don't believe in living beyond their income and they don't consider their income the same thing as Sandra Lee's income, which has ballooned with salary raises and commercial tie-ups (like Baby Sandy dresses, bonnets, milk cups and pull toys) to the three figure bracket.

So far, every cent she has made has been put away in the bank for Sandy. And that, says Eleanor Henville, is the way it's going to be. If so, it will set some kind of a Hollywood record.

Sandy, away from the set, is a completely different baby, unspoiled, unpampered, even unnoticed. She has her own little room, bed, toys and dollies, a swing in the back yard and a high chair, a play piano to bang—but everything, including her clothes, is paid for by Roy Henville's salary as a milkman. Her mama does all the caretaking that's necessary. She figures she knows as much about feeding her baby as the next one. And no pediatrician or baby specialist supervises Baby Sandy's physical progress. Only when she gets sick does she get a medical coddling.

The idea of all this fits into Eleanor Henville's viewpoint on Sandy's success and future. "I don't care if she makes her last picture tomorrow," Mrs. Henville told me with level good sense. "In fact, I'd personally prefer to have Sandy grow up normally without a picture career. It's too dangerous. I wouldn't have a spoiled child on my hands for all the money they could pay me."

She's afraid all this "reacting" might seep into Sandra Lee's character and make her grow into some sort of a holy terror instead of the sweet, friendly, young lady she wants her to be.

"Temperament at two," said Baby Sandy's mama, "is all right, if your baby must be a movie star. Later on, it's something else again."



These two young coppers are Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart, for both of whom Baby Sandy fell hard, while they were all working on "Sandy Is a Lady."

UNDER ALL FLAGS

(Continued from page 25)

contracts for it, drilled the men in all the various foreign drill manuals which he himself learned from books, and the result was that, whenever any studio wanted any soldiers of any period or of any nationality, Voss' army was ready to march. It was an idea precisely suited to the producers and the extras alike.

Recently, Guild restrictions and other considerations have made it impossible to continue making contracts for his men, so that they now have to be called individually by Central Casting. Nevertheless, they remain an organization just as formerly, with Voss still in command. They have a clubhouse and drill ground, where they spend most of their time between calls, and many of them work, not only as soldiers, but as anything which requires men trained to discipline. They were, for instance, the convicts in "The Big House," and the discipline was necessary because of the prison lockstep they had to do.

"It would take a studio days to train an army even of convicts," Voss explained, "and my men are already trained to every sort of march. So the studio saves money, and the boys make their living."

Voss' biggest command was the army used in "Abraham Lincoln"—2200 men. However, for the smaller studios, the army sometimes dwindles to as low as fifty men. Tricks, such as mirrors and treadmills with which some production managers reduce their budgets, make even this handful appear as a mighty host. Occasionally, they try to economize in other ways too, one of which almost resulted

in a serious and irreparable disaster.

Movie armies, of course, invariably use blank cartridges, and once a studio purchasing agent, wanting to save on the powder bill, bought up a lot of old Spanish-American War blanks. But the cases were so corroded that they burst when fired, and this was so dangerous that Voss refused to allow his men to go on with the battle until other cartridges were obtained. So instead of saving a few dollars on the shells, the studio actually lost thousands in time wasted.

UNTIL a few years ago, all men in Voss' organization were veterans, most of whom belonged, as does Voss himself, to the Hollywood Post of the American Legion. Now many of these men are getting pretty gray and, since wars are fought by young men, the studios insist upon youth, at least for the foreground. So Voss has added a "shock" unit of R.O.T.C. boys known as the "Hollywood Guard." He says that they do not compare with the older men, who take their work seriously, because they have passed the skylarking stage.

"Every one of those kids thinks he knows more about war than Pershing ever did," Voss complained, "and between shots they take off their packs and shirts to get a sun bath. That means half an hour getting them into line again."

While these youngsters were being trained, an amusing incident occurred.

It was Voss' practice to hold his maneuvers in a vacant lot, the boys carrying wooden guns and wearing white sweat-

shirts. Neighbors, not knowing what was going on, became more and more perturbed and finally, when Voss began teaching his recruits the goose step, the frightened neighbors called the cops. Voss' drill ground was raided by a squadron of shrieking police cars, because the neighbors thought the marchers were Nazis preparing to overthrow everything in sight.

"Despite what the studios say," declared Voss, "I maintain that once you put a helmet on a man he can be of any age. Except for close-ups, in which the leads usually appear anyway, veterans are just as believable as kids. And they save the producers plenty of money."

There was, he illustrated, the time when, under the new regulations, a studio put in a requisition for 200 soldiers "between 18 and 23." The studio got them all right, but inasmuch as the requisition had omitted to specify height, the army Voss was told to command made him throw up his hands.

"They were a Mickey Mouse army," he said, "many of them so small that when they got their equipment on, their packs almost touched the ground. I had to send them home—after the studio had paid them, of course—and bring on my own men."

Some of Voss' own men in the past, he admits, have not been beyond criticism, either. As in every real army, he has had to deal with the sick, the lame, the lazy and other assorted gold bricks, most of whom he has since managed to weed out. In "What Price Glory," however,

IT'S SO GOOD... SO LONG

because in the Beech-Nut kitchens the finest flavors are mixed through and through so that you may enjoy each piece of Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. There are 7 delicious varieties:

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum

4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)

Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum

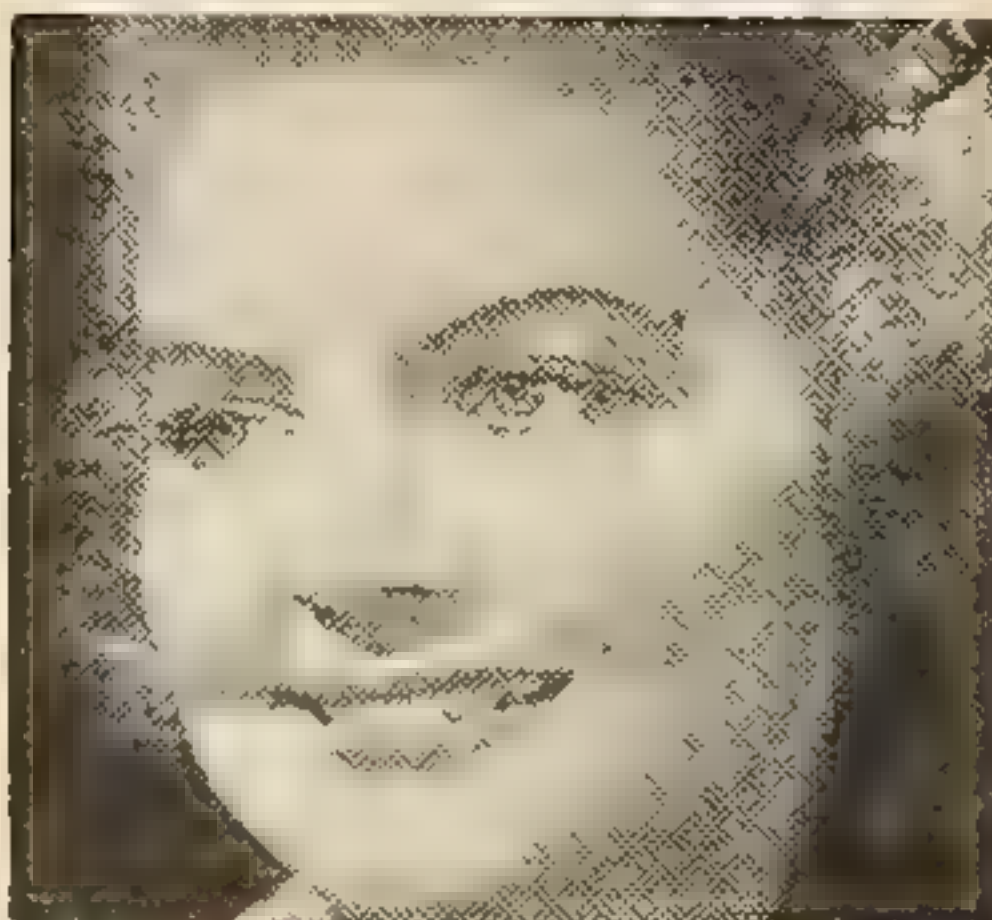
GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?

Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of N.Y., stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

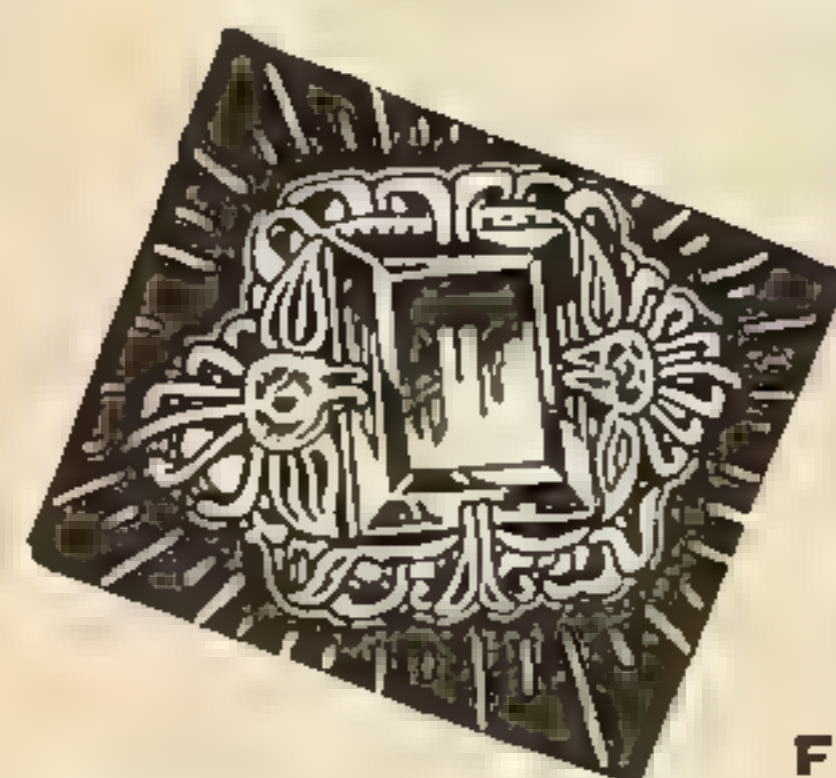
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. For a FREE trial supply of Carter's Little Liver Pills, send your name and address on a penny postcard to Carter's, Dept. 51, 53 Park Place, New York City. Or ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name, 10¢ and 25¢. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



● Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS**



FREE Sparkling, Simulated BIRTHSTONE

For MODERN SCREEN READERS. Just to get acquainted, we will send you a wonderful simulated birthstone—correct for your month—FREE if you enclose this ad. (10¢ for mailing and handling appreciated). Many think wearing their birthstone lucky, and the stone for your month will make a beautiful ring. Just send name, address and month of birth. Send today for your FREE birthstone and we will include a new, imported charm also FREE, as this offer is limited. **EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 45E, Jefferson, Iowa.**



SKIN CLEAR and LOVELY Exquisitely

DR. C. H. BERRY'S FRECKLE OINTMENT—used for 40 years for freckles. \$1.25 & 65¢ at drug and Dept. Stores. For FREE sample, address **KREMOLA, Dept. M-2, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use **DERMOIL**



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing true photographic proof of results also FREE.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists, **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1109, Detroit, Mich.**

six of this ilk almost weeded themselves out without any help from him.

One scene in that film showed a shack, presumably in No Man's Land, and all the extras had been expressly cautioned not to go near it. The six "leadswingers" had ideas of their own, though, and picked upon that shack as a swell place to sleep instead of marching in the hot sun. Nobody missed them until, at the height of the battle, the shack was blown up; fortunately it was only a movie explosion, and nobody was hurt. But the six, thus rudely awakened, all thought they were back on the Western Front.

No serious casualty has ever been suffered by any member of Voss' army because of the extreme care taken by the "powder man." These men, Voss explains, are the technicians on the studio staffs who, even more than the directors themselves, are responsible for the reality of battle scenes. Their job is to "plant" battlefields with explosives, carefully scooping out holes, removing all rocks and gravel which might inflict injury, and then tamping the powder with fine sand. Markers of various colors indicate to the attacking troops how to "take" such positions with a minimum of danger.

FOR "The Fighting 69th," for example, the explosions were "set" with black powder and dynamite. Before shooting began, Voss led his men over every inch of the ground.

"This," he said, indicating a tiny white marker, "means black powder, and you can approach within six inches of it. But that one," indicating a red marker, "is dynamite, so don't get closer than ten feet."

As the cameras turned and the men charged, the powder man, sitting aloft on a parallel at his "piano" (the explosion keyboard) touched off detonation after detonation and the men "hit the dirt" most realistically. It looked as though nothing could emerge alive from that in-

ferno, but when the shot was in the can the only treatment required was baths all around.

Among Voss' personnel there are many heroes of the last war, and to a man they decline to be quoted or tell how they won the rows of decorations upon their breasts. However, the official archives talk for all who care to read, and at any public library there is the story of Fred Coppins, for example, who wears among other medals the Victoria Cross. Coppins is a quiet little chap, about five-feet-five, and all he did to get that coveted cross was to capture, single-handed, 49 Germans and two machine-guns. Incidentally he, as well as the Congressional Medal of Honor men, get \$25 a day for their decorations when photographed.

In many respects Voss' army is very strange. There are former army colonels who play privates in the same scenes where former privates play colonels. Officers in the movie army receive more pay than privates, which Voss considers unfair since the rank and file have to carry rifles and heavy packs while the officers, to use his phrasing, "just walk alongside and look pretty." Machine-gunners, motorcyclists and other specialists get \$16.50 a day, and if anybody, regardless of rank, speaks even a word of dialogue the pay is of course \$25.

Parachutists come under the category of stunt men who may receive as much as \$500 a day.

Firing squads are more highly paid than ordinary troopers because they are usually in semi-close-ups and have to work with the utmost precision. Thus, the men who executed Anna Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell" got \$11 each for shooting her. To do this they had to familiarize themselves with the German firing squad manual and obey commands in that language.

Although Voss' men are trained to a machine-like precision, thus saving the studios many thousands of dollars daily each time they are used, Voss explains



Elwood Bailey, director of special activities of the New York World's Fair, swears in a couple of new "mayors" of the Town of Tomorrow, Fay Bainter and Beulah Bondi.

that from a strictly pecuniary point of view he would profit more if his men were bad instead of good soldiers. This, naturally, is because undisciplined troops take more time to train and therefore collect more checks. And there are times when the studios themselves arrange matters just that way.

In "Alexander's Ragtime Band" the studio insisted upon having young men in the war sequences, all of whom had to be drilled for days before their scenes could be shot. In a picture at another studio an executive rang in about a score of his relatives and friends, thinking that anybody could be a soldier.

"It was all right with me," said Voss. "After all, the studio was paying the bills. But what that executive didn't know was that one bad soldier ruins the morale of a good army, and consequently my men sat around and were paid while I drilled the relatives and friends to the point where they could at least look like soldiers."

But Voss' battle hasn't always been too easy. Until the Guild took over, his army frequently came face to face with the National Guard—not with fixed bayonets, to be sure, but in a fight just the same. For the producers could hire the National Guard at much lower rates than those prevailing for regular extras, in addition to which the Guard used State equipment which the studio would otherwise have had to rent. Now, no guardsman can work in a picture unless he has a Guild card, and then he must be paid the prevailing wage.

To bring this about Voss, himself, had to do a bit of detective work. Since the studios denied that State equipment was being used, Voss took the unit numbers of the trucks in which the guardsmen came to work and turned them in. There

was no argument after that.

Then there are ways in which Voss' boys used to put things over, too. "In the old days," he said, "some of the lads would report at Paramount, say, for a six o'clock call. They'd leave their checks with a buddy to be okayed and go over the back fence to M-G-M for a seven o'clock call. If things were really breaking, they might go over the fence at M-G-M, too, and show up at Fox, say, for an eight o'clock call—which meant three checks for eight hours' work. But those days are gone forever. The studios are wise to all such tricks and have built bigger and better fences."

THE most exacting director for military scenes, says Voss, is Ernest Lubitsch, who insists upon such perfect precision that every private must be as perfect as a West Pointer. Richard Talmadge, a director who is entrusted with "second units" (mob scenes without principals) is, in Voss' opinion, the best military tactician in Hollywood. The spectacular Erich von Stroheim, actor as well as director, would leave his high-priced principals standing around for hours while he drilled the soldiers himself.

"Von loved to play with soldiers," sighed Voss, "and we loved to let him. But the studios found it too expensive, so Von doesn't make many pictures any more."

Of all pictures using battle scenes, Voss believes that the American Civil War has been photographed the most. And in this connection he relates the screen psychology of D. W. Griffith, who made "Birth of a Nation," the first battle picture and, in Voss' opinion, the greatest of them all.

"As far as Mr. Griffith is concerned," he says, "no Southern Army ever lost

a battle or ever wore rags. For him a Northern Army can be as sloppy as a bunch of rookies—he likes them that way—but Confederate troops must be perfectly trained. And that enabled a bright young man in my outfit to put a very fast one over on Mr. Griffith one day during the production of a Civil War movie."

The man in question, it seemed, knew Griffith's partiality to the South and so, when uniforms were being issued and Griffith was standing by, the soldier drew himself up haughtily when offered a Northern uniform.

"Suh," he admonished the assistant director, spurning the proffered uniform with a foot, "Ah'd nevah dare put them rags on mah back. If Ah did, suh, mah folks would disown me. They think that mah being an actor is low enough, but mah being on actor in the Northern Army would finish me with them once and fo' all, suh."

Griffith, impressed by such loyalty to a lost cause, doubled the man's check on the spot.

"The payoff," grinned Voss, "was that actually he was born in Boston, and all his forebears fought with the Union colors."

Whether it is the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the Spanish American War, the Egyptian War, the Indian Wars, the Boer War, the World War, the Chinese War or the Spanish Revolution, it's all the same to Voss and his men—with one exception.

"Why is it," they ask, "that we always have to fight carrying heavy packs across the Sahara sands in summer, and wear kilts in the mountain snows in winter? We do wish that the studios would do something about those topsy-turvy schedules."



THERE is a simple, easy way to remove dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that ordinary shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally good for all shades of hair. Try it today! Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

WRITE TODAY to the F. W. Fitch Company, Dept. M60, Des Moines, Iowa for a generous FREE sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair

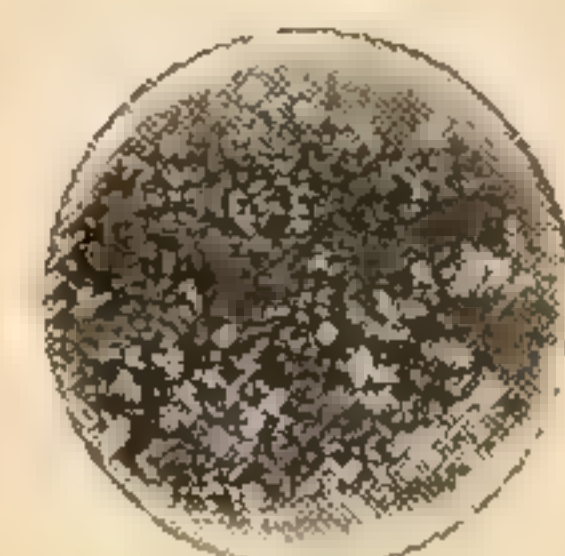
Fitch's
TRADE MARK

**DANDRUFF REMOVER
SHAMPOO**

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA . . . BAYONNE, N. J. . . . TORONTO, CAN.

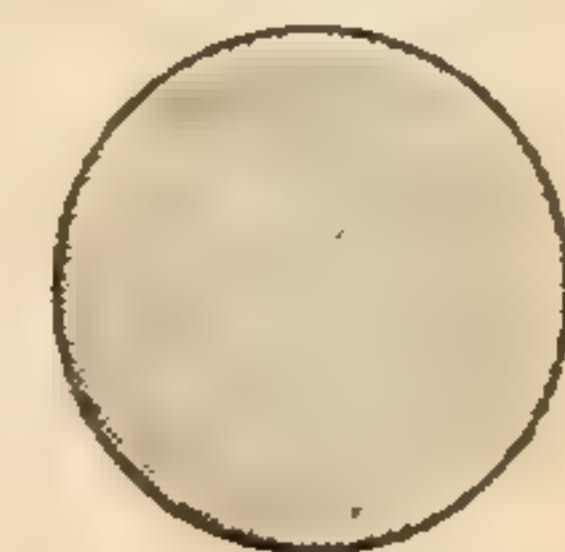
The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo



Copr. 1940
F. W. Fitch Co.



AMERICA'S LEADING PUZZLE MAGAZINE

THE nation's puzzle fans have chosen CROSSWORD PUZZLES as their favorite puzzle magazine. And small wonder, for in it they find everything they want — quality, variety, quantity . . . over 96 pages of fascinating puzzles to suit novice and veteran alike. If you are not familiar with this oldest and foremost puzzle magazine, get a copy at your favorite newsstand.

CROSSWORD PUZZLES

ON SALE
EVERYWHERE **10¢**

SNAPSHOTS IN ANY ROLL DEVELOPED
and 8 Amazingly Beautiful
Prints in Natural Colors, Only
25c! Natural Color Reprints 3c Each
NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, Room 272,
Janesville, Wis.

STOP Scratching *Relieve Itch Fast*
-or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, anti-septic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**



***TRANSPARENT * ROOFLESS * PARTIAL ***
\$6.85 to \$35
60 DAYS TRIAL
We make **FALSE TEETH** for you **BY MAIL** from your mouth-impression! **Money-Back GUARANTEE of Satisfaction. FREE!**
FREE impression material, directions, catalog and information. Write today to **U.S. DENTAL CO., Dept. 9-104, Chicago, Ill.**



BE A NURSE

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 41st yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 239, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

SHOPPING LIST

(Continued from page 62)

Page 54 Colors: Slate Blue, Hunter's Green, Scarlet.

Atlantic City, N. J., Gramercy Dress Shop
Allentown, Pa., H. Leh & Co.
Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Austin, Tex., Goodfriend
Altoona, Pa., Meyer Jonasson
Appleton, Wis., Geenen D. G. Co.
Akron, Ohio, A. Polsky
Albuquerque, N. M., Maxine's
Albany, N. Y., The Fashion Shop
Baltimore, Md., Schleisner Co.
Birmingham, Ala., Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo Jenny
Binghamton, N. Y., Sisson Bros. & Weldon
Bridgeport, Conn., Outlet Millinery Co.
Bluefield, W. Va., Vogue
Boston, Mass., R. H. Stearns
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Champaign, Ill., Robeson's
Charleston, W. Va., Telford's
Charlotte, N. C., J. B. Ivey Co.
Cedar Rapids, Ia., Wolf's
Columbus, Ohio, Kins Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, Wm. Taylor Co.
Dayton, Ohio, Joseph Thal
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Decatur, Ill., Carol's
Dallas, Tex., Sanger Bros.
Duluth, Minn., Duluth Glass Block Store
Denver, Colo., Gano Downs
El Paso, Tex., Popular Dry Goods
Erie, Pa., Trask, Prescott & Richardson
Great Falls, Mont., The Paris Fligman Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Houseman's
Greenville, N. C., Lowe's
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox
Houston, Tex., Foley Bros.
Helena, Mont., Fligelmann's
Harrisburg, Pa., Bowman & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla., Akra Bros.
Kalamazoo, Mich., Mezzanine Shop
Kansas City, Mo., Cricket West
Knoxville, Tenn., Mayme McCampbell
Lancaster, Pa., Hager Bros.
Louisville, Ky., Mr. H. P. Selman
Lewistown, Pa., Krentzman's Ladies Shop
Lincoln, Neb., Magee's
Minneapolis, Minn., Bjorkman's
Milwaukee, Wis., The Unity
Memphis, Tenn., B. Lowenstein
Montgomery, Ala., Nachman & Meertief
Muskegon, Mich., W. P. Lahey's
Miami, Fla., Richard's
Manchester, N. H., Pariseau's
Missoula, Mont., Missoula Merc.
Norristown, Pa., Feder's
New Brunswick, N. J., Brook's
Norfolk, Va., House of Arthur Morris
Newark, Ohio, Wm. M. Sergeant
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche
Nashville, Tenn., Joseph Frank & Son
Omaha, Neb., Olive Tate, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla., John A. Brown
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Meyer Jonassen
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Goodman
Reading, Pa., Emily Hopkins
Richmond, Va., Miller-Rhoads
Roanoke, Va., Irving Saks Sportswear
Rochester, N. Y., Kroll's
Schenectady, N. Y., Musler's
St. Louis, Mo., Kline's
San Francisco, Calif., H. Liebes Co.
Seattle, Wash., Frederick Nelson
South Bend, Ind., Worth's
Springfield, Mass., Forbes & Wallace
Stamford, Conn., Mantell & Martin
Tulsa, Okla., Brown-Dunkin Co.
Trenton, N. J., Swagger Shop
Troy, N. Y., Wm. H. Frear & Co.
Tucson, Ariz., Gus Taylor
Utica, N. Y., Picker's
Wilmington, Del., Braunstein's
Wichita, Kans., Lewin's
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.
Worcester, Mass., Denholm & McKay

Page 55 Colors: Rose, Aqua Blue, Natural. All with contrasting belt.

Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass., E. T. Slattery
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill., Chas. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mabley & Carew

Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Columbus, Ohio, Montaldo
Dallas, Tex., Titcher Goettinger
Dayton, Ohio, Elder Johnson
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
East Orange, N. J., Doops
Greensboro, N. C., Montaldo
Independence, Kansas, Montaldo
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggerty
Minneapolis, Minn., Rockstad & Harold's
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
Norfolk, Va., Smith Welton
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne
Providence, R. I., Gladdings
Richmond, Va., Thalheimers
Roanoke, Va., Irving Saks (Smartwear)
Rochester, N. Y., McCurdy
San Antonio, Tex., Joske Bros.
San Francisco, Calif., The White House
Seattle, Wash., Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Mo., Famous Barr
Toledo, Ohio, Lamson Bros.
Washington, D. C., Landsburgh
Winston, N. C., Montaldo

Page 56 (1.) Colors: Heather and Delta Browns; Heather, Wing and Teal Blues.

Same stores as Page 53.

(2.) Colors: Brown, Green, Terra Cotta, Blue, Black.

Same stores as Page 55.

(3.) Colors: Range of 10 leading fall shades.

Boston, Mass., Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Frederick Loeser
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie Scott
Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee
Dallas, Tex., Neiman-Marcus
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Detroit, Mich., D. T. Healey Shops
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullock's
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis., Gimbel Bros.
Minneapolis, Minn., John W. Thomas Co.
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y., Macy's
New York, N. Y., Franklin Simon
New York, N. Y., Plymouth Shops
New York, N. Y., Saks at 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne
San Francisco, Calif., City of Paris
Washington, D. C., Palais Royal
Washington, D. C., Jelleff's

(4.) Colors: Brown, Green, Black Combination Top.

Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Birmingham, Ala., Burger Phillips
Bridgeport, Conn., Meigs & Co.
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill., Chas. Stevens
Dallas, Tex., Volk's
Detroit, Mich., Himelhoch Bros.
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Tex., Sackowitz
Los Angeles, Cal., J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky., H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn., John Gerber
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis., Emma Lange
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y., Franklin Simon
New Orleans, La., D. H. Holmes & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla., Halliburton's
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne
San Francisco, Calif., Livingston Bros.
Shreveport, La., Rubenstein's
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

Page 57 Leading stores in leading cities carry "Close-Ups" and

Page 58 "Prop Shop" Specials. Write us for the store nearest you.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 52)

CHRISTMAS IN JUNE

In these troubled times it's news in Hollywood, and mighty good news, when a player gets a five-year-contract for two pictures a year at a decidedly sizable salary. And when the contract is signed on his first wedding anniversary, why it adds to the zest of the occasion. That's what happened to Richard Carlson when he signed an RKO contract just recently. Dick will be seen next as Young Tom Jefferson in "The Howards of Virginia" starring Cary Grant.

HE LIKES COOKIES

Don Ameche, genial star of screen and radio, doesn't eat any dessert at luncheon the days he reports for rehearsals of his "Old Gold" broadcast at Columbia Square studio. Why? Because Pat Friday, songstress on the show, who's a Home Economics student at U.C.L.A., always brings a basket of delicious nut and date cookies to rehearsal. When Don isn't at the mike, he's quick-tripping it to the cookie basket at one side of the stage.

FULL STEAM AHEAD

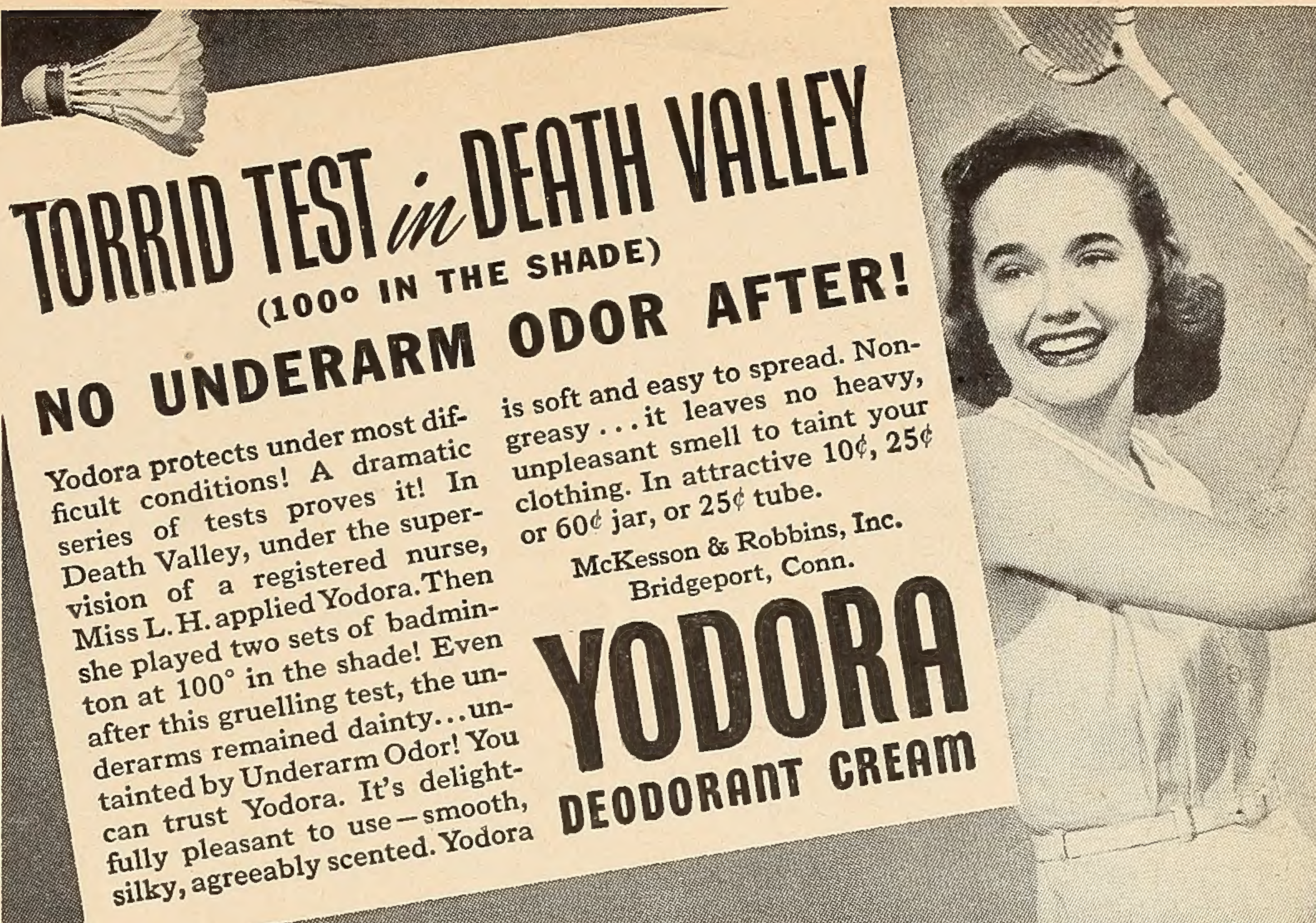
When Benito Mussolini threw his hat into Europe's bloody war ring, it was a signal for Charlie Chaplin to go ahead on the finishing touches of his latest picture, known as "Production Number Six." Film will probably be released under the title, "The Dictators," and will lampoon both Hitler and Il Duce. Chaplin had hesitated before, fearing that he might put America in a bad light with the Italian leader.

PATRIOTIC STYLE NOTE

Yesterday the latest fashions could always be seen at Longchamps, internationally famous race-track near Paris. Today they are seen at the Turf Club during the racing season at Hollywood Park, a few miles from the Movie Capital. Irene Hervey (Mrs. Allan Jones in private life) got the best-dressed vote there recently when she appeared in a white wool jersey with draped surplice bodice, slim waist and full, short skirt. Turban of the same material, white suede accessories and a

Solution to Puzzle on Page 16

MARLENE	DIETRICH
MARGARET	MACMURRAY
ERA PROA	CAREER OPS
SG LEON	NOR DENT RO
HOWELL	MARIA REAGAN
ANS BENNETT	RKO
BOYS BOW	TOM ERIK
IAN ORB	ROD IDA
GREENE	ROONEY
BEN	INA
DURBIN	SAFARI
ONA LAD	LOT LON
GAIL NEA	PEN MANN
SOP CHARLES	BAR
SIEBER SNEER	GERMAN
CR SNOW	GEE GARY PO
OER NAILED	EARL PRO
UNIVERSAL	ROBINSON
REVERSES	GLONONIN



TORRID TEST in DEATH VALLEY

(100° IN THE SHADE)

NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Yodora protects under most difficult conditions! A dramatic series of tests proves it! In Death Valley, under the supervision of a registered nurse, Miss L. H. applied Yodora. Then she played two sets of badminton at 100° in the shade! Even after this gruelling test, the underarms remained dainty... untainted by Underarm Odor! You can trust Yodora. It's delightfully pleasant to use—smooth, silky, agreeably scented. Yodora is soft and easy to spread. Non-greasy... it leaves no heavy, unpleasant smell to taint your clothing. In attractive 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA

DEODORANT CREAM

URGENT!

message to women suffering functional

FEMALE WEAKNESS

Few women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, run-down, nervous "ailing" women and girls to go smiling thru "difficult days."

WORTH TRYING!




ROLLS DEVELOPED

Two Beautiful Professional Double Weight Enlargements, eight lifetime prints, 25c, or 16 prints 25c, 8 prints 20c. Reprints 3c. Prompt-Careful Service. Thousands of satisfied customers from coast to coast.

Film mailers FREE.

MAY'S PHOTO SHOP, Dept. AR, LaCrosse, Wis.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home" and requirements.

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 2366, Chicago

FREE ENLARGEMENT

For MODERN SCREEN READERS. Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge any snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches FREE—with this ad. Please include color of hair and eyes for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a free frame. Your original returned with your free enlargement (10c for return mailing appreciated). Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot or negative today as this free offer is limited. DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 232, 211 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.



New FOOT RELIEF!

Stops Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. Quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions, and chafed or sensitive spots anywhere on your feet or toes caused by shoe friction or pressure. Eases new or tight shoes; avoids "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters. Medically safe!

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.





Easily cut to any size or shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

Soothing - Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

three-quarter length white fox coat completed the ensemble. Only jewelry accent was a stunning clip of rubies, diamonds and sapphires, set in yellow gold in "Old Glory" design.

BENEFIT

Edward G. Robinson has one of the finest art collections in the Film Capital. When President Roosevelt made his stirring appeal for funds to help the Allies, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, quick to respond to that appeal, went even further. They opened their home for an exhibition of their treasures and turned all money received over to the Red Cross.

SURPRISE!

That genius-recluse of Hollywood, Paul Muni, found a surprise waiting for him when he returned to his San Fernando Valley home after his "Key Largo" tour. Mrs. Muni had had the entire house redecorated while he was away, and extra shelves built in some of the living-rooms to accommodate her husband's ever-growing library of books and recordings. And while on the subject of Mr. Muni, those who want to see him in person will never find him at any of the well-known Hollywood haunts. He's a stranger to all of them. But should they drive out along Ventura Boulevard and chance to see an unassuming figure with hat pulled well down over the eyes, tramping along the road accompanied by a pair of lively Airedales, that would be Muni!

RAISES HIS OWN

Ask any cook in a dozen movie homes in Hollywood if they make the Guava jelly they serve with toast and roasts, and they'll shake their heads. But if you should chance to put that question to the cook in the Brentwood Heights home of Joe E. Brown, there would be a quick "yes" forthcoming. Furthermore, if she were to let you taste it, you'd find the flavor just a bit finer. The reason for that is simply this: Joe E. has a Guava grove on his estate of which he's exceedingly proud, and the Brown cook is a whiz at turning the fruit into delicious jelly.

ACTOR ESCAPES

Friends of Leslie Howard were relieved when word came that he had escaped from Paris to London, just before Hitler launched his frightful attack on the French capital. Howard is now at his Stowe-Maries home, thirty miles from London. Upon his arrival, he was greeted by thirty-five English children billeted there.

VERSATILE

Ian Hunter, who always gives a swell performance though he never gets the heroine, has a decided flair for invention as well as acting. His latest is a design for a new type of mosquito speed boat. As soon as his plans are perfected, he will offer them to the government for approval.

SANCTUARY

Contrary to popular belief, the life of the movie player isn't all beer and skittles, especially when he is sent on location. Out-

standing example was the experience of the cast in "Arizona," when they were sent to the desert. Location site for the scenes was infested with snakes, Gila monsters, scorpions and other reptiles, which made life pretty miserable for the whole troupe, until Warren William came to their rescue. Warren had brought his own trailer to location and proceeded to devise a way to keep the reptiles out of one area at least. He circled the spot where his trailer stood with wire, attached it to the electrical apparatus that lighted the trailer, and no crawling visitor ventured over the charged wire. During leisure hours, the whole troupe gathered inside the magic circle.

SOME RECORD!

It's quite a distance from Seattle, Washington, to Hollywood, California—roughly speaking, about thirteen hundred miles. How long do you think it would take a man who was a bicycling enthusiast to wheel it? Joel McCrea, star of Walter Wanger's "Foreign



The doctors prescribed lots of fresh air and exercise for work-worn Joan Blondell, and Dick Powell's seeing that she gets it—if it kills him!

Correspondent," has a record for others to shoot at. He once made the trip by bicycle in 15 days!

APOLOGY BRINGS COMPLIMENT

Seeing titian-haired Greer Garson, who looks as modern as tomorrow, one would hardly expect to find her deeply interested in Chinese philosophy. Too, she lives the poetry of ancient Cathay, and her favorite book is "The Importance of Living" authored by the eminent Dr. Lin Yutang. When Dr. Lin was in Hollywood not so long ago, Greer screwed up her courage and invited the great man to tea. She was delighted when he accepted the invitation. When tea was over, Greer brought out her copy of "The Importance of Living" for Dr. Lin to autograph, but not before she had apologized for the terribly worn and really dog-eared appear-

ance of the book that goes everywhere Greer goes. But the philosopher-author only smiled as he inscribed his name and said: "My dear child, the appearance of this copy is a great compliment to me. It shows that you really read it. The leaves aren't cut on many I've been asked to autograph."

TRIPLE INSURANCE

When Mary Martin married Richard Halliday, he gave her one of those tricky come-apart wedding rings. But in the face of the evil jinx that stalks so many movie marriages, the bride was a bit fearful of its significance. So she and her husband went out and purchased a circlet heavily encrusted with gems. Mary found this one uncomfortable. Consequently, the newlyweds again hied themselves to the jewelers and bought a simple gold band sans break or gems, which seems to be entirely satisfactory. Three wedding rings to bind one marriage!

B. A. D.

Suppose a good numerologist could dig up a real connection between those three letters and the life and career of the screen's foremost villain, Brian Donlevy, now doing the role of a hero in "When the Daltons Rode." Brian's tried to keep it a secret, but it's leaked out that his initials are "B.A.D."

JOY BEHIND SOBS

Thirteen-year-old Betty Brewer who plays the lead opposite Fred MacMurray in "Rangers of Fortune," had Director Sam Wood a bit puzzled by her ability to portray tragedy effectively. Betty acted as though she had been beaten and had onions rubbed in her eyes to boot! When Wood questioned her, Betty said simply, "It's not hard. I just think how happy I am now, and how unhappy I used to be." Reason for that rather contradictory statement: Betty's family was on relief, and the child was singing on the streets for pennies when the movies discovered her.

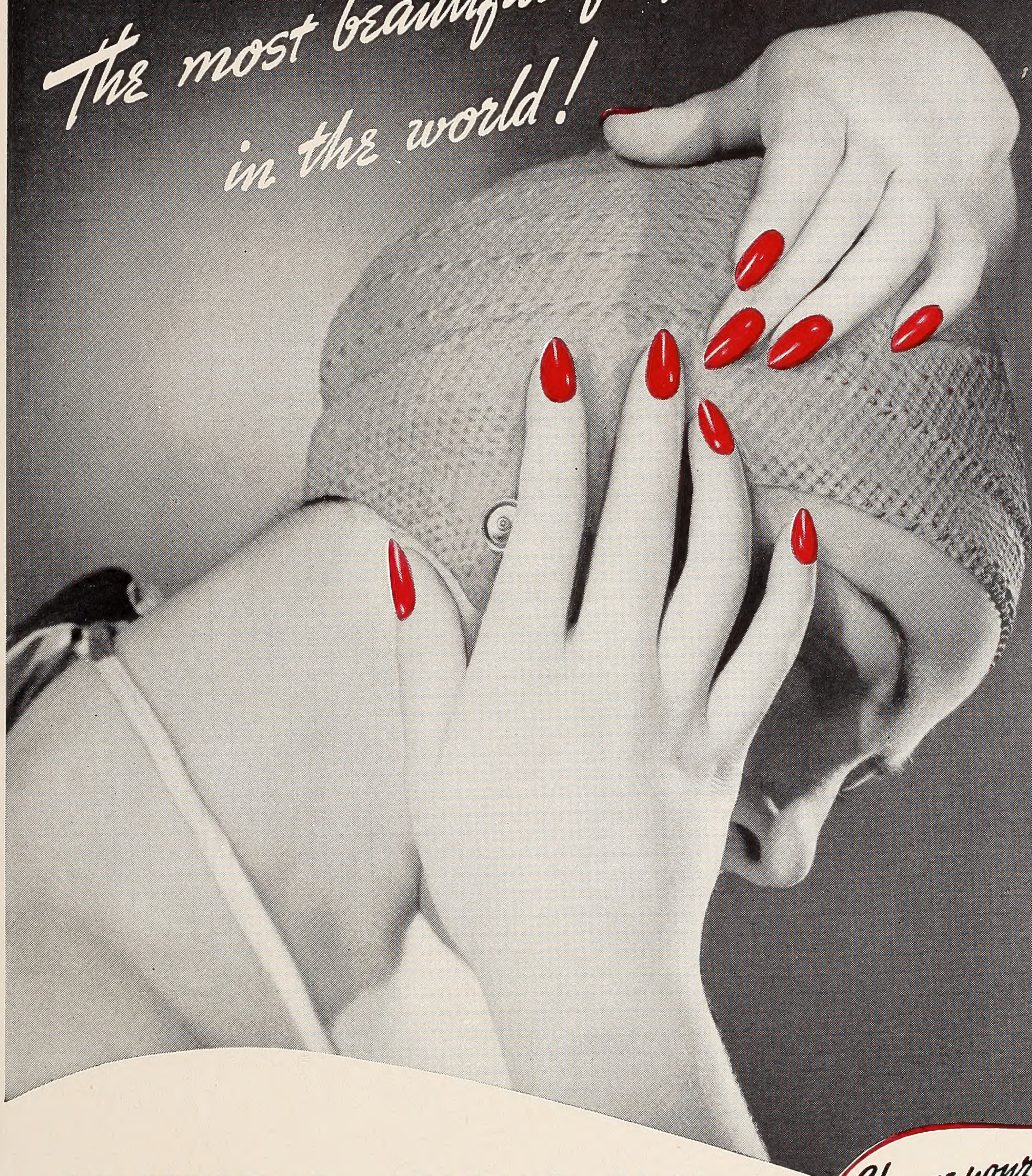
SECOND GENERATION

Sons of well-known movie stars are following right in their parents' footsteps. Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Lon Chaney, Jr.; Noah Beery, Jr.; Broderick Crawford, son of Comedienne Helen Broderick, are all stepping right along. Latest and youngest to join the ranks is Dickie Lyon, the five-year-old son of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Dickie's first assignment is the role of Cary Grant's son in "The Howards of Virginia." He's having the time of his life because Cary is his hero and, when a small boy's hero also takes the time to give him pointers on acting, it makes the situation just about perfect.

ACTOR-REALTOR

Dick Powell likes to dabble in real estate and snaps up a good buy when he sees one. While on location for the picture "I Want a Divorce," Dick and Joan became so attached to the ranch house near Monrovia, California, where some of the scenes were filmed, that they purchased the property for use as a country home. "But aside from that," Dick added, "it's a mighty good investment."

*The most beautiful fingernails
in the world!*



DURA-GLOSS

Lovely, expressive, provocative—every motion of your hands, their creamy loveliness accentuated by the flame-red, exciting brilliance of Dura-Gloss, the new, the different nail polish created specially to make your fingernails the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss has swept America, has risen to unbelievable heights of popularity—yes, especially among women who willingly spent a dollar for nail polish before! Yet Dura-Gloss awaits you now, in twenty fashion-approved colors at every cosmetic counter, and costs only that tiniest silver coin—a dime! For the sake of new loveliness for your fingernails—change to Dura-Gloss, before sun sets today!

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

*Choose your color by the
Fingernail Cap*

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

For your smart fall ensembles you'll need:

True Red Red Wine
Tropical Pink Lady

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



**"PERSONALLY, I LIKE CAMELS BEST —
THEY ARE MUCH Milder, YOU KNOW!"**

...MISS POLLY PEABODY OF NEW YORK



*A few of the many other
distinguished women who appreciate
Camel's "extras"*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Clement Cleveland III, *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, *New York*
Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

She's a gay young cosmopolite

Young as she is, Polly Peabody has made over thirty ocean crossings. She attended school in France and Switzerland... had debut parties in Boston, New York, Paris...

Leads an active life

Polly likes hunting, swimming, and aquaplaning. In Manhattan she reads plays for a famous Broadway producer, works on charity committees. Her favorite cigarette is Camel.

Likes those Camel "extras"

"Camels suit me," she says. "They have everything I look for in a cigarette. Mildness, coolness, real flavor

—and more than their share of each."

***Prefers clothes
"on the tailored side"***

She favors sports ensembles, *tailleurs*, earrings, amusing pins... and the only flower she wears is a camellia. Above, in a cabaña costume of wide-striped sharkskin, Polly looks cool, feels cool, and—as she blithely adds—"is enjoying a cool smoke."

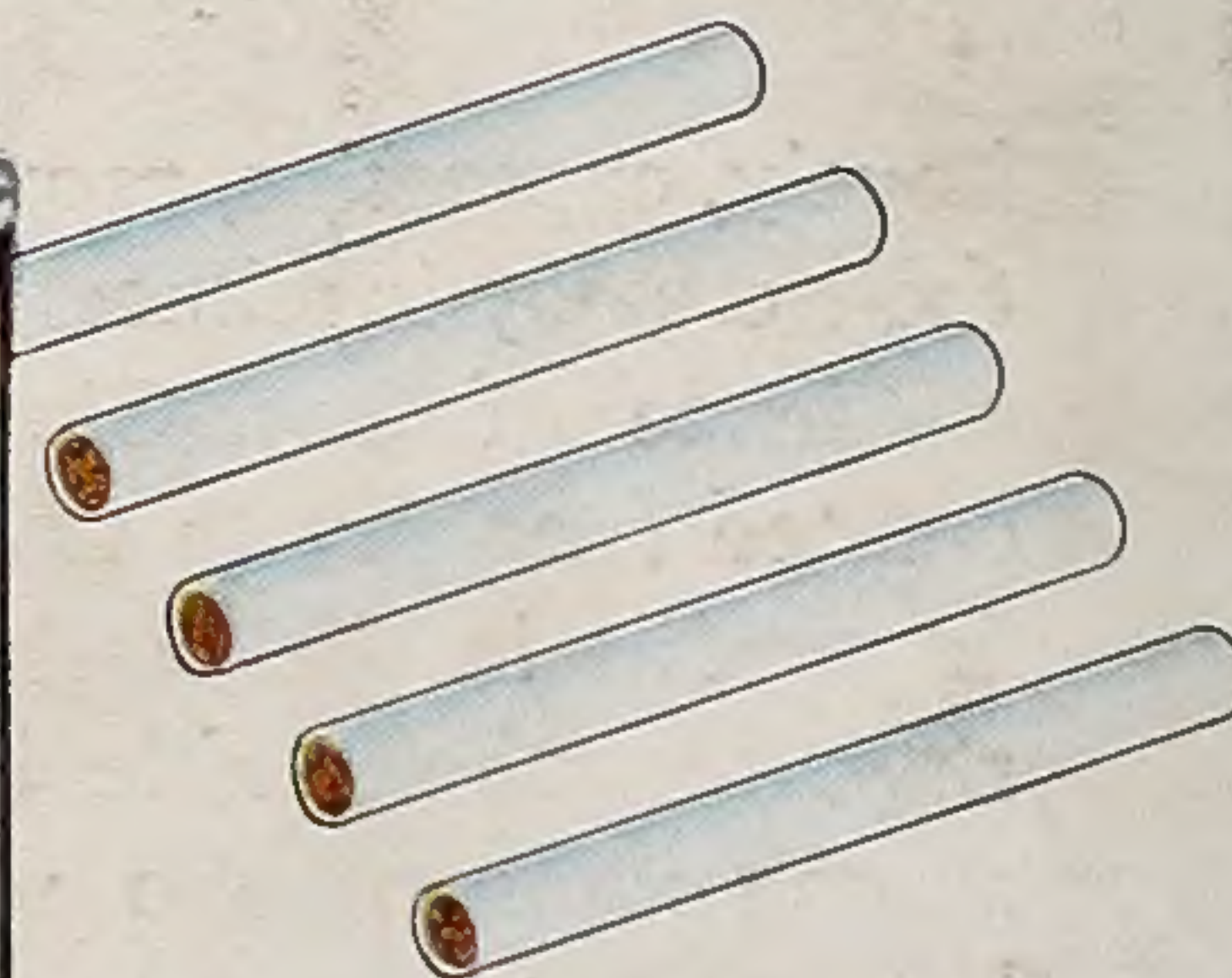
***Notes that Camels
burn "cool and mild"***

"I like the nice, cool way Camels smoke," she says. "They're wonderfully mild—gentle to my throat. Even though I smoke quite steadily, Camel cigarettes never tire my taste."

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

● In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



**THE CIGARETTE
OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

Get the "extras" with slower-burning Camels